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LONG-DISTANCE BALLOON RACING.

FROM FRANCE TO RUSSIA IN THIRTY-SIX HOURS.

BY WALTER WELLMAN,

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ONE or two men in a small wicker basket, surrounded by air and darkness, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, touching nothing but one another or objects within arm's reach, yet flying through space at a speed of thirty or forty miles an hour in a race against time and rivals—this is the latest form of sport to catch the fancy and engross the energies of aristocratic Parisians. About ballooning under any circumstances cling keen, even if not wholly explicable, fascinations; perhaps it's the danger; possibly the novel sensation of being suspended between the heavens and the earth; or it may be the very uncertainty of fate and destination, the royal game of hazard played with all the elements. But ballooning of the old and simple sort is tame and dull enough compared with the modern development of the art—balloon racing; for here one enters the lists, not against blind chance alone, but against competitors of one's own kind and method. There is not only fate to cheat but rivals to outdo; skill may count for more than luck; a bold stroke by a bold man may change defeat into victory. Instead of mere aimless wandering in space, there is a goal to be striven for—a trophy to be won. Honors are to be earned. Therefore, it is not at all surprising that the sport of balloon racing has captivated the Parisian imagination; nor is one amazed to learn that the Paris Exposition of 1900 had its balloon-coursing tournament, with elaborate preparations, many competitors, great excitement, and most interesting results.

Early in October, 1900, all Europe was startled at seeing mysterious objects floating through the air, far above the surface of the earth. Many nearly round, dark-colored bodies with dangling tails were observed riding upon the winds. Almost every country of central Europe beheld these strange visitors. Agitated peasants either chased the mysterious and suspicious objects with guns and other weapons, or superstitiously retired to places of supposed safety in cellars or underneath hay-ricks. Fussy and self-important constabulary persons of many countries made more or less calm and coherent reports to their official superiors, with hints now and then of a new and most dangerous sort of smuggling, or of attack by some unknown foe who had chosen the aërial route for his engines of war.

During the afternoon of Monday, the first day of October, the inhabitants of the little Russian-Polish town of Brzeseknyswski, near Wloclaweck, in the circle of Warsaw, saw floating over their heads a spherical monster dragging a long tail of rope and obviously ridden and controlled by a man. It struck the earth in a ploughed field just outside the village. The chief men of Brzeseknyswski, calming the ignorant with a brief discourse on ballooning, hastened to the aid of the aërial traveler. Having rescued him from the dangers of his situation, of course their next move was to haul him before the local magistrate, that he might give an account of himself and show his passports. The stranger was the young Comte de la Vaulx, and in his balloon, the "Centaure," he had made the first voyage from France to Russia in the annals of aëronautics.

The morning of October 10th, Russian

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guards on the frontier of Poland and Silesia fired at a similar spherical monster, which they imagined to be carrying contraband. This proved to be the "Saint Louis," captained by another young Paris sportsman, M. Jacques Balsan, and accompanied, as guide, philosopher, and friend, by M. Louis Godard, a well-known balloon constructor and probably the most experienced professional aëronaut in the world. They landed near Opoczno.

It never rains balloons but it pours. That same afternoon a third French aërial traveler, fresh from Paris, fell upon the territory of the Czar. This was the "Centaure" again, with the same Comte de la Vaulx, who had made his way from Poland back to Paris and started the second time on a voyage to the eastward. On this occasion, after spending thirty-five hours and forty-five minutes in the air and traveling a distance of 1,925 kilometers from Paris—1,193 miles—he came to earth at Korostycheff, in the province of Rico, capital of little Russia, breaking all records, professional and amateur, for duration and length of voyage.

During the same ten days a veritable flock of French balloons was signaled from all parts of Europe. Aërial travelers had come to earth in North Brabant, in Westphalia, in Schleswig-Holstein, on the edge of the Baltic, in East Prussia, in West Prussia, in Bavaria, in the Swiss canton of Schaffhouse, in Saxony, and at Schimnitz near Frankfort-on-the Oder. From all parts of the continent the telegraph flashed to Paris the news of these descents. From Paris was wired back the explanation that the great long-distance balloon races of the Exposition had been run and won.

In balloon racing it is at the start alone that gay crowds of spectators and friends of the contestants have a chance to show, by their presence, their interest or enthusiasm. No one knows when or where the finish is to be, and, usually, "awkward squads" of poor puzzled peasants are the only persons besides the aëronauts themselves privileged to be "in at the death." But Paris did not fail to make the most of the start in the great Exposition contests. September 30th was the first of the gala days for which all the aëronautic enthusiasts had been waiting. It was to be the climax of a long series of preparations and expectations.

These races of September 30th and October 9th were to be the real thing. There was no handicapping. Each contestant was free to use his own methods and devices, all the ballast he could carry, hydrogen instead of illuminating gas if he cared to pay the vastly greater cost, and to take as many or as few companions as he wished. These were to be races in earnest—races to distant lands—record-breaking races—races with possible tragedies—races for blood!

Many thousands of people gather at the Vincennes Field to see the start. It is a characteristic French assemblage. Luncheon baskets and cameras abound. As it is Sunday, of course it is a holiday. But for a time it is rather dull, and the people are put to it to maintain their patience and gayety. Filling the big balloons is a slow process. Upon the ground lie a dozen masses of fabric, shapeless, apparently useless, ill-smelling from the varnish applied to make the stuff as nearly gas-tight as possible. Workmen in blouses, directed by smart officers from the technical or military schools, are running about. Some are arranging the folds of the masses of silk or cotton; others are dragging hither and yon heavy bags of sand. From the mains, gas is steadily flowing into the dozen huddles of fabric; these begin to lift from the ground, to dilate, to flutter, to expand. The spectators gather closer, becoming interested. They seek out the heroes of the hour, the aëronauts who are to ride these uncertain steeds as soon as the feeding, stuffing, and grooming will have been finished. Every man who goes up in a balloon, or who did ever go up in one, is, by common consent, given the rank of "captain" and the homage of general and sincere admiration which the French are ever ready to pay men who do brave deeds.

Gradually the bulging bunches of cotton and silk take definite form. They begin to look like something that is alive. From devil-fish, prone and squirming upon the ground, they have become mastodons, erect, breathing, panting. They appear to have power and pride in them. Their upper parts rise above the earth, and no longer grovel. Still their bases are flabby; they do not even yet look as if they could ride upon the wings of the wind and seemingly defy the laws of gravitation. But they give promise, and the interest of the spectators gathers. While waiting, the people open more luncheon baskets and take more photographs. The savor of sausages and cheese mingles with the smells from the gas-mains; the popping of corks keeps time with the clicking of camera shutters and the shouts of the sand-bag men in blue blouses.

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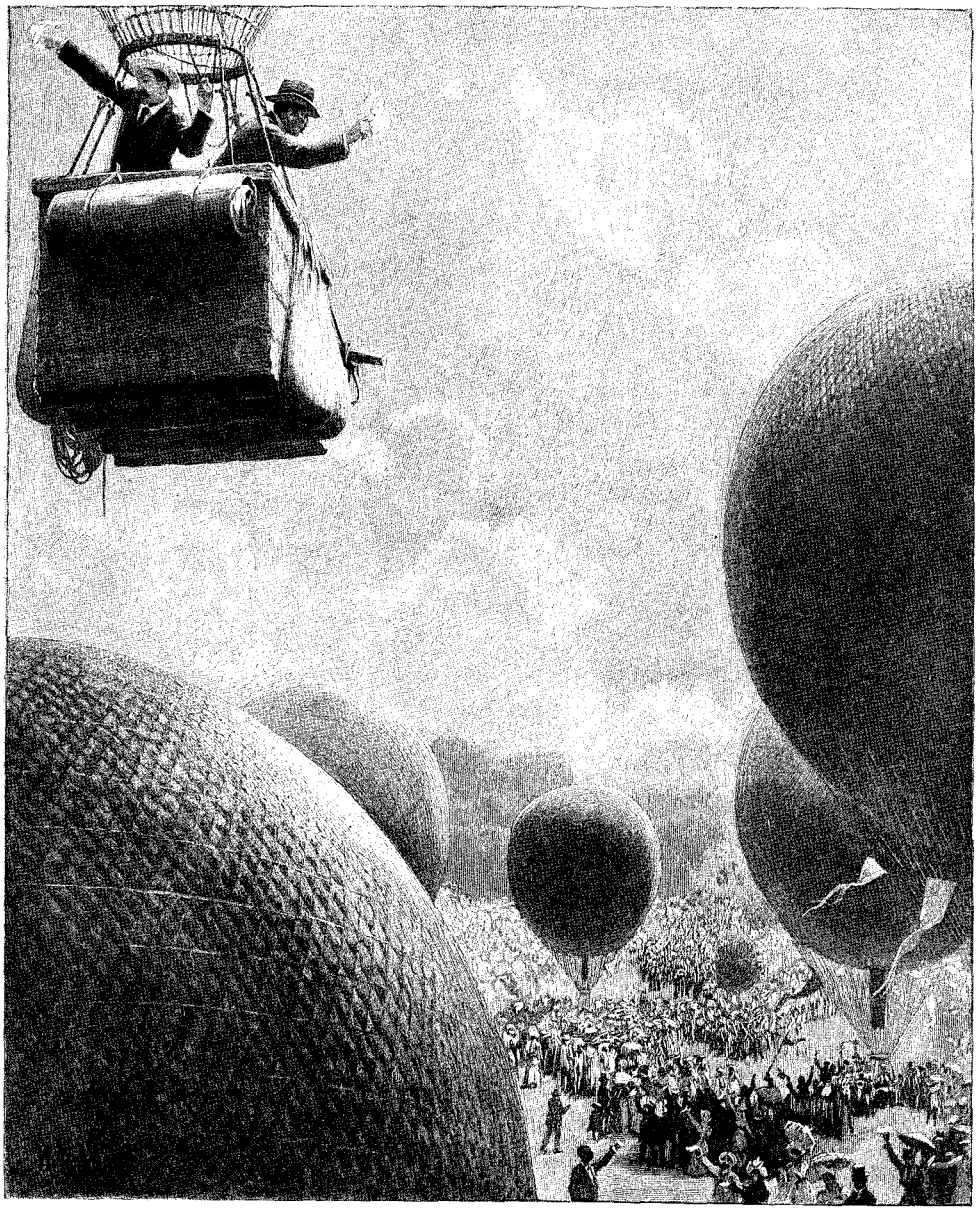
Gas flows steadily into the big, swelling, swaying balls of canvas. Workmen are now hanging bag after bag of sand upon the many ropes which fall from the monsters' sides. The crowds thicken and draw nearer. Soon wicker baskets—slender, fragile contrivances which are to serve as cars for the aëronauts in their long voyages—are brought out and properly attached by men who clamber about the ropes and tackle like sailors in the rigging of a ship. The aëronauts anxiously watch every stage of the work. Ballast bags of sand are placed in the cars; also instruments, hampers of provisions, bottles of wine packed in ice, some extra clothing for the travelers, a blanket or two. The balloons are swinging in the breeze, tugging at their stays, proud of their strength, eager to be up and away. An aëronaut climbs into one of the wicker baskets. The crowd of on-lookers shuffles its feet and crawls hard against the ropes which serve to keep it at a respectful distance. The man in the basket looks carefully about him to see that everything is in order. He tries the valve-line, counts his bags of



THE START.

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ballast, hangs an instrument in a safe spot, acknowledges the greeting of some friend in the throng. The official judges gather hard by, watches and notebooks in hand. They chatter and scribble excitedly. A nod from the aëronaut to his foreman of helpers and a score of sand-bags are quickly detached by nimble hands; a rope is cut by one slash of a sharp knife; the spectators break into a mighty cheer as the big, dark ball rises slowly, noiselessly, catches the breeze, and disappears rapidly toward the northeast, dragging its diminutive car after it. The aëronaut and his comrade lean over the edge of their basket and doff their hats. Flags flutter from the rigging. In the eyes of the onlookers the palpitating globe grows smaller and smaller in the distance, far above the tops of the trees, silhouetted against the gray sky. It is the "Conte," of 960 meters cubic capacity, manned by two civil employés of the Meudon University. The race has begun.

M. LE COMTE DE LA VAULX.

First Winner.

Now, the waiting crowds were well repaid for their patience. Every five minutes a balloon popped up into the air. The "Urania" was the second to go. Instead of the usual wicker car, Captain Vernanchet, who is nothing if not original, had attached to his air-ship a small boat painted a violent red. In the bow was a steering apparatus, or what purported to be one; in the stern, a kind of umbrella of gray canvas. The very moment he left the earth this aëronaut began agitating the umbrella with a vigorous movement as if he were sculling his boat across an aërial pond. Cheers, hearty and hilarious, rose to him as he worked, encouraging him to even greater efforts.

The people had not finished laughing at the little red boat sailing through the ethereal sea when their attention was drawn to the next starter—dapper M. Jacques Faure, shining type of the Parisian *jeune homme du monde*, break-neck automobilist, skillful swordsman, ardent balloonist. Already he had won his spurs by a voyage across the British Channel and by other adventurous trips, on some of which he had been accompanied by his wife, little more than a bride. On this occasion he ascended alone in his "Aëro-Club," determined, he said, to remain in the air exactly twenty-four hours, thus surpassing the record previously established by the "Centaure" in a flight of 824 miles from Paris to Sweden.

This famous "Centaure" was the fourth to go. She was already a record-maker, and her admirers hoped she would now prove a record-breaker. As he climbed jauntily into his car, the Comte de la Vaulx whispered to friends that nothing but the far shore of the Baltic would satisfy his ambition. But as he rose in the air, cap in hand, bowing to the multitude, one of his admirers, in a burst of prophetic inspiration, saluted him with the cry: "Vive la Russie!"

The "Centaure" seems to have been predestined to great things. In its first flight, June, 1899, it had won the cup of the Aëro-Club. In its next ascent it reached the shores of the foggy Atlantic, 241 miles from Paris, in twelve hours. Three months later, the record for distance having been brought up to 388 miles, the "Centaure" made a sensational tour to the shores of the Baltic Sea. A little later it established a new record by soaring to far Sweden, 824 miles from the French capital.

"Here is a veteran of more than thirty ascents during the last year and a half," said an expert as the "Centaure" rose in the air—"a fatigued and well-worn veteran, which has been ripped open in many a landing; is covered with wounds hastily patched up, and is heavy from successive revarnishings and repairs. It is a balloon of medium size, having a disposable ballast of only 1,760 pounds; it is a cheap construction, too, a simple cotton affair that cost scarcely more than the price of a good voiturette, and yet it goes farther, quicker, and more certainly than its more costly rivals. Why? I do not know. Born under a lucky star, I suppose. But what a delightful way of traveling! In a day and a half by balloon we cover a distance which it takes nearly a week to travel by train, with all the jolting, the cinders, the frontiers, the bad meals, the customs annoyances. Ah, there is nothing like ballooning!"

The "Saint Louis" was the fifth starter. A giant among balloons, having 3,000 meters cubic capacity, great things were expected of it. Her captain, M. Jacques Balsan, had so

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much confidence in the endurance of his steed that he carried two passengers with him. Balsan is another of the gilded youth of Paris who have taken most seriously to aëronautics. Amid volley after volley of cheers from the patient throng, the others rose, enjoyed their brief moment of concentrated admiration, and disappeared—M. Juchmes and two companions in the "Touring-Club," the Comte de Castillon de Saint Victor alone in his "Orient," M. Blanchet in the "Alliance," the Comte de la Valette in the "Rêve," M. Hervieu with the "Nimbus," Justin Balson in the "Zephyr," and, finally, M. Pietri in the "Aëronautic Club." The departure of so many aërial travelers made a spectacle for all Paris and its environs. The peasants round about did not do much work that afternoon. In the evening all Paris talked of nothing but ballooning.

M. JACQUES BALSAN.

Second Winner.

Many enthusiasts met at the Aëro-Club next day to hear the news. Of course, the losers were heard from first. Valette had gone no farther than Holland. Pietri had not got outside of France. Blanchet had come down in Holland, after much rough dragging in the mud. Juchmes had descended in Westphalia. Balson had traveled but a short distance from Paris. Vernanchet broke all records for shortness of time and distance. The civil employés from Meudon did not think it worth while to wire from Havre.

There now remained to be heard from the four most serious competitors, of whom records were expected. When a telegram was received from Castillon de Saint Victor, at Cordof, in Schleswig-Holstein, on the edge of the Baltic, his friends hastened to the maps. The distance, 496 miles, and the time, fourteen hours, put him out of the running. M. Faure telegraphed from Mamlitz, in Posen, Eastern Prussia, 733 miles away. He had not broken the record, either for time or distance. But where were de la Vaulx and Balsan? Soon news came. The latter had descended near Dantzig, Eastern Prussia, with twenty-two hours and 757 miles to his credit; the former near Wloclaweck, in Polish Russia, with twenty-one hours, thirty-four minutes, and 766 miles behind him. The fact that the record of the "Centaure," in its flight to Sweden, had not been surpassed was quite lost sight of in the general enthusiasm roused by the tidings that at last, "after a hundred years of effort," a French balloon, starting from Paris, had fallen into Russia. Hymns of the Franco-Russian Alliance, almost forgotten in these days of uneasy inquiry, were revived and sung with a little of the old-time unction. Everywhere the head-lines read: "From France to Russia!" and the words caught the imagination of Paris. Even the news that de la Vaulx had been cast into a Russian prison did not dampen the ardor of his friends. "A taste of jail life only adds zest to the adventure," they said; "it is something we shall have to get used to when we go ballooning to Russia, as we shall now be doing every week or two."

"I could have gone some distance farther," said de la Vaulx himself, on his return to Paris a few days later; "as I had on hand more than 200 pounds of ballast. But I was afraid of getting so far into the interior of Russia, away from the railways and telegraphs, that I could not get back in time for the next race. So I decided to land. It was well I did. Though they had the telegraph at hand they kept me in jail for twenty-four hours till my case could be officially investigated."

"Was your captivity a great hardship?"

"Yes; the Russian officers persecuted me by the opening of so many bottles of French champagne that I was in great distress. The Russians appear to have a taste for magnums; and then they were so eager for news from the Bois de Boulogne and the Café de Paris!"

The air-line from France to Russia was now so popular that, as had been expected, every one of the six starters in the final long-distance races of October 9th privately told his friends that they might expect a telegram from him, dated St. Petersburg, two or three days later. By this time all Paris was crazy over ballooning, and a vast throng of people assembled to witness the final flight. Jacques Faure led off in his "Aëro-Club" about five o'clock. He ascended slowly, drifted to the north, and then threw out a bag of ballast and shot up to a great height, where he caught a fair wind which bore him

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"'BELOW WE SAW THE "CENTAURE" BUT A LITTLE AHEAD OF US.'"

standing the expense. With a fair quality of hydrogen the ascensional force of a balloon is equal to about one kilo (two and two-tenths pounds) for each cubic meter of its contents; while with common illuminating gas the buoyancy is only about half as great. But on this occasion the improvised hydrogen generator set up in the Park did not work at all well, and the captain of the "Centaure" was compelled, after some hours of endeavor, to shut off the generator and fill his ship with the common gas. Of course these great balloon races were carefully watched by many Parisian journalists, and this day special provision for the writers of the press had been made by the Aëro-Club. Three *ballons caboteurs* ("coasters" held captive by stout ropes) were at their disposal, and in them the correspondents and reporters

directly eastward. "To Russia again!" cried the people. M. Balsan, in the giant "Saint Louis," and accompanied by M. Louis Godard, was second. Profiting by the example of their predecessor, they threw out ballast, caught the upper current, and were soon off toward Asia. All the other competitors followed the same method—M. Hervieu in the "Nimbus"; Comte de la Vaulx, accompanied by de Castillon, in the now famous "Centaure"; M. Maison, with Mme. Maison, in the "Lorraine," and M. Juchmes, in the "Touring-Club." These were the most daring aëronauts in France, and this was to be a supreme test of their skill and resourcefulness. Each contestant had prepared for a long voyage, and some of them dreamed even of crossing the Volga. The Comte de la Vaulx alone had attempted to fill his balloon with hydrogen, notwith-

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were able to make their observations and to take notes of the beginning of the race while gallantly bobbing about, far above the heads of ordinary spectators.

Next day the telegrams began coming in. It was at once seen that every one of the competitors had made an unusual voyage. When it was learned that M. Balsan had descended at Opotchka, in Russia, and that the Comte de la Vaulx had, for the second time within a fortnight, fallen in the Czar's domain, great was the joy among the throng in the Aëro-Club headquarters at the palatial clubhouse of the Automobile Club of Paris. The official record of the trip was made up as follows:

First—M. le Comte Henry de la Vaulx, descending after 35 hours and 45 minutes of voyage, at Korosticheff, in Russia; traveled a bird's-flight distance of 1,925 kilometers (1,193 miles) from the point of departure. Maximum altitude, 5,700 meters (18,810 feet).

Second—M. Jacques Balsan, descending near Rodom, in Russia, after 27 hours and 25 minutes of voyage; traveled a bird's-flight distance of 1,360 kilometers (843 miles) from the point of departure. Maximum altitude, 6,540 meters (21,582 feet).

The other contestants had made distances varying from 550 to 950 kilometers.

Upon his return from Russia, a few days later, the Comte de la Vaulx was the hero of Paris. He had broken all records for distance traveled and duration of voyage—glory enough for any Frenchman in this ballooning age. In a little less than a day and a half his air-ship had carried him well-nigh across Europe, at an average speed of thirty-three and one-third miles per hour. It was a great achievement—a striking demonstration of the possibilities of ballooning. When poor Andrée started upon his aërial flight from Dane's Island, Spitzbergen, in quest of the North Pole, he had but 800 miles to go, and believed his great balloon could remain in the air from ten to fifteen days. In thirty-six hours this Parisian aëronaut, with a much smaller aërostat, but favored by fair winds, had compassed a distance equal to that from Spitzbergen to the Pole and half-way back again. If Andrée had only had such a fair wind! And is there anything unreasonable in the hope of the Parisian enthusiasts that Americans will take kindly to this fascinating sport, or in their dream that some day we shall have great international balloon races, with Chicago as the starting-point and Paris for the goal?

Although the rules permitted free ballooning and the use of such devices as the contestants wished to employ, the enterprise of the victor in using hydrogen gas had its critics among the friends of the loser. "The Comte de la Vaulx filled the 'Centaure' with pure hydrogen and a small proportion of illuminating gas," said M. Godard, "and thereby gained a great advantage over us. It was a happy inspiration of his to secure the victory before starting. By using hydrogen, his balloon of 1,650 meters cubic capacity was given an ascensional force of nearly 1,700 kilograms. The weight of the travelers and their materials represented 580 kilos, leaving 1,100 kilos of disposable ballast. Now compare this with the 'Saint Louis.' True, it is a very large balloon, measuring 3,000 meters cube; but the best we could do with illuminating gas was to get an ascensional force of 2,100 kilos. Deducting the weight of the travelers and their materials, 980 kilos, we could carry, as you see, only 1,120 kilos of disposable ballast, or about the same as our competitor, notwithstanding the enormous difference in the size of the two balloons. Let me explain to you how great a disadvantage this was to us. The relative amount of disposable ballast is the life of the balloon in a long-distance race. Dilatation and condensation are constantly going on through atmospheric changes, and the function of the ballast is to overcome these and keep the balloon as nearly as possible upon a horizontal course. Both dilatation and condensation have more effect upon a large balloon than upon a smaller one, and therefore the dilatations caused us to sacrifice more gas while the condensations compelled us to throw overboard more ballast. But I do not wish to detract at all from the merits of M. de la Vaulx!"

M. Godard gave a most graphic narrative of this extraordinary race through the air over most of the mainland of Europe.

"During the night we were busy trying to keep our equilibrium, going neither too high nor too low, and wondering where our rivals were. At seven o'clock next morning we were over Coblentz, and had already made 500 kilometers. At eight o'clock the influence of the bright morning sun upon the volume of gas in our big balloon carried us very quickly to a height of over 4,000 meters. A few seconds later we were delighted to sight the 'Centaure' but a little

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ahead of us, and running in a course parallel to ours. This was a race, indeed. All day we were able to travel together, each of us undergoing, in proportion to our volume of gas, the alternations of dilatation and condensation. Little clouds, masking the sun, instantly reduced the volume of our spheres and compelled us to throw over ballast. When the sun came out again it warmed the great balls of gas and so added to the volume by dilatation that several times we were compelled to let out gas in order to escape rising to a dangerous altitude. Late in the afternoon both balloons had risen to between 6,000 and 7,000 meters, which was quite as high as any of us cared to go. Before we descended to a lower level we saw the 'Centaure' far below us, manipulating its guide-rope along the surface of the earth. Suddenly our rival shot upward rapidly, and we saw no more of him. We were now in the neighborhood of Breslau or Posen, and we were made very sad by the disappearance of our ballast, of which only about ninety kilos remained. Night was coming again, but we were determined to stay afloat as long as possible. As we passed over the German-Russian frontier four shots were fired at us, probably by customs inspectors who thought we might be smuggling. We heard the whistle of the bullets, but, fortunately, the 'Saint Louis' was not hit. Just before dark we were making splendid speed; our instruments showed seventy kilometers per hour, due east. We sighed for more ballast. But now, behind us, we could see a tempest forming, with lightning and thunder. We had only thirty kilos of ballast left, and if the rain should overtake us our balloon would absorb thrice that weight of water, and we should be carried down to earth whether we wished or not, and probably in the most awkward of spots. We had no desire to descend in a forest, and so we began spying out, as best we could in the gathering storm, a clear space in which to alight. One appeared just behind a forest. M. Balsan pulled the valve rope, and despite the violence of the wind the 'Saint Louis' came to the ground gently and with only five meters of dragging. Some peasants came running up, and we sent one of them for a wagon, while the others aided us in emptying the balloon of the remaining gas—only 1,300 or 1,400 meters cube were left out of the 3,000 with which we started—and by midnight we had arrived at a village. We were given milk and black bread to eat, and a hay-loft to sleep in. Next morning early, a good-natured gendarme roused us with the explanation that, as we had no passports, he was compelled to escort us to the police authorities in a nearby town. The police, amiable but firm, declined to let us go without orders from their superiors, and it was nine o'clock that night before the telegraph brought permission for us to return to Paris."

Even more interesting is the story which the winner has to tell. Much of the narrative is found in the log-book of the "Centaure"—and quite a novelty is the log of this ship sailing within and above the clouds. In it the skipper confesses that his craft was filled with 1,400 meters of hydrogen and only 200 meters of illuminating gas. At the start it lifted a total weight of 1,485 kilograms, thus apportioned: Weight of balloon, car, and appurtenances, 540 kilos; passengers' weight, 145 kilos; weight of instruments and oxygen tubes (the latter for the respiration of the travelers at great altitudes), 40 kilos; sand ballast, 775 kilos; ballast in provisions, 25 kilos. At 7.20 P.M. the log contains this entry: "Fine night—used sixth sack of ballast." At 8.20: "1,500 meters altitude; course E. N. E. We are above the fog." At 8.30: "We have finished dinner. A balloon is following us." At 9.10: "1,600 meters; good equilibrium. Over large city." At midnight: "Passed to south of ponds of Bairon." At 12.10 A.M: "Traversing the Ardennes Canal." At 1.40: "Little inhabited country." At 2.15: "The fog mist forming rapidly; we, mounting with it, see the earth no more." At 3.20: "Thick mist all around us. Used eighth sack."

A note says: "We are in a mountainous country, Bavaria, without doubt?" The entry ends with a mark of interrogation, nevertheless. "This," said de la Vaulx, descanting upon the joys of ballooning, "is the charm of the whole thing. The balloonist becomes an explorer. Say you are a young man who would like to roam a little; you want adventures; you want to penetrate the unknown. But you are tied down at home by family, business, what-not. Well, you take to ballooning. At noon you have luncheon with your family. At two o'clock you ascend. Fifteen minutes later you are no longer a commonplace denizen of the easy-going town—you are an adventurer into the unknown, an explorer as surely as any who melt in Africa or freeze in the Arctic. You do not know any too well where you are at any given moment, and as for

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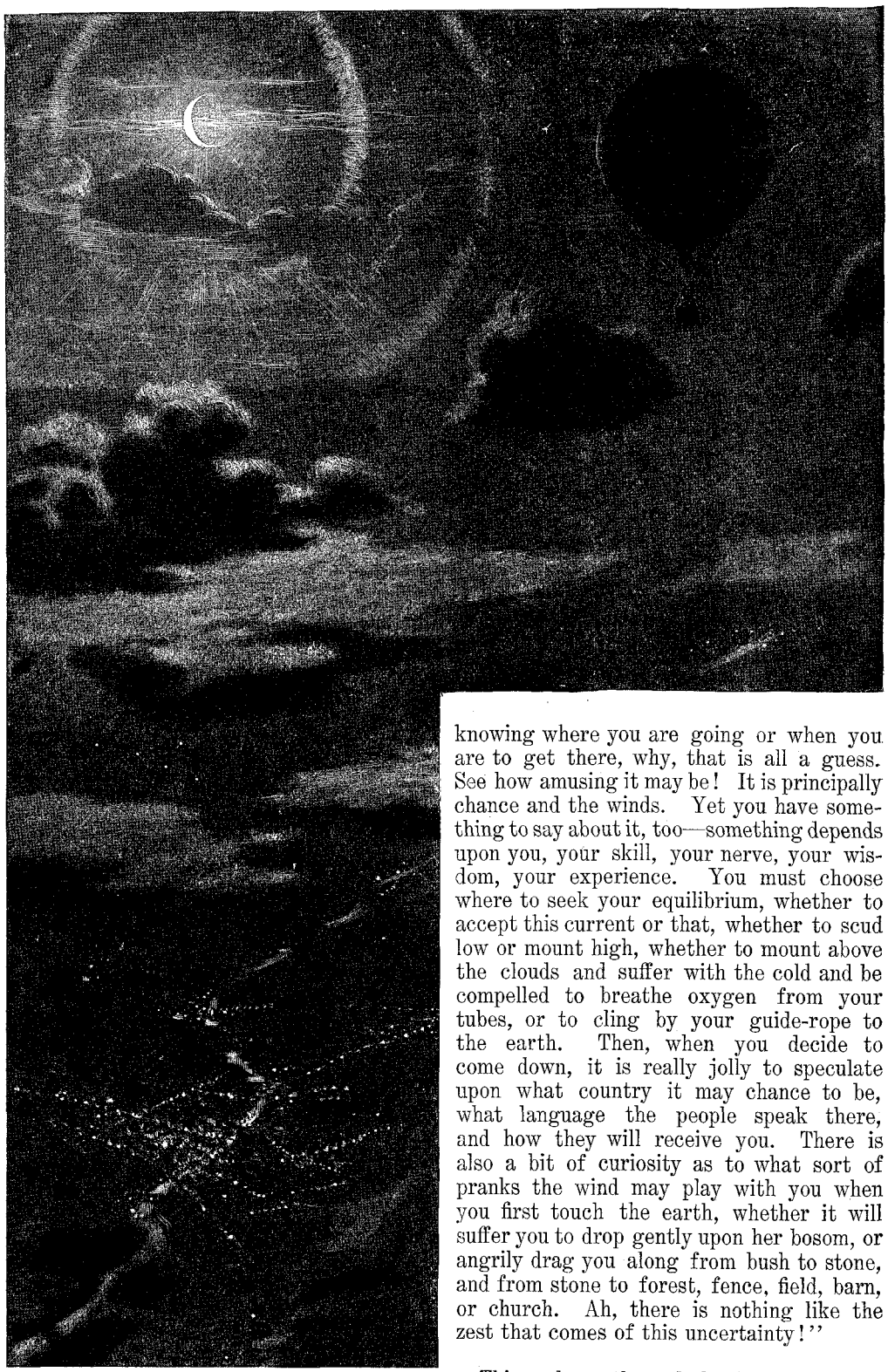

"'FOR A BRIEF MOMENT WE ARE POISED DIRECTLY ABOVE THE TOWN.'"

knowing where you are going or when you are to get there, why, that is all a guess. See how amusing it may be! It is principally chance and the winds. Yet you have something to say about it, too—something depends upon you, your skill, your nerve, your wisdom, your experience. You must choose where to seek your equilibrium, whether to accept this current or that, whether to scud low or mount high, whether to mount above the clouds and suffer with the cold and be compelled to breathe oxygen from your tubes, or to cling by your guide-rope to the earth. Then, when you decide to come down, it is really jolly to speculate upon what country it may chance to be, what language the people speak there, and how they will receive you. There is also a bit of curiosity as to what sort of pranks the wind may play with you when you first touch the earth, whether it will suffer you to drop gently upon her bosom, or angrily drag you along from bush to stone, and from stone to forest, fence, field, barn, or church. Ah, there is nothing like the zest that comes of this uncertainty!''

This mad race through the clouds continued all day. The two ships of the air were fly-

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ing, neck and neck, over Southern Germany and Bohemia. In the early morning the rivals began a series of competitive manœuvers—the yachtsmanship of the atmospheric ocean. When the "Centaure" threw out ballast and rose above the mist-clouds, the "Saint Louis" followed suit. When the "Centaure" let out a little gas and descended nearer earth, the "Saint Louis" lost no time in executing a similar movement. So near together were the racers at one moment, that de la Vaulx and Godard were able to make out the identity of their competitor. At nine o'clock they passed over a large city, but they could not guess its name. In an hour they passed another town, also a wide river, and still they did not know where they were. "Balsan is always mounting," says the "Centaure's" log-book observations; "he has passed in front of us, and is working more toward the south. This continual mounting," it is recorded in a vein of satisfaction, "will doubtless shorten his trip." At two o'clock in the afternoon the sun was clouded over, and the balloon suffered such a great condensation that they were compelled to throw out several sacks of ballast, and even at that fell near enough to the earth to have a good view of a large city, which they thought was Posen. "Our rival has also descended from the high altitudes," says the log, "and appears to be going with his guide-rope." Later in the afternoon the wind became more violent; there were only six sacks of ballast remaining, but as the country appeared to be one of plains, they decided to pass the second night in the air. "Our rival has disappeared!" notes the log-book of the "Centaure" triumphantly.

"That was the last entry in the log-record," said de la Vaulx. "During the night, cold and sleepiness discouraged us from continuing it. We took alternate watches of a quarter-hour each. Twice we shot up again to more than 5,000 meters altitude, and there found Arctic cold. Above 4,000 meters we invariably began breathing the oxygen, whether we felt the need of it or not. Its exhilarating effects enabled us to endure the cold and the fatigue. During the night we used very little ballast, but were continually pulling the valve. Otherwise we should have been carried above 7,000 meters, where it is almost impossible to breathe, and we were already too much exhausted to dare risk anything of that sort. Shortly after daylight we decided to descend, satisfied that we had broken all records and surpassed all our rivals. We could have kept on some time longer, as we had two and a half sacks of ballast, much of our provisions, our extra cordage, and our oxygen apparatus, to spare. But we were content with what we had done. Besides, what appeared to be interminable forests were to be seen in the distance; so we descended. It was the prettiest landing I have ever made. We never budged from the spot where the basket first struck the ground, the anchor having 'bitten' in marvelous fashion."

"And of course you are well satisfied with your voyage?"

"It was a splendid trip. I never enjoyed anything so much as that dizzy flight through the clouds at fifty miles an hour; this was our speed for some time during the gale of that second night out. Yet we felt no wind, no jarring, no motion, nothing! It is one of the peculiarities of travel by balloon that you do not feel anything; all is still with you, no matter how fast you may be going. You see, you are riding with the wind; you move as fast as it moves; you are part and parcel of it, whether you wish to be or not. It takes you in its embrace so firmly, yet so softly, you do not know it is there. You may be in the teeth of a hurricane, but you never know it; all is calm and placid with you. If there is light, and you are not above dense clouds, of course you can see the earth and discern how fast you are flying. You note how quickly you pass over a field, a forest, a village, a city.

"But at night, when sailing far above a sparsely inhabited region, you seem to be a part not only of the wind, but of the darkness; you are almost without sensation, life, motion, noise; blackness, stillness everywhere—above you, below you, all round you. One wonders if he has not ceased to be a human being and shrunk to a molecule of black; one feels how infinitesimal he is in the scheme of the physical universe—a silent mite floating through a world of dark that is without shape, substance, contrast, form, sound, anything. 'And the earth was void.' One falls to thinking that perhaps he has shaken off the material world and all its belongings, has ceased to be physical and become ethereal; then he rouses from this with a feeling of exultation because man's ingenuity has thus enabled him to triumph over nature, to penetrate her mysteries, to ride straight through them, to soar in space like the gods. One cries out for joy, and his voice is a roar which startles him; the popping of a champagne cork is like a cannon-shot.

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"By this time, perhaps, we have floated over the forest, past the still wilds, and have reached the zone of habitation again. Sounds come from the earth below, sounds which we know are made by men or his works, and we are glad; these proofs that we are still in the neighborhood of the orb to which we belong, and that we are not drifting off into space and approaching the stars, are welcomed with a satisfaction which would seem childish were it not so real. No matter how high we are, the noises of the earth come up to us—if only there are noises to come. There is no solitude like that of a flight over a country which sends no greeting, no sounds of man or beast or anything earthly. Even at great altitudes the earth's sound-waves reach our ears. They come, too, with strange vividness. At 5,000 meters we are three miles high; yet we hear the bleating of a lamb, the lowing of a cow, as distinctly as if we were in the farm-yard itself. The crowing of a cock two-and-a-half miles below wakened me from a doze in the early morning. The whistle of a locomotive is like the shriek of a fiend. We hear the market wagons rumbling along the roads before the break of day; we can even distinguish the hum of the voices of their drivers.

"Then there are the lights. At night we see a luminous point far ahead. As we rapidly approach it slowly expands; instead of one blaze, there are innumerable bright spots. In the center, usually, there is a brilliant cluster, and from it run clearly defined radial lines of dots of light. We know all this to be a city—a city with a market place or plaza, and boulevards or avenues running thence in all directions. Our ears catch the hum of the streets—for a city is never still—of the engines, the factories, the stray carts and human footfalls upon the pavements. For a brief moment or two we are poised directly above the town; we can trace out its topography by the lines of shimmering lights. Sometimes we can, in this way, tell one town from another. With regret, we pass on to the lonely country once more, where only a faint lamp-glow meets the eye here and there, and where sound ceases. When the moon comes out a little we see a winding, curling line of gray, down in the well of blackness which lies below us. It is a river with the light falling upon its waters. We see a lurid flash and hear a mighty roar—it is a railway train, and the stoker's fire has illumined the steam and smoke issuing from the locomotive's nozzle. Now we throw out a little ballast and rise once more to the

"'WE TOOK ALTERNATE WATCHES OF A QUARTER-HOUR EACH.'"

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great altitudes, into the perfect calm, the dense black, the void space, the noiseless abyss; but we are cheered by this brief contact, through our alert senses, with the world which we hail from and to which we hope to return; at any rate, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it is still there."

"But is it not dangerous?"

"No, no! There are no dangers. It is false and '*cabotin*' to tell tales of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes of a sport that is as calm and peaceful as it is fascinating—a sport which stirs the soul of man and makes little appeal to his physical prowess or courage. In four years, let me tell you, we have sent up five hundred balloons without one accident. Compare that with automobiling, or any other sport in the world! People who talk of the hazards of ballooning have never made an ascent. It is the unknown that frightens them. We who do go up with our aërostats, knowing their powers, conscious of our ability to control them, at least in part—to ascend, descend, scud low, fly high, land, or trail with guide-rope out, at our pleasure—are like the traditional sailor in a storm, who thanked his lucky stars he was not among the poor wretches on land, in danger of having the chimney-pots fall on his head. Oh, yes, you must know your business. You must know what to do in an emergency. You must have *sang froid*. You must know your balloon. You must have had experience. You should have steady practice—make an ascent once a month, at least. A balloon is like a horse—yes, just like a horse. If you ride him every day, if you study his temper, his moods, his peculiarities, you have him under your hand. You tame and train him till he responds to your will. You must not strike or spur him *mal apropos* or he breaks and runs away; you must not pull him up too short or he bolts;—that is to say, you must not throw out ballast in too great quantity or at the wrong moment—ballast is the spur which you apply to your aërial steed. Nor must you let out too much gas at once, for that is the bit you have in his mouth. Do you know how we throw out ballast? No, not by the sackful; it is only the tyro who does that. We use a half-pint dipper, and one dipper of sand will often check the downward course of our steed."

"And letting out gas?"

"Letting out gas is like taking the life, the 'bottom' out of your horse. You must watch it, treasure it every moment of your voyage. Of course, you must let out a little gas if you are rising too high and are in danger of going exploring among other worlds than ours; but the aëronaut who goes into a funk when he sees the tree-tops or the roofs of the houses unpleasantly near him, and excitedly throws out a sackful of sand, must, a little later, sacrifice more gas, because he has spurred his charger too high. It all comes back to the management of the ballast—and to *sang froid*, always *sang froid!*"

"THE PEASANTS SAW FLOATING OVER THEIR HEADS A SPHERICAL MONSTER, DRAGGING A LONG TAIL OF ROPE AND OBVIOUSLY CONTROLLED BY A MAN."

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WITH MRS. KENWORTHY'S ASSISTANCE.

By Paschal H. Coggins.

"MY dear, isn't this scheme of yours a little bit—well—just a trifle courageous, as one might say?"

As he spoke, Mr. Kenworthy closed the file blade of his knife with an audible snap, and thrust the knife itself deep into his left-hand trousers' pocket, where he jingled it ostentatiously among the keys and loose coins which constituted the earlier deposit. He did not, however, turn away from the window, and the demonstration was so thoroughly characteristic that Mrs. Kenworthy grasped the situation at once.

That lady, having by this time adjusted her hair pretty much to her liking, restored the reunited brush and comb to the bureau with a gentleness of movement that threw the recent pocket-knife vulgarity into bold relief. Then, with the inevitable postscript glance into the mirror, and two or three butter-pat touches of her palms to her temples, she seated herself to await the hotel dinner-bell, and incidently to administer the necessary connubial discipline.

"By courageous you mean impertinent, of course. No, sir, it is not."

"But suppose they see right through it?"

"Now, Martin, don't be absurd. I propose to invite a lonely old gentleman to join us in an afternoon's ride, and immediately you suspect one of those gunpowder plots, or something of that sort. Why is it, Martin, you find it so hard to accept any of my plans for just what they appear to be?"

"Instead of what they really are?"

"I didn't mean that. You know I didn't."

"Perhaps not, but if I fully grasp the proposition, there's a certain amount of what theatrical people call stage business connected with your invitation to the lonely old gentleman, which somehow mars the simplicity of the situation. I am to have the carriage at the door at the exact moment when Mr. Lyon will have finished his dinner and strolled out on the piazza. Ten minutes later——"

"Wouldn't do at all," interrupted Mrs. Kenworthy promptly. "But if you find it burdensome to order the carriage, I suppose the matter can be arranged at the desk."

"Not in the least, my dear. It's not the act, but the manner of the act that impresses my imagination. The young people, I think you said, have a way of lingering at the table ten minutes or so after Mr. Lyon has departed."

"If they didn't, they'd never have a minute they could call their own. Why, the way those three people tag around together is——"

"Then," continued her husband, untouched by the rising tide of indignation, "suddenly and quite spontaneously you are to press the old gentleman to take the vacant seat in our carriage. I think you warned me against mentioning the probable duration of our ride, at least until we are well under way."

"If it will do you the least bit of good, you can just stand on the porch and shout out the whole itinerary—Water Gap, Buttermilk Falls, and all the rest—like the trainmen in the big railway depots. I'd really like to hear you. Martin, aren't you silly!"

Without committing himself upon this delicate point, Mr. Kenworthy strolled over towards his wife's chair, and continued with increasing earnestness:

"Now, see here, Eleanor, there's a serious side to all this, and I doubt whether it ever occurs to you. Suppose you should actually be the means of bringing about an engagement between these two young people, and events should prove that they are really not at all adapted to each other. You see it involves a considerable degree of moral responsibility."

"Or, suppose they're just exactly made for each other," retorted his wife. "How, in the name of all that's reasonable, will they ever reach the understanding God Almighty intended, with that puffy old man always treading on their heels? I think they're wonderfully suited to each other, and my guess is every bit as good as yours."

"But, my dear, it's hardly one of those affairs in which a person should be guided by a mere guess."

"Then, why on earth did you begin guess-

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ing? You'd be quick enough to help a young fellow in a business way; but here, when you have the chance to smooth the path for these two immortal young souls, why, just because it's what people call a love affair, you begin to suppose this and suppose that, and all merely as an excuse for doing nothing. Martin, I'd rather a thousand times be called that terrible thing, a busybody, than just to go drifting through life like a dumb animal, with no thought for the people around me."

"Do you know, my love, that it has once or twice occurred to me that your lucidity of thought was in danger of being marred by the exuberance of your expression?"

"Why don't you tell me right out that I talk nonsense? It would sound rather coarse, but you might as well say what you mean."

"'I didn't mean that. You know I didn't.'"

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"Not at all, not at all," he protested hastily. "Ah! there goes the curtain—I mean the victuals," as the dinner-bell clanged out through the hall below.

Notwithstanding his gibes and protests, Mrs. Kenworthy felt reasonably confident of her husband's support in the little matrimonial flank movement just about to be executed. His occasional eccentricities of speech, intended, doubtless, to demonstrate the independence of the masculine mind, required constant attention, but, upon the whole, they were not to be taken too seriously. As husbands go, she regarded him as quite satisfactory, and her little bursts of impatience had rather more of design than anger in them. When, therefore, towards the conclusion of the meal, she glanced at the bill of fare and declined brown betty and berry pie for both, she was nowise surprised that he not only acknowledged her authority, but instantly recognized his own cue.

Ten minutes later, with Mr. Kenworthy seated by the driver, the carriage drew up before the hotel porch. Mr. Lyon, as per the hand of destiny, was there, and Mrs. Kenworthy was in the act of giving her invitation. The zeal of a sudden inspiration was in her face, and Mr. Lyon, probably from the mere impulse of courtesy, halted in his declination. Instantly she construed his hesitation into assent, and the old gentleman never recovered his lost ground. With a single furtive glance back towards the dining-room, he followed his captor down the steps and into the carriage.

"My dear, I've just induced Mr. Lyon to join us. Only think, he has been here four whole days, and, actually, he has never seen the Gap."

"It's really worth seeing," said Mr. Kenworthy, with a touch of enthusiasm. Then, moved doubtless by the mere impulse of perversity, he added, "Couldn't we prevail upon Miss Lyon and her friend to go with us? We're in no hurry to get off, and a bit of a squeeze makes this sort of a ride all the merrier."

He did not look at Mrs. Kenworthy while he was speaking, but he felt confident that she was looking at him. Before that lady could, or at least before she did, second the amended invitation, Mr. Lyon came to her relief.

"I don't know how it is, Kenworthy, but young people nowadays don't seem to have a mite of curiosity about natural scenery. Why, when I was a youngster, I rode thirty miles in a stage to see the Mammoth Cave, and, really, I don't believe my daughter'd ride three."

To Mrs. Kenworthy's mind this declination was conclusive; a word from her to the driver and the carriage was under way almost before the old gentleman had finished his reflections.

They had reached the turn in the road and begun to ascend the hill before anything more was said. Then Mrs. Kenworthy reached forward gently, and, with the air of one conferring a favor, deposited a rather cumbersome bundle of wraps in her husband's lap.

"My dear, just take these. I shall not need them until nearly sundown, and possibly not at all. And here's Mr. Lyon's overcoat. Oh, really, Mr. Lyon, you must. There's lots of room in front there, and this back seat certainly is a bit stuffy. There, Martin, just lay it across the others and keep your hand on it. Now, don't forget yourself and let them dangle out against the wheel."

The look of stolid sweetness with which the head of the Kenworthy household received this final straw upon the back of the afternoon's comfort could only be fairly compared to one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Portraits of a Gentleman." He understood perfectly that he was now "doing time" for his late overt act of domestic treason, but the knowledge was no antidote to the fact.

At the proper time Mr. Lyon was duly impressed with the grandeur of the mighty Delaware as it forces its way through the reluctant mountains to the sea; the Buttermilk Falls were found all that the most landlordly imagination had painted them; and natural scenery, as an institution, was voted a complete success.

There was much stopping to enjoy distant outlooks, and the driver was pumped quite dry of geographical knowledge and local legend. Several times the entire party dismounted to climb some promising ledge of rocks or to investigate a nearby spring whose music had caught Mrs. Kenworthy's always alert ears. At that lady's insistence the driver even started towards Moshier's Knob, but as a visit to that proud eminence is usually reckoned as good—or bad—for a half-day at least, she countermanded the order in time to land the party upon the hotel steps barely late for supper.

"There, sir," she exclaimed, as she removed her bonnet and readjusted the stray hairpins in the privacy of their own room, "we've given those young people four hours

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of freedom, and Mr. Lyon an afternoon of unalloyed pleasure. It's precious little, though, that they're indebted to you."

"You're perfectly right," responded her disgusted spouse, as he tossed the last of the wraps on the most inaccessible corner of the bed. "I tell you, Eleanor, if the freedom, as you call it, of that pair of cupids depends upon my ever again taking part in this sort of a game of knock-down and drag-out, they'll die in chains. I'm done."

"Martin, you're a moral coward. Why, in the name of all that's right, shouldn't we help these young people just as you've helped many a friend of your own in time of need? The only difference is——"

"That this thing is just exactly none of our business," interrupted her husband vigorously.

"Well, you needn't alarm the house over it," replied Mrs. Kenworthy, in a voice so exceedingly gentle as once more to convict her husband of gross indecorum. Then she paused to recover from the shock, and incidently to emphasize the rudeness of the interruption.

"You forget," she added a moment later, "that, after all, the injunction, 'Mind your own business,' is not one of the Ten Commandments. It is only a maxim of convenience, to be remembered or forgotten as the occasion may require."

There was something so distinctly feminine in the manner of this rebuke, and so undeniably masculine in the final bit of logic, that, on the instant, Mr. Kenworthy experienced somewhat of the sensation which might come to a man suddenly confronted by two opponents when only one was expected. Then an element of amused admiration began to mingle with his emotions, and without further warning he lapsed into good nature.

"My dear," he petitioned meekly, "will you just give me a touch of this whisk, and let's go down to our victuals. This intense moral strain makes me hungry."

And five minutes later, with no sign of the late breeze, they were comfortably seated at the table, and had ordered their suppers.

"I wonder why Mr. Lyon hasn't come down. The young people have doubtless already—why, Martin, what's the matter?"

Her husband, with napkin half unfolded and lips puckered, was staring straight over her shoulder. For an instant he made no reply. Then completing the operation of the napkin, he seized his fork and leaned forward to spear a pickle, which he didn't want.

"My dear," he whispered with suppressed excitement, "I'm afraid you and I have just received a cold shake."

"Martin, don't use such dreadful slang. Do you mean to say that Mr. Lyon has chosen another table?"

"That's what I was trying to say. They've retreated as far as possible, without actually invading the kitchen. And, moreover, my love, your experiment seems to have resulted seriously to one of the parties concerned at least. The young man is not in sight—probably in the doctor's hands—and, unless my eyes deceive me, Clarissa has been in tears."

"Her name is Grace, not Clarissa."

The opportune arrival of the waitress with supper put a check upon their conversation, and gave Mrs. Kenworthy time to analyze the new situation.

"Martin, they've quarreled," she announced, with the air of a prophetess, when the coast was once more clear. "And how much better it is," she burst out with new enthusiasm, "that it should happen now, instead of being suppressed or evaded, to come all the harder at last. Is she looking this way?"

"Well, yes, only she doesn't seem to see us."

"Poor child," responded Mrs. Kenworthy compassionately, "she'll feel ever so much better when we've had half an hour's confidential talk. I'll soon get to the bottom of the trouble."

"I suspect, my dear," interpolated her husband between bites, "that that's just about where you are, to begin with."

"For goodness' sake, Martin, stop. If you can't be serious, at least you need not be idiotic."

"All right, Eleanor, only don't forget my position. I'm definitely and permanently out of the game."

Mrs. Kenworthy received this final asseveration in reverential silence, and for the next few minutes the couple outwardly, at least, devoted themselves to the meal. Their respite, however, was of but short duration.

"By George! Here they come!"

"For Heaven's sake, Martin, be calm, and leave the whole thing to me. Don't ask any questions, and *don't* look so desperately excited," exclaimed Mrs. Kenworthy all in one breath.

A moment later Mr. Lyon had paused by their table, and, albeit under rather obvious embarrassment, was expressing the hope that Mrs. Kenworthy was not unduly fatigued after

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her long ride. With the very slightest of recognitions Miss Lyon was pursuing her way to the door, when the elder lady deftly headed her off.

"It was all too bad, my dear, and I know just exactly how you must feel. I have something to say to you right after supper."

These words were whispered with a depth of emotion that gave to their very vagueness the semblance of an added virtue. They seemed to leave the choice of disasters entirely to the girl, their sympathy attaching with undiminished force to whatever chanced to be her greatest woe. Unfortunately, however, the recipient was in no mood to make the application. She attempted to say something coherent—possibly something polite—but the effort culminated in a sound very like a sob and precipitate retreat towards the door.

"Grace doesn't seem to be quite herself this evening," explained her father, as he watched her for a moment with evident perplexity, and then slowly followed her from the room.

Mr. Kenworthy was entirely sincere in proclaiming his withdrawal from his wife's scheme of matrimonial philanthropy. Nevertheless, ten minutes after he had left the table, by some touch of feminine legerdemain, he found himself and Mr. Lyon relegated to the rustic seat down by the Rockery, while Mrs. Kenworthy was conducting the threatened interview of consolation in a secluded corner of the hotel porch. Under the influence of solitude and their cigars,

"'It was all too bad, my dear, and I know just exactly how you must feel.'"

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however, the two men were soon doing very well indeed. From a leisurely discussion of the Keeley motor, they drifted out through theosophy into Pennsylvania politics. When, finally, they were awakened to the flight of time, it was by the vicious tones of the clock in the hotel office.

"Whew! Nine o'clock. Why, they must be through by this time."

This was the first public recognition of the fact that "they" were supposed to be doing anything in particular, and it was a clear bit of inadvertence upon Mr. Lyon's part. There was a moment of odd embarrassment, and then both men burst out laughing.

"You have no daughter, I believe," remarked Mr. Lyon.

"No, only a wife," responded the other promptly.

"Well, something or other has gone wrong with Grace to-day, and I can't make it out. I've half imagined it was that ride of ours, but Grace is usually reasonable enough."

There was a moment or two of contemplative silence, and then, moved by the candor of the old gentleman's speech, Mr. Kenworthy broke the ice.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Lyon, after all, there's only one way to deal with these love affairs."

"Love affairs?" echoed the other slowly, and in a tone of utter bewilderment. "Do you mean that you suspect that Grace and Ed Thrale are in love?"

It was Mr. Kenworthy's turn to be surprised, but he had already gone too far to retreat.

"Mrs. Kenworthy says so, and I've never known of her making a mistake in that department. Besides, how else would you account for their quarreling?"

"Oh, you're both mistaken," responded the other, with reviving confidence. "Why, we've known Ed ever since his knickerbocker days. He and Grace have been friends—just like boy and girl together, you know—for more than a dozen years."

Mr. Kenworthy withdrew his cigar and whistled reflectively before he replied:

"Ah, but that sort of friendship has a wonderful way of changing into something else all in the twinkling of an eye. You see, Mr. Lyon, you and I have been out of the game so long that we've sort of forgotten the rules. Take my advice, and consider the young fellow seriously. You'll excuse my freedom?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, only I think you're wrong. Why haven't they talked to me about it?"

"Oh, don't misunderstand me. I don't suppose matters have quite reached that point. Mrs. Kenworthy didn't say that. But they're in love with each other, or getting ready to be, and you must be prepared for the—for the—best."

"I never once thought of Ed as a possible son-in-law," responded Mr. Lyon, the surprise still lingering in the tone of his voice. "There's nothing in the world against him. He's as steady as clockwork, and I knew his father for twenty years. The thing seems sort of strange and impossible to me, but I'd really have no grounds for objecting—not if he and Grace really take each other seriously."

The two men arose and wandered slowly back to the house. At the foot of the porch steps they loitered a moment to finish their cigars and brace themselves for whatever greetings might await them up-stairs.

Mr. Kenworthy found his wife swaying gently to and fro in the rheumatic little rocking-chair, deep in the dissipation of the brush. To this good lady, in the more trying moments of life, the hair-brush represented all that the bottle, the cards, and the fumes of burning tobacco mean to coarser souls. She had not lighted the lamp, and there was something ominous in the electrical phenomenon which attended every sweep of her brush.

"Well, my dear, how is it?"

The interrogation point which went with this inquiry was extra sharp, but it by no means startled the lady in the rocking-chair into precipitate speech. Her husband, who was exploring the general obscurity of the room in search of the other chair, had given up the quest and perched himself upon the edge of the bed before she spoke.

"How in the world should I guess what was going on in their hollow little minds?"

This observation seemed rather to constitute a link in the chain of Mrs. Kenworthy's mental reflections than to belong to any outward conversation.

"I'm afraid, my dear," remarked her husband after a moment of dubious silence, "that I've somehow lost the thread of the narrative. I assume that you refer to those same two immortal young souls."

"Martin Kenworthy, I never in all my life saw a person who could select such wretchedly inopportune occasions for his witticisms. I suppose Mr. Lyon has told you about the muddle we've all gotten into?"

"He admitted that Grace isn't in her usual good spirits, but his information doesn't

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"'*Love affairs?*' *echoed the other slowly, and in a tone of utter bewilderment.*"

seem to be quite up to date. How did the young people happen to quarrel?"

The brush ceased its function and rested idly in Mrs. Kenworthy's lap, and when she spoke, it was with something less than her customary assurance.

"Why, you see, Martin, they didn't really quarrel at all. She's the most unreasonable creature I ever met. Martin, she called me a—a—Jonah. Of course she got it from that Thrale fellow, but just the same, it was exceedingly unkind. And Jonah was a man, and it was a very, very rude comparison."

Mr. Kenworthy hastened to the rescue.

"Oh, bless you, that's nothing. Why, among men we'd consider it quite a compliment. That Jonah must have been a chap of most amazing self-possession. But what was it broke down, any way?"

"Oh, it's all too absurd," went on Mrs. Kenworthy, recovering confidence with her rising indignation. "It seems that Grace and this Thrale are already engaged, only he's never had a perfectly convenient chance to speak to her father. There are a lot of clerks around the old gentleman in his office, and a sharp-eared housekeeper at home. Did you ever hear such a flimsy excuse?"

"Well, it does sound a little out of the usual," admitted Mr. Kenworthy. "Most of the youngsters that I know would ring him up on the long-distance 'phone, and set-

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tle the whole business in five minutes at a total cost of twenty-five cents. But I'm afraid I don't yet grasp the full extent of the disaster."

"In the first place, according to Grace, it required no end of management to induce her father to spend a week up here instead of going right down to Martha's Vineyard as usual. You see he had to be kept within easy reach of Philadelphia, because her Edward couldn't possibly get off for more than two or three days. It seems he was entitled to two weeks' summer vacation, but somehow or other he took it last winter. And that shows just what a shiftless sort of a person he must be, too. They almost despaired of his getting away at all, and it was by something like a miracle that he finally succeeded. She burst into tears while she was telling me, and I have forgotten what dreadful thing would happen if he should fail to be at his desk by eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Well, he came."

"Yes, he managed to get here. Then it was all arranged between the pair that Edward should have the all-important interview with Mr. Lyon to-day just after dinner."

"Just after dinner? Oh, I begin to see. They were going on the theory, I suppose, that men and anacondas are most easily managed immediately after a big feed."

"Now, Martin, don't. The young man absolutely had to start back by the 4.17 train this afternoon, and now—now she blames me for it. If I'd done the least thing out of the way, I'd feel dreadfully cut up, but I haven't."

Mr. Kenworthy struck a match on the sole of his shoe and lighted the lamp. Then he turned and looked at Mrs. Kenworthy.

"Mrs. Kenworthy, speaking now in the privacy of domestic confidence, don't you think this would have been a perfectly elegant case to have let alone?"

There was just a suggestion of triumph in his voice, and it by no means escaped the ear of his hearer.

"No, sir, I don't. I did perfectly right, and I shall not worry myself over somebody else's stupidity."

Mr. Kenworthy, who was just then stuffing the burnt match into the porcelain eggshell on the bureau, carefully brushed the match dust from the tips of his fingers. Then he "went about on the other tack."

"And, after all, Eleanor, how exceedingly fortunate it is that the incident came along just as it did, instead of being side-tracked or detained by a washout on the line! If Thrale had gotten hold of the old gentleman for five minutes all would have been over. I'm morally sure of that from our conversation this evening. But now a kindly Providence, gently prodded by yourself, has intervened and given the young fellow another chance. He may have his salary reduced, or catch the measles, or be diverted by a prettier girl. Any one of a thousand things may happen to give him time for further reflection."

Mrs. Kenworthy suppressed the retort which arose to her lips. Instead, she gazed at her spouse a moment in grim silence. Then the grimness was supplanted by an expression of the gentlest wifely affection.

"Martin, dear, you really ought not to indulge in general conversation after half-past nine o'clock at night. You miss your sleep dreadfully. Would you mind getting down on your knees and just loosening the three top buttons of my shoes? Now that you have attended to that most delicate of details, breaking the news to the unapproachable parent, I think we may trust the rest to Mr. Lyon, himself. Under certain limitations the male parent may be depended upon to do his duty. Thank you, I can manage the other buttons myself. My love, how you men do detest anything like matchmaking, to be sure!"

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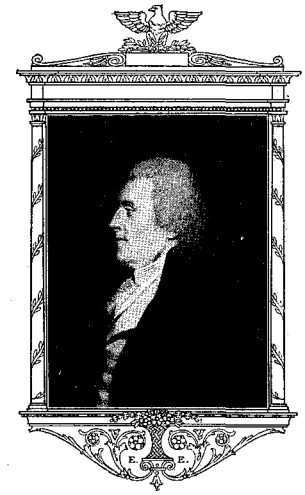
THE STORY OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



John Adams

From the crayon portrait by Sharples, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "Life of Abraham Lincoln," "Napoleon and Josephine," etc.

Th. Jefferson

From the crayon portrait by Sharples, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Illustrated with Portraits and Autographs of the Signers.*

THE Continental Congress was very busy in the spring of 1776. Its daily sessions were taken up with the reading of letters from the generals of its army, accepting new companies of militia, directing battalions and gunpowder toward this or that province, disarming people who persisted in refusing to fight Great Britain, ordering cannon cast, buying saltpeter, imprisoning the suspected, voting money for rations and forage, establishing hospitals, forbidding trade with England,—in short, with the carrying on of a vigorous war against a country to which it still officially acknowledged allegiance.

This condition of affairs had existed for more than a year. Occasionally, it is true, Congress had suspended hostilities long enough to protest that the colonists were not rebels, only "petitioners in arms" bent on setting right their wrongs; but the futility of its petitions and prayers had gradually worn out the patience and hope of even the most loyal of the members. When Congress came together in the spring of 1776, it was pretty certain that nobody would advocate another petition. It was more likely that entire separation from the mother country was imminent. If there were many who dreaded such a step, there were others who were doing their utmost to hasten it. So strong were these latter that in May they even forced through Congress a resolution calling upon the Colonies to form independent governments. The temper which had carried this revolutionary measure had not subsided when the news reached Philadelphia that the colonial legislature of Virginia had instructed its delegates to Congress to bring in a resolution declaring the United Colonies free and independent.

It was on June 7th that Richard Henry Lee, the spokesman of the Virginia delegation, arose in Congress. He had been ordered, he said, by the unanimous vote of the members of the Council of Virginia, to present the following resolution:

"That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Two other resolutions followed, contingent upon the first, but it is not necessary to consider them here.

Lee had not taken his seat before there

* Editor's Note.—This series of portraits of the signers of the Declaration of Independence is, we believe, the most complete ever published. In every case the best portrait of each signer has been selected and specially photographed for us; of many of the signers it has been difficult to find even a single portrait, but we have succeeded in all but two cases: John Morton and Caesar Rodney. Of the former there is no authentic portrait, and the latter, owing to a scar on his face, never allowed his portrait painted. The autographs are fac-similes of those on the engrossed copy of the Declaration of Independence now in the Library of the State Department, Washington.

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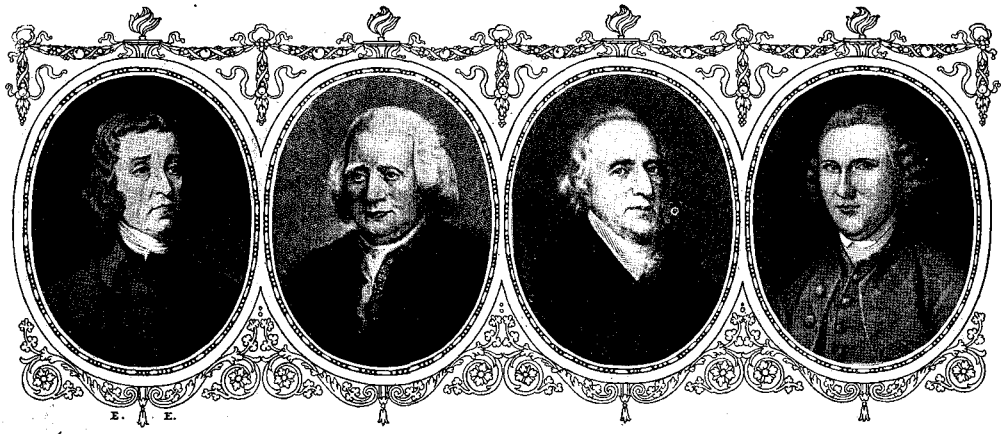


Josiah Bartlett

From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Carter Braxton

From the portrait by Albert Rosenthal, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

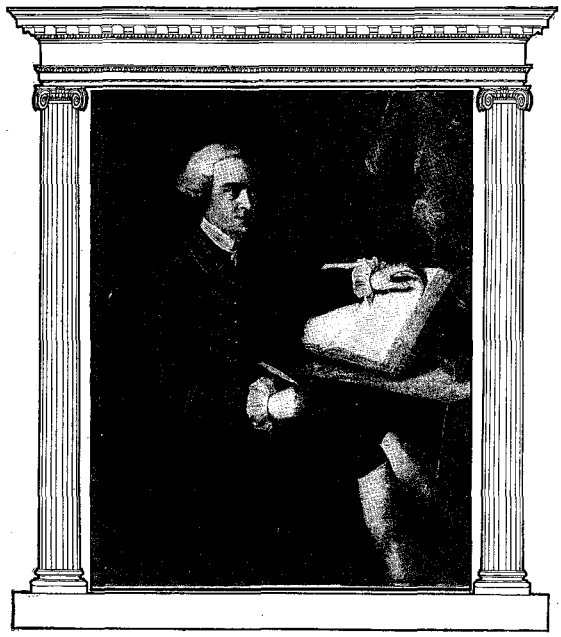
Charles Carroll of Carrollton

From the portrait by Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Samuel Chase

From the portrait by Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

was a "second" to his motion. It came from John Adams, of Massachusetts. A more welcome task could not have fallen to a man than this to John Adams. A patriot by choice from the day, in 1761, when he first heard James Otis's famous speech against the writs of assistance, he had for years sacrificed business, family, health, peace of mind, to the American cause. He was one of the few who from the first believed that separation was the only outcome of the contention with Great Britain. From the time he entered the First Congress of the Colonies in 1774, he had boldly and incessantly advocated independence. Adams was stubborn and dictatorial, sure of the integrity of his own patriotism and doubtful of that of other people, the very nature to irritate and antagonize moderate men. Indeed no man in the Colonies was more hateful to both Tories and conservative patriots. And he knew it himself. "I was avoided like a man infected with leprosy," he said, "and walked the streets of Philadelphia in solitude, borne down by the weight of care and unpopularity." But he was able, devoted, and determined, and nothing staggered him in his brilliant and persistent fight to make Congress say independence. And now at last, after long months of effort and waiting, of doubt and humiliation, he had the supreme happiness of seconding a resolution offered by the leading colony of the thirteen, which brought before Congress directly the very policy for which he had sacrificed popularity and imperilled his head if Great Britain should succeed.



John Hancock

From the portrait by John S. Copley in Boston Art Museum.

To see that Congress felt it was

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From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From the portrait by Peale, owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

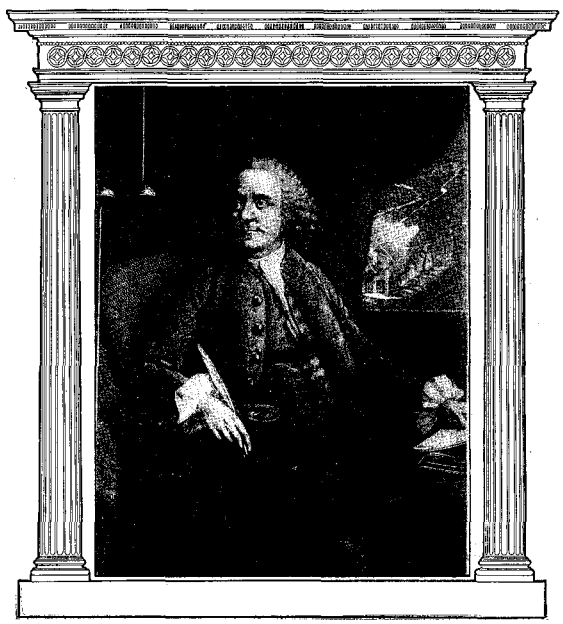
From a portrait after Trumbull, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From the portrait by Earl, now in the possession of John Galston Floyd of New York, great-grandson of William Floyd.

playing with fire in considering Mr. Lee's resolution one has only to examine the Journal of its proceedings for June 7, 1776. So hazardous was the matter regarded for those taking the initiative, that, in recording the resolutions, neither their substance nor Mr. Lee's and Mr. Adams's names are mentioned. "Certain resolutions," says the Journal, "being moved and seconded, resolved that the consideration of them be deferred until tomorrow morning, and that the members be enjoined to attend promptly at ten o'clock in order to take the same into consideration." They debated all the next day, Saturday, and again all day Monday on the question. Who spoke and what was said are not certainly known, as the Journal has no record. John Adams, and his cousin Sam, Roger Sherman, Oliver Wolcott, R. H. Lee, George Wythe—these were undoubtedly the great speakers for separation.

The chief opponent, Mr. Adams's leading antagonist, was John Dickinson of Pennsylvania. Dickinson at this time was a man forty-four years of age, three years older than Adams, a gentleman who had had as good an education as the Colonies afforded, and who had followed it by a term in the Temple, London. While sufficiently a man of the world to appreciate all points of view, Dickinson's tastes led him to a quiet and scholarly life. He had always been happiest on his farm in Maryland, where, as he said, his library was the most valuable part of his small estate.

From the beginning of the trouble with England he had opposed her on the ground that her acts were contrary to English law.



From Fisher's engraving of the Chamberlain portrait, owned by Hampton L. Carson, Philadelphia.

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Elbridge Gerry — *From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

Button Gwinnett — *From a portrait owned by Hampton L. Carson, Philadelphia.*

Lyman Hall — *From the print by H. B. Hall.*

Benj Harrison — *From the portrait by St. Memin.*

While the patriots of New England, like Adams, were talking of the divine right of revolution, Mr. Dickinson was telling his fellow-colonists that there were purely legal and constitutional reasons for resisting Great Britain. He became a leader in the opposition to the Stamp Act, and his "Farmer's Letters," published in 1768, were probably the most influential contributions to the colonists' cause up to the time of Tom Paine's "Common Sense." But the arguments of these letters were legal ones; such, too, were the arguments in the famous petition to the king which Dickinson wrote in 1771. Non-importation, non-exportation, and armed resistance he defended on the same grounds. The colonists were not rebels, he argued, but "petitioners in arms." Naturally Dickinson disapproved of the Boston Tea Party, and could not be persuaded to join the Massachusetts patriots in their violent resistance. In the spring of 1776, although he had not hesitated to vote war supplies or even to command a Pennsylvania regiment, all the force of his intellect was given to opposing the Radicals in Congress, and in struggling against any measure so irrevocable as a declaration of independence.

It was Dickinson, then, who, when the debate began on Lee's motion, was first on his feet. His most practical arguments were that such a declaration was premature, that the Colonies should wait at least until they had perfected their military arrangements and secured, if possible, the aid of France, with which country they were then negotiating. The names of all who followed Dickinson we do not know, but among them were able and loyal men—John Jay, James Wilson, James Duane, Robert R. Livingstone, Edward Rutledge—but it was evident from the beginning of the debate that they were in the minority. The delegates of seven colonies—four in New England, three in the South—were either instructed to vote for independence or leaned towards it; those of six colonies—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and South Carolina—were opposed to the resolution. In such a matter unanimity was of the utmost importance, and after a three days' debate it was decided to postpone a final vote until the first day of July, and in order that no time be lost a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration suitable to lay before the world, stating the grievances which drove them to separate from Great Britain.

This committee was appointed by ballot on June 11th, and consisted, according to the Journal, of the following gentlemen: "Mr. Jefferson, Mr. J. Adams, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Sherman, and Mr. R. R. Livingstone."

Naturally, one would expect to find at the head of this committee Mr. Lee, who had presented the resolution. That he was not given the place seems to be due to one of those nice little matters of state politics, which had quite as much influence with the "Fathers" as they have to-day. Mr. Richard Henry Lee was not beloved by his colleagues from Virginia, and Mr. Jefferson was sent up to rival and supplant him: so says John Adams. Unquestionably state politics had something to do with the choice

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John Hart — *From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

Joseph Hewes — *From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

Thos Lynch Junr — *From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

Wm Hooper — *From a portrait after Trumbull, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

of Jefferson, though, as a matter of fact, Lee would have been prevented from serving even if he had been appointed, because of the illness of his wife, which called him away from Philadelphia just about this time.

Jefferson was a comparatively new man in Congress. He was only thirty-three years of age at the time, and had been a member less than a year. Even in this time he had not been at all prominent in the debates of Congress. John Adams said that, during the whole time he sat with him in Congress, he never heard him utter three sentences together. But if silent in debate, Jefferson had shown himself "prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committees and in conversation," and was looked upon by all of the older members, searching for young talent, as one of the most promising young men Virginia had sent up. Particularly was he well regarded for his abilities as a writer. His public documents had become famous throughout the Colonies, and one of them had circulated extensively in Great Britain. As the talent needed in the new committee was, after a comprehension of the ground to be covered by the declaration, literary talent, it is evident that Jefferson was a promising selection.

On the first meeting of the committee there seems to have been a little discussion about who really should do the writing. Adams says he and Jefferson were selected by the committee, but that he insisted that Jefferson himself do it. Jefferson denies this, and says that the committee pressed him alone to undertake the draft. This slight discrepancy in the memory of the two honorable gentlemen is of no importance; it was Mr. Jefferson who wrote the Declaration.

He was living, at the time the task was given him, in a house rather on the outskirts of Philadelphia, chosen purposely because the neighborhood was quiet. Here he had rented a second floor, and was accustomed to work whenever Congress was not in session. On coming up to Philadelphia on this trip one of his first tasks had been to go to a carpenter and give him a plan of a desk he wanted made—a most characteristic thing for him to do; for Jefferson was a man who insisted on planning everything which he was to use, whether a private house, a public building in Washington, his furniture, or his own tomb. The desk was fourteen inches long by ten in breadth and three in height, and it was on this that through the long June days he labored on the Declaration.

It must be conceded by one who reads the contemporary literature of the Revolution, that the gist of the document which he produced was in everybody's mouth. The words, declaration of independence, had been heard for a long time on all sides. Nothing was more firmly embedded in the hearts of the people than their right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," nothing stronger than their conviction that governments exist to insure these rights, and that they "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." The whole long list of grievances which Jefferson enumerates, and which make up the body of the document, had been reported again and again from different parts of the country. What Jefferson did was to

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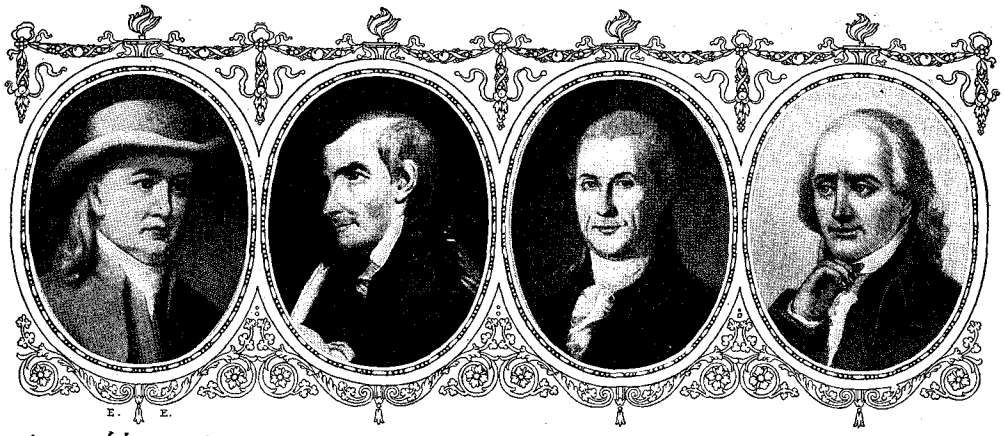


Step. Hopkins Thos. Hopkinson Sam.l Huntington Francis Lightfoot Lee

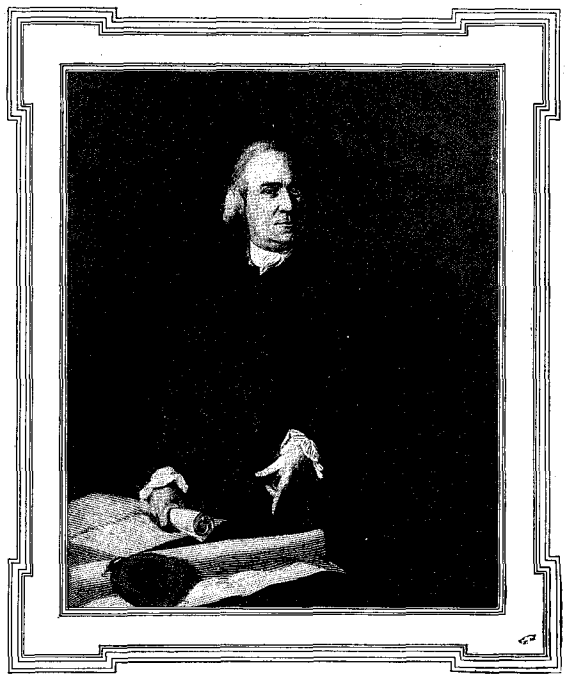
From a portrait after Trumbull, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From a portrait after Pine, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From a family portrait in Virginia.

voice in the favorite English style of the day, the spirit of independence abroad, and to state formally the different grievances of the thirteen colonies as a justification of revolution. It was a great document, because it expressed more completely than had yet been done a universal conviction, and because of the genius for selection which it showed. In no sense was it an invention. Years afterwards, when its fame had grown, critics of Jefferson began to sneer at the Declaration of Independence as not original, and point out that this phrase and that, this complaint and that, had been uttered here or there. This controversy was hottest in 1819, when the Mecklenburg Declaration, said to have been passed by Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in May, 1775, was discovered.



Sam.l Adams

From the portrait by John S. Copley in Boston Art Museum.

When this came out Adams was much excited, and wrote to Jefferson:

> How is it possible that this paper should have been concealed from me to this day? Had it been communicated to me in the time of it, I know, if you do not know, that it would have been printed in every Whig newspaper upon the continent. You know that if I had possessed it, I would have made the hall of Congress echo and reëcho with it fifteen months before your Declaration of Independence. What a poor, ignorant, malicious, short-sighted, crapulous mass is Tom Paine's "Common Sense" in comparison with this paper. Had I known it, I would have commented upon it from the day you entered Congress till the Fourth of July, 1776.

The genuine sense of *America* at that moment was never so well expressed before or since.

Jefferson at once declared to Adams that he believed the document spurious, and brought

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Fran.' Lewis — *From the engraving made in 1825 by C. C. Wright from the original painting, which was destroyed. This engraving is the only authentic picture.*

Robt. Livingston — *From the portrait by Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

Thomas Lynch Jun^r — *From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

Thos M. Kean — *From the crayon portrait by Sharples, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

forth a long array of reasons to support his belief. The matter became a subject of partisan controversy. The legislature of North Carolina took it up, and, in 1831, published a pamphlet to prove that a declaration of independence was made in Mecklenburg County more than a year before Jefferson wrote his. The controversy went on, until finally, by diligent research in old newspapers both in London and in this country, it was established beyond a doubt that such a document had been written and published about the time specified. It is probable that Jefferson never saw it, or if he did, it is certain that he had forgotten it. One has only to remember his own experience in the flood of resolutions which come from all sides in periods of excitement over some great public question, to know how few of them, which voice a general sentiment, make a deep enough impression to be remembered in detail. All of this criticism that the Declaration is not "original" is most unintelligent. The great merit of the document is that it never attempted originality, but simply arranged in order the grievances of the thirteen colonies and stated clearly the theory on which the right to resent these grievances was based.

So well did Jefferson do his work that when he submitted it to Adams and Franklin, before handing it over to the committee, they made only a few corrections. Jefferson then wrote out what he calls a "fair copy," and turned it over to the committee of five. They found it so good that they changed not a word of it, and on the 28th of June the document was laid before Congress.

While Jefferson in his little room at the corner of Market and Seventh Street was laboring over the Declaration, the country from one end to the other was busy discussing the subject. In the States where the sentiment for independence was strong—that is, in New England and the South—the exultation was great, and the colonial congresses, sons of liberty, committees and town meetings worked with renewed energy, the excitement penetrating to the most remote settlements. Heavy pressure was brought on the Colonies which, up to this time, had been against separation, by the discussions in newspapers and pamphlets, and by the debates in assemblies, conventions, committees of safety and of inspection, and in town and county meetings. The whole people soon became familiar with the question, and their councils began to feel the effect of the popular agitation. Not only were the councils at home besieged by the advocates of independence—letters, resolutions, and petitions were showered on the delegates in Congress. The delegates of Pennsylvania had been strictly ordered to reject any proposition for independence, but the Radical Party of the colony had before this taken matters into its own hands, and by an interesting revolution, quite worthy of the French patriots of 1792, they succeeded in overpowering the regular assembly, and

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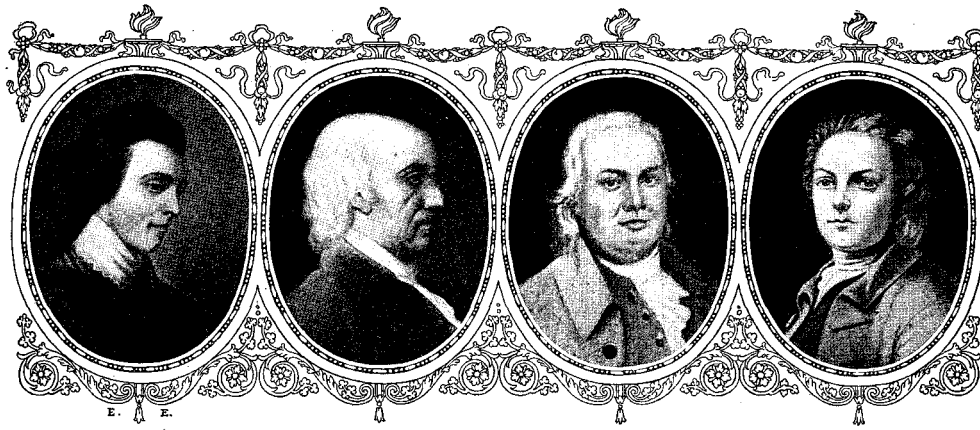

Arthur Middleton — Lewis Morris — Robt Morris — Thos Nelson jr.

From a portrait after West, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From the small panel portrait in oil by Trumbull, in possession of descendants of Robert Morris.

From a portrait in Richmond, Va.

forwarded a message to Congress favoring independence. New Jersey, too, sent new delegates instructed for the resolution if they "thought it necessary or expedient." On June 17th, William Whipple wrote back to New Hampshire that there had been a great change in the sentiment of Congress since his arrival, and on June 25th, Elbridge Gerry wrote to his friend James Warren, in Boston, that it appeared to him there was not even a doubt of any colony in the country, excepting New York and Maryland.

As the first day of July approached, the excitement in Congress increased. Although we have no records of the debate, it is evident that in the intervals between reading reports from the army and voting money for gunpowder and cannon, the two parties were exercising their utmost influence for and against the Declaration. The numbers for independence were gradually creeping up, and every change of front became a matter of the most dramatic interest.

John Adams, in a letter to a friend, written in 1813, tells a graphic story of the conversion of one of the members. "For many days the majority depended on Mr. Hewes of North Carolina. While a member, one day, was speaking, and reading documents from all the Colonies, to prove that the public opinion, the general sense of all, was in favor of the measure, when he came to North Carolina, and produced letters and public proceedings which demonstrated that the majority of that colony were in favor of it, Mr. Hewes, who had hitherto constantly voted against it, started suddenly upright, and lifting up both his hands to Heaven, as if he had been in a trance, cried out, 'It is done! and I will abide by it.' I would give more for a perfect painting of the terror and horror upon the faces of the old majority at that critical moment than for the best piece of Raphael."

The resolution was brought to vote on the first day of July, some fifty-one members being present in Congress. That it would have a majority was certain, but something more than a majority was necessary, everybody felt. On the morning of the 1st, just as Congress was about to enter on the debate, the hearts of John Adams and his associates were made glad by the arrival of delegates from Maryland, instructed to give a unanimous vote. Matters looked so propitious that Adams wanted the vote taken at once, but New Jersey was unwilling. She had given her delegates permission to support independence if they thought it expedient; they had arrived only on the 28th, and very naturally they wanted to hear the arguments; so, to Adams's disgust, the debate began again. "It was an idle mispence of time," he grumbled, "for nothing was said but what had been repeated and hackneyed in the room a hundred times for six months past." But stale and futile as the reiteration seemed to him, he did not shirk it. Never was Adams more powerful than in this final debate on Lee's resolution. He was the "colossus of that debate," said Jefferson afterwards. The entire day of July 1st was spent on the question, and at

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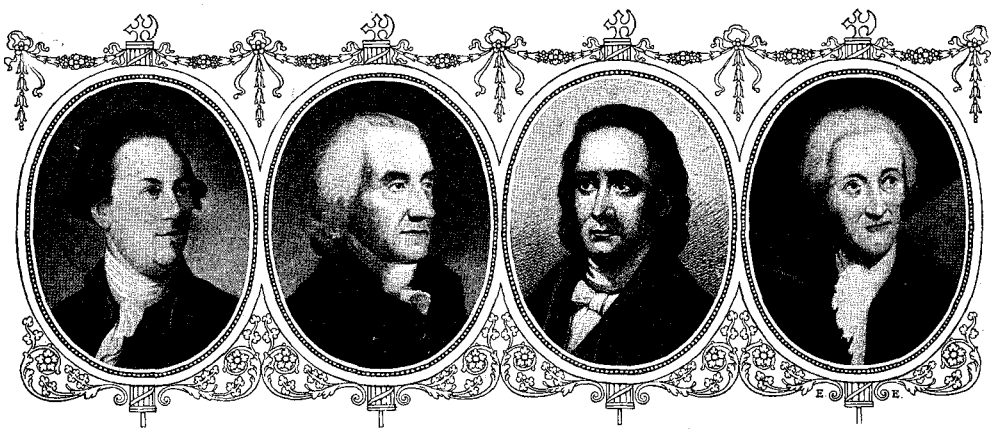

Wm. Paca Robt. Treat Paine John Penn Geo. Read

From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From the print by H. B. Hall.

From the portrait by R. E. Pine, owned by William Read Fisher, Philadelphia.

night Congress was still unwilling to take a final vote, and so adjourned the decision until the 2d. The night was spent in excited work. Four colonies—New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and South Carolina—still held back, but before Congress assembled the next morning a majority for the resolution had been secured in each delegation excepting that of New York,* so that when the vote was finally taken, twelve colonies were ready to declare that "these United Colonies are and of a right ought to be free and independent."

As a matter of fact, the passing of Mr. Lee's resolution effected the separation of the colonies from Great Britain, and the 2d of July is really Independence Day. It was this day, John Adams wrote his wife on July 3d, that future generations would celebrate. "The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America," he wrote. "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

But it was on July 4th that the document which makes the formal expression of independence was adopted. That formal Declaration came before the House immediately after the adoption of Lee's resolution, and was taken up, clause by clause, for debate. The members, after their two days' struggle, were not in any mood to deal easily with Mr. Jefferson's production. On the contrary, they set themselves vigorously to pull it to pieces.

With two exceptions the changes they made were verbal, and to the great improvement of the document. The two really important points which Congress refused to allow to go into Mr. Jefferson's paper were, first, a paragraph in which he arraigned with terrible severity the slave traffic; and second, a charge that the English people had been equally guilty towards America with the King and Parliament.

The free criticism of the Declaration indulged in during the debate annoyed Mr. Jefferson exceedingly. He made it a point of courtesy to reply to none of it, but it was easy to see that he took it badly. Dr. Franklin was by his side, and observing his nervousness tried to ease the situation by telling him a story.

"I have made it a rule," said Franklin, "whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draftsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his term, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscrip-

* *Each colony had one vote in the Continental Congress, a majority of the delegation of the colony deciding what that should be. New York withheld her vote entirely on the 2d.*

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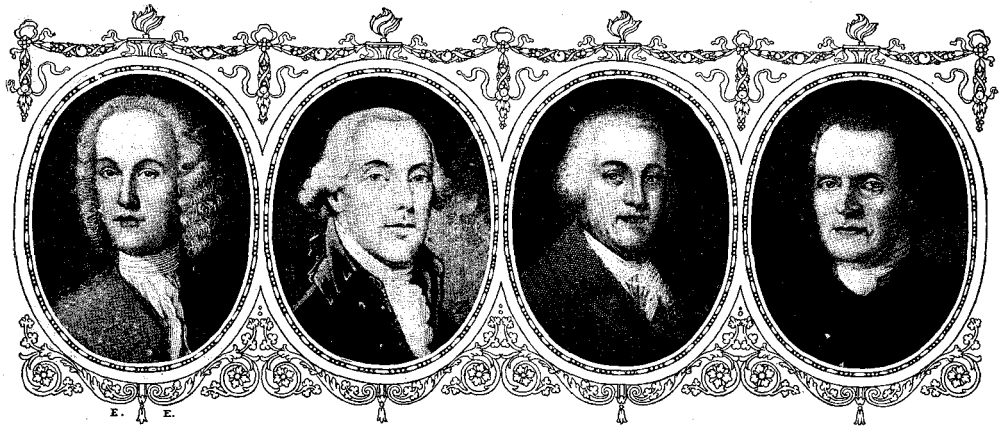

From a portrait in possession of Mrs. John Rodney, Newcastle, Del.

From the portrait by E. Savage, owned by Dr. Roland G. Curtin, Philadelphia.

From a portrait after Trumbull, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

tion. He composed it in these words, 'John Thompson, *Hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,*' with a figure of a hat subjoined; but he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word '*Hatter*' tautologous, because followed by the words '*makes hats,*' which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word '*makes*' might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats. If good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words '*for ready money*' were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, 'John Thompson *sells hats.*' '*Sells hats!*' says his next friend; why, nobody will expect you to give them away; what then is the use of that word? It was stricken out, and '*hats*' followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So the inscription was reduced ultimately to 'John Thompson,' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

Franklin's story did not restore Jefferson's equanimity. In the week following the debate he made at least five drafts of the document as he wrote it, and marking carefully the changes and omissions of Congress, sent them to friends. One of these he sent to Richard Henry Lee. "You will judge whether it is better or worse for the critics," he wrote Lee.

Even time did not quite cure Jefferson of his resentment, and when he came to write his memoirs he said rather sarcastically, in explanation of the two major omissions: "The pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with still haunted the minds of many. For this reason, those passages which conveyed censures on the people of England were struck out, lest they should give offense. The clause, too, reprobating the enslaving inhabitants of Africa, was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our Northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under those censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others."

Just how long the debate on the Declaration continued on the Fourth is unknown. While it was going on the Radicals were marshaling all their strength to secure a big vote; McKean of Delaware even sent an express at his own expense to Dover for Cæsar Rodney. "I met him at the State House door in his boots," wrote McKean afterwards. "He resided eighty miles from the city, and arrived just as Congress met."

It was probably late in the afternoon when, according to the Journal, the vote was taken and the Declaration was "agreed to." Forty out of fifty members present are supposed to have voted for it, including one member from

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Jas. Smith — *From the print by H. B. Hall.*

Richd Stockton — *From a portrait owned by Mrs. Frank Conover, Princeton, N. J.*

Thos. Stone — *From a portrait by Pine, owned by Mrs. Mildred Stone March, Easton, Pa.*

Geo. Taylor — *From the print by H. B. Hall.*

New York—Henry Wisner. The document was then ordered "authenticated and printed." It is improbable that there was any signing on that day, excepting that by John Hancock, the President, and Charles Thompson, the Secretary. Their names were put to the copy which Mr. Jefferson had presented, but no others, as indeed would have been unwise. It was most important that the document have a unanimous approval, if possible. By a little waiting and manœuvering it seemed pretty certain to the wiser members of Congress that this unanimity could be secured.

Richard Henry Lee

From the portrait by Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Not only was there no general signing of the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776, but tradition has invested the day with other dramatic features which unhappily are false. It is a pity not to believe, as most of us were taught, that while the debate was under way—

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town;

—a pity not to be able to tell the story of the gray-haired bell-ringer, sitting with one hand ready on the clapper of his bell, until he hears a young voice crying, "Ring, grandpa, ring, oh ring for Liberty!" As a matter of fact the meetings of Congress were held behind closed doors, and while it was well known in the coffee-houses of the city that Mr. Lee's resolution had been voted on favorably, and, no doubt, too, that a formal declaration embodying it was under consideration, no crowds surrounded Independence Hall that day; there was no small boy—no sounding of the liberty bell.

Indeed, it was not until July 6th that the Declaration appeared in the *Pennsylvania Packet*. On the 8th it was read in the State House yard. The patriots turned out in a great crowd, and the reader, John Nixon, was

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Matthew Thornton — Geo. Walton — Wm. Whipple — Wm. Williams

From the print by H. B. Hall. *From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.* *From a portrait after St. Memin, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.* *From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

cheered to the echo. After the ceremony the crowd turned its attention to the king's coat-of-arms, which was suspended over the doorway in the court-room of the State House, tearing it down and taking it out and burning it. In many places the reading of the Declaration, which had been ordered by Congress, was attended by similar acts of destruction. Thus, in New York, the Sons of Freedom tore down an equestrian statue of George III., which stood on Bowling Green, and turned the monument over to the authorities with the order to run the lead into bullets. In Baltimore "the effigy of 'Our Late King' was carted through the town, and committed to the flames amidst the acclamation of hundreds," the records say. In Savannah, in August, at the reading, there was a great procession, almost the whole town turning out to inter an effigy of his Majesty, King George III. A burial service was prepared for the occasion, a portion of which ran: "Corruption to corruption, tyranny to the grave, a repose to eternal infamy in sure and certain hope that he will never obtain a resurrection to rule again over these United States of America."

As a whole, the demonstrations were not noisy or destructive. The army, which might have been expected to indulge in some vindicative performances, received the news quietly, and in many cases the people seemed to feel deeply the solemnity of the step which Congress had taken, and to have rightly concluded that prayers were more appropriate to the occasion than the tearing down of statues. The only colony which had refused to vote for Lee's resolution on the 2d was New York. No sooner had the vote been taken than the delegates from that State sent a letter post haste, asking what was to be their line of action thereafter? On July 9th the Provincial Congress of New York, which was in session at White Plains, replied that "the reasons assigned by the Continental Congress for declaring the United Colonies free and independent States are cogent and conclusive; and that while we lament the cruel necessity which had rendered that measure unavoidable, we approve the same, and will, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, join with the other colonies in supporting it." Congress was now unanimous on independence.

On August 2d, a committee appointed on July 19th, to prepare an engrossed copy of the Declaration for signing, laid it before Congress. Many of the men who had fought over it on the 4th of July were still present, but in the meantime many new delegates had come to Philadelphia, so that there were a number present who had had nothing to do with the original act of adoption. Just what happened at the signing we do not know, any more than we know the details of the debate in the critical days when it was under consideration. One thing is certain, however: serious as this matter of signing really was, nobody hesitated. "Give me liberty, or give me death!" was no mere phrase for these men. They had weighed its grim meaning and deliberately accepted the alterna-

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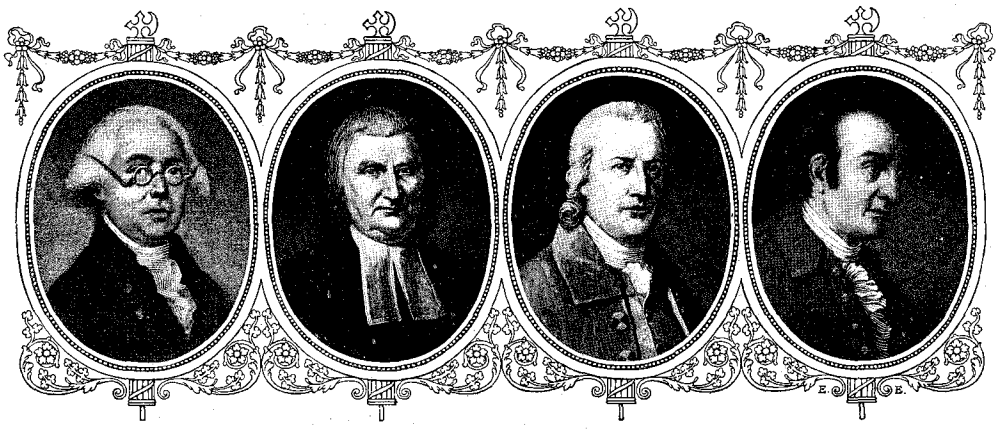

James Wilson — *From the miniature probably by Peale.*

Jno Witherspoon — *From the portrait by Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

Oliver Wolcott — *From the portrait by Earle, now in Connecticut.*

George Wythe — *From a portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

tive. They even took up with jests the matter of putting their names to a document which, if the Colonies were defeated, would surely send them all to the gallows. "There, John Bull may read my name without spectacles," said John Hancock, as he made the big flourish with which we are so familiar from facsimiles of the Declaration. "We must be unanimous," he said again, "there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together." And Franklin replied, "We must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately." "There go a few millions," said one of the members, as John Carroll, of Carrollton, then the richest man of the Colonies, put his name to the Declaration.

The great Charter of Freedom was now complete, and while its makers were struggling to prove that it was something more than rhetoric, the document itself followed the dangerous wanderings of the Continental Congress. In 1789, when that body made way for the first Federal Congress, the Declaration was confided to the State Department of the new government. It had a companion now, the Constitution of the United States—a noble proof that the sentiment of independence which had brought it into existence, far from being a barren enthusiasm, capable only of eloquent declamation, was a vital force which could raise armies, win battles, starve and freeze and still have life and courage to devise and put into operation a great government.

As the years went on, the veneration of the people for the Declaration of Independence grew. The demand to see the document, to read its text, and examine its signatures, steadily increased with this feeling of reverence. The government naturally sought to satisfy this desire, but unhappily, in doing so, it allowed great harm to come to the original. Early in the century the ink was faded, and the parchment injured in securing a facsimile for making a copper plate. Still further injury was done when it was placed on exhibition in a strong light in 1849. It remained thus exposed until some of the signatures had entirely vanished. Finally, in 1894, the State Department realized that in careless good nature it was allowing the great charter to fade away. Steps were at once taken then to preserve it. It was carefully covered and placed in a drawer in a steel case specially prepared for its reception, and a facsimile hung in the place it once occupied. At the same time steps were taken to preserve the original copper plate by having electrotype copies made, so that the original might be put into a fireproof safe. The document itself is thus finally protected. The great truths for which it stands are not so easily preserved. The eternal watchfulness of those who love liberty for its own sake is all that will secure the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. The exercise of this vigilance is the supreme and enduring concern of the nation.

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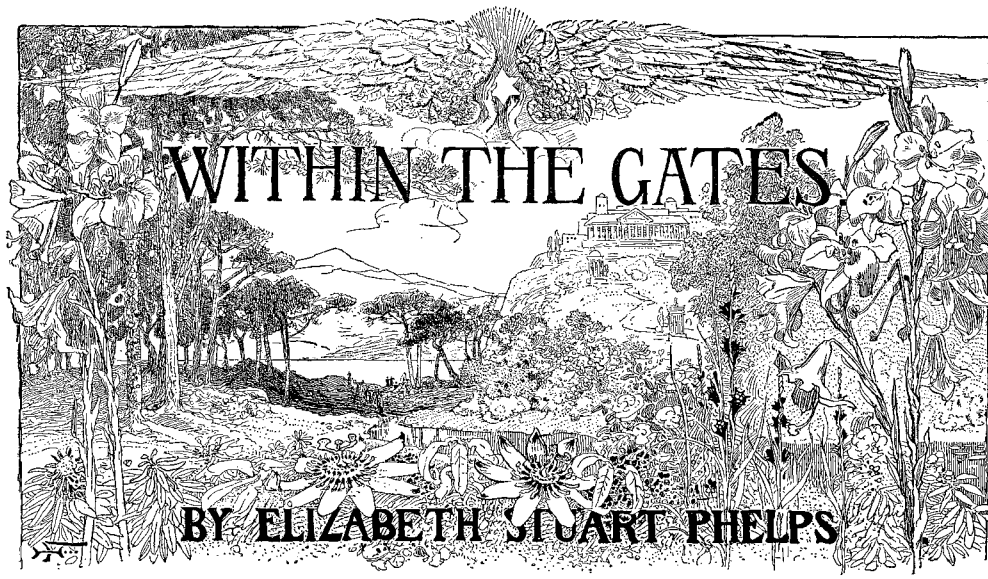

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Doctor Esmerald Thorne	A City Physician.
Helen Thorne	His wife.
Laddie	Their child. (Between four and five years of age.)
Mrs. Fayth	A patient of the Doctor's, and a friend of Mrs. Thorne's, an invalid.
Doctor Gazell	A hospital physician not in harmony with Doctor Thorne.
Doctor Carver	A young surgeon.
Maggie	A maid.

A Priest, Nurses, Patients, Servants, People in the Street, Spirits, the Angel Azrael.

SUMMARY OF ACTS I. AND II.

Dr. Esmerald Thorne, after treating his wife with unaccustomed harshness, is killed in a carriage accident. Mrs. Fayth, a patient, is injured at the same time, and dies soon after. Dr. Thorne does not realize the change through which he has passed. He strives to return home to his wife, but is constantly thwarted by some unknown power. At last he visits his hospital, speaks with the patients, and endeavors to restrain his former surgeon associates from performing an unnecessary operation—but in vain; his presence is not noticed; only Mrs. Fayth recognizes him, and she is dead; then the Doctor learns for the first time that he too has died. He visits his own home, sees his wife mourning him, but is powerless to make her see him. He is next seen trudging up a narrow defile between high mountains. He meets and talks with Norah, a patient who has just died. She is carried off by angels, and he continues his ascent alone.

ACT III.

Scene I.—*Paradise:* A beautiful country. Trees, flowers, shrubs, vines of great luxuriance abound. Brilliant birds of unfamiliar plumage can be heard singing in the boughs. They dip, blazing, through the air. The grass is bright, and like short fur in effect. The sheen of water, like the surface of a lake or sea, glimmers beyond. Sails of faint, fair tints move and melt upon the sea. At a distance, upon a hill, are outlines of graceful architecture. A narrow brook can be seen, with strange shells upon its little banks. There are no highways visible. Foot-worn walks and paths, trodden through the grass, intersperse the landscape. The grass, however, springs afresh beneath the foot, and is not crushed or sear. Annunciation lilies and scarlet passion-flowers grow in the foreground. Bluebells, in clusters, spring beyond. Roses are many. Flowers unknown to the botanies of earth are frequent; and among those to which we are used, it will be noticed that the blossoms of the tropics and of the North countries flourish side by side. The whole impression is one of delight and beauty. The sky has a misty softness, and the atmosphere is capable of taking on (and takes on) sudden and subtle changes of effect. It is now seen to be early morning, and all the tints of the landscape are tender and fresh.

The scene is populous with *bright beings.* These are seen to differ from the people of this planet chiefly in their joyousness of manner, and in a certain high expression, of which it might be said, in a word, that the absence of low motive, and the presence of a sense of

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ease and security, are the predominant features. These beings wear flowing robes of various tints—dove, rose, blue, corn, violet, silver, gold, and pearl. Here and there one appears garbed in the color of the pale leaf, and, in moving among the foliage, seems to have sprung from it. Many spirits are clothed in shining white. Happy conversation and gentle laughter can be heard.

Enter Two Children. *These play in the brook, and gather the shells. They are robed in short, childish garments—a little frock, a little dress, both white, and each clasped by a small, golden cross.*

FIRST CHILD (*a boy, four or five years old*). I never saw such pretty shells in that other place we lived. They took me to the sea-side summers, but there weren't any there that began to be so pretty.

SECOND CHILD (*a girl*). *I* never played with *any* shells before. We lived in a street. It was dark and dirty. I never saw the sea till I came here.

FIRST CHILD. I never saw you in that other place, did I?

SECOND CHILD. No. You wouldn't have played with me there.

FIRST CHILD. I like you here—don't I?

SECOND CHILD. And I like you. I like you best of anybody I've seen in this pretty country.

FIRST CHILD. Do you like roses? Or don't you care for anything but shells?

SECOND CHILD (*adoringly*). I like roses, if you like roses.

(*They leave the brook, and gather roses, pelting each other with them, and laughing merrily.*)

FIRST CHILD (*tosses a rose over the brook*).

SECOND CHILD (*picks a bluebell, and puts it to her lips*).

FIRST CHILD. No. They're not to eat. They're to listen to. See! I'll ring mine. Hark! (*He rings the bluebell. It gives out a musical tintinnabulation.*) Now, you hark again. I never heard a bluebell ring in that other place, did you?

SECOND CHILD. I never saw one on our street. . . . Oh, *mine* rings, too! . . . Say! Are these angels? I never saw an angel either, in our street.

(The Children *wander away and mingle with the groups of spirits. They ring the bluebells as they go. The tintinnabulation is drowned in orchestral music, which can be heard from a distance. The theme is from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Certain of the spirits listen attentively, and move towards the music. Certain others continue to talk happily, and stir among the trees.*)

Enter DR. THORNE. (*Walks slowly and alone. He is robed still in purple, with a tunic of white showing at the throat. He looks pallid and harassed. He stands for a time apart, keenly observant of the scene and of the people, then sinks in thought. He speaks.*)

DR. THORNE. Children here, too?

(*He looks wistfully at the two children, who are playing together at a distance from him. He picks up the rose which the little boy had tossed over the brook; puts it to his face; speaks.*)

DR. THORNE. What a perfume the flowers have in this country! This seems to be a rose, yet it is not a rose. You might call it the soul of a rose. Exquisite, whatever it is. Some one has dropped this one. There is personality clinging to it. Curious! It is as though I clasped a little hand when I touch it.

(*He sighs; walks to and fro thoughtfully; does not throw away the rose, but cherishes it. Groups of spirits pass and repass. Some of them smile at him kindly, but he does not return the smile. No one addresses him.*)

DR. THORNE. I have done my share of traveling in my day, but I must say I never was in a land that seems to me so foreign as this. Nothing looks natural. I seem to have no acquaintances. Apparently nobody knows me. I have no introductions. I am afraid I have got here without letters of credit. (*Breaks off.*) That was a mistake. I never did such an ignorant thing before. I must say it is an attractive country, too. Everything shows a high degree of civilization, and the beauty of the place is unsurpassed. But it does not appeal to me. (*He shakes his head.*) . . . I am too homesick. . . . If Helen were here I could enjoy it.

(*He strolls about without aim or interest. Happy spirits pass and repass.*)

Enter a man-spirit of impressive and commanding appearance. His costume bears a certain vague resemblance to the dress of a gentleman and scholar of the Court of Charles I. of England. A cloak of the tint of the dead oak-leaf is clasped across his breast by a golden cross. He regards DR. THORNE *with a piercing but kindly look. He speaks with a fine and courtly manner, dating from a bygone age.*

THE MAN-SPIRIT. I read thee for a stranger here.

DR. THORNE (*bitterly*). A stranger in a strange place am I, indeed. You are the first inhabitant of this country who has troubled himself to speak to me. Thank you for your politeness, sir.

THE MAN-SPIRIT. I was commanded.

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These (*waving his hand toward the groups of spirits*) were not.

DR. THORNE. You look like a person more fitted to give commands than to receive them. I fail to understand that word—*commanded*. I am—at least, I was—a sovereign citizen of America. I was not born or trained a subject.

THE MAN-SPIRIT (*smiling*). And I was subject of an English sovereign—in fact, an officer of the royal court.

DR. THORNE (*without smiling*). And this nation? Is it an autocratic monarchy you have here? What *is* your political system?

THE MAN-SPIRIT. It is a simple one—a pure theocracy.

DR. THORNE (*indifferently*). Oh, theocracy? That is a system into which I have never studied. I have been a busy man. I was a physician— (*Abruptly.*) Would you favor me with your name?

THE MAN-SPIRIT. I was a healer of the sick in my time. My name was— (*Whispers his name.*)

DR. THORNE (*starts with pleased surprise*). The great *Harvey?* And *you* discovered the circulation of the blood? How wonderful! Why, I thought you had been mold and clover these two hundred and fifty years! It never occurred to me that you were alive. . . . What an extraordinary fact!

HARVEY (*turns away wearily*). I did not think to find your education so limited. I understood you to be a man of superior powers.

DR. THORNE (*humbly*). Don't leave me, Doctor Harvey! I am the most unhappy man in this most happy country.

HARVEY (*slowly*). Then you did not bring with you the materials of happiness. What had you? What *were* your possessions in the life yonder?

DR. THORNE (*solemnly, but still bitterly*). Love, happiness, home, health, prosperity, fame, wealth, ambition. None of them did I bring with me. I have lost them all upon the way.

HARVEY. Was there by chance nothing else?

DR. THORNE. Nothing more, unless you count a little incidental usefulness.

HARVEY. Plainly, you are not in a normal condition.

DR. THORNE (*hastily*). I am perfectly well.

HARVEY. You are sick of soul. You are not in health of spirit. You are out of harmony with your atmosphere. Do you wish me to take the case?

DR. THORNE. Take the case, Doctor Harvey. Cure me of my nostalgia. Show me how to become a citizen of this foreign land.

HARVEY. You know what it means to be a patient.

DR. THORNE (*grimly*). I can think of no worse fate; but I'll make the best of it.

HARVEY (*smiling kindly*). I will undertake the case. At evening inquire your way to my dwelling. (*Moves away; returns; hesitates; lingers; speaks, impulsively.*) Concerning the latest attainments in science on the planet Earth—they have the keenest interest for me. You have so many advantages—facilities that we never had. (*He sighs wistfully.*) I am told that your therapeutics are really wonderful. And the advances in surgery? Did you find them as beautiful as they are said to be?

Enter a newly-arrived woman-spirit. She is still pale, but has a happy expression. She recognizes DR. THORNE; *cries eagerly.*

WOMAN-SPIRIT. Doctor! Doctor Thorne!

HARVEY. Here comes some of your incidental usefulness. That is a good symptom. (*He moves away, still smiling.*)

[*Exit* HARVEY.

DR. THORNE. Why, Mrs. True! (*Grasps her hand joyfully.*) You are the first person I have seen—the first one I knew! But (*reflecting*) what has happened to you? How did you get here?

MRS. TRUE. I died yesterday. . . . I knew I should see you, Doctor. (*Calmly.*) I counted on that.

DR. THORNE (*starting back*). Did they—you don't mean to say they really operated on you? You were convalescent!

MRS. TRUE (*laughing outright*). Yes, in a week after you were killed. Dr. Carver vivisected guinea-pigs all that week to keep in practice. I died under the knife. . . . I wish you'd seen their faces!

DR. THORNE (*eagerly*). What did they find—anything to justify the butchery?

MRS. TRUE. Of course not. Didn't you say there wasn't?

DR. THORNE (*gratefully*). You always were a loyal patient—better than I deserved.

MRS. TRUE. You always were a kind doctor—better than I deserved.

DR. THORNE. And they slaughtered you in my hospital!

MRS. TRUE (*hurrying on*). Have you seen my husband? Do you know where my mother is? I lost a baby twenty years ago. I want to see the little thing. And oh, when can I see——?

(*She breaks off, with a devout expression, and moves away; joins the upper group of spirits.*

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Two of these can be seen to meet and embrace her, and lead her on.)

[*Vanish* MRS. TRUE.

Enter JERRY, *the loafer, hurriedly and stumbling. His robe is of dull blue, in the fashion of a smock-frock, or butcher's blouse.*

JERRY (*staring about him stupidly, and with a kind of social embarrassment, as if he had been suddenly introduced into a drawing-room*). Div-niver a cint in me pocket, and me hoofin' it in this quaer counthree. (*Scratches his head, and mutters unintelligibly.*) . . . I wondher where the . . . sinsible saints I'm at.

DR. THORNE (*steps forward; speaks*). Why, Jerry! How are you, Jerry? (*Holds out his hand heartily.*)

JERRY (*staring*). Sinsible saints, and silly sinners! Doctor Thorne? . . . Why, I thought you was dead. Hilloa, Doctor! (*Grasps the doctor's hand, and shakes it violently. Then meditatively.*) Ye took a t'orn out av me eye onct, and div-niver a cint did ye charrge for't.

DR. THORNE. What are you doing here, Jerry? How did you get here?

JERRY. I was knocked down by a blame bicycle underneat' a murdherin' trolley car. Nixt I know I don't know nothin', an' now, behold me, I'm let loose loafin' in this quaer counthree.

DR. THORNE. Not drunk, were you, Jerry?

JERRY (*shaking his head gravely*). I shwore off, Doctor. I shwore off t'ree years ago. Me little gurrl she give me no repose till I shwore off. . . . She died jist av the hospittle, did me little gurrl. . . . Say, Doctor, do ye know what's the thramp laws in this counthree?

Enter NORAH *hastily.*

NORAH. Doctor—Doctor Thorne? Have you seen—oh, there he is! There's me father! Why, Father, Father dear! (*Caresses* JERRY *affectionately.*)

JERRY. Och! wisha, wisha! Norah, me darlint! (*Returns her caresses tenderly.*) What luck for the likes of us arrivin' emigrants thegither in this agra-able counthree!

NORAH (*puts her arm in his*). Come yonder wid me, Father. (*Draws him away.*)

JERRY (*looks back over his shoulder at* DR. THORNE). Is it to confession we do be goin', Norah?—the wan av us arrivin' be way of a murdherin' doctor, and the wan be way av a murdherin' trolley! I'm thinkin', sir, it's niver a cint to choose bechune.

[*Exeunt* JERRY *and* NORAH.

DR. THORNE (*watches their departure drearily; turns, and walks feebly towards the brook; speaks*). Now I think of it, I have not tasted food or drink since I have been in this place. I believe I am downright faint.

(*Drinks water from the brook in the palm of his hand; sinks beneath the low boughs of a tree on thick moss. His head falls upon his arm. From a distance, and from a height, slowly moving downwards, over the beautiful landscape, robed in cream white, and unseen by* DR. THORNE,

Enter MRS. FAYTH.

As she approaches, it can be seen that her robe also is clasped across the breast by a little golden cross.)

SPIRITS BEYOND (*softly chant the Te Deum*).

"We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord—"

Midway of the landscape, and playing merrily,

Enter the Two Children.

FIRST CHILD (*running to* MRS. FAYTH). Oh, here I am! (*He clasps her hand; clings to her affectionately.*)

MRS. FAYTH (*to* Second Child). Run yonder and play, Maidie.

(Second Child *obeys prettily, and joins the spirits above.* MRS. FAYTH *and the* First Child *move slowly to the front of the landscape.*)

THE CHILD. See that poor man under the tree! I think he's a hungry man—don't you?

(*He breaks away from* MRS. FAYTH, *and runs to* DR. THORNE; *examines the exhausted man attentively, bending forward with his hands on his little knees.* MRS. FAYTH *advances slowly, with her mysterious smile; she does not speak.*)

THE CHILD (*touches* DR. THORNE *timidly; after a silence speaks, ceremoniously*). Would you like a peach, or do you like plums instead? I'll pick you one.

DR. THORNE (*arousing*). Who spoke to me? Oh, it is a child. (*Sinks back, feebly.*)

(The Child *gathers some fruit from the trees, and brings water from the brook in the cup of an annunciation lily, which holds the liquid perfectly; offers the food and drink to the exhausted man.* MRS. FAYTH, *still unseen by* DR. THORNE, *stands quite near, nodding and smiling at* The Child. The Child *looks to her for encouragement and direction.*)

DR. THORNE (*reviving*). Thank you, my little man. (*Leans on his elbow, and gazes steadfastly at* The Child; *rises to a sitting posture.*)

THE CHILD (*creeps nearer to* DR. THORNE, *and, after a moment's hesitation, throws his little length full on the moss at the man's feet,*

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and scrutinizes him seriously, putting his chin into his hand as he does so; speaks, sympathetically). Do you feel better now?

DR. THORNE. Much better. You're a thoughtful little fellow.

THE CHILD. Our breakfasts grow all cooked here. This is a nice country.

DR. THORNE (*still gazing steadfastly at* The Child). Where is your mother, my lad?

THE CHILD. I don't know. I lost her on the way, somewhere.

DR. THORNE. And your father? What has become of your father?

THE CHILD. Oh, *he's* dead. He got dead before I came here.

MRS. FAYTH (*moves within* DR. THORNE'S *range of vision; speaks quietly*). Good-morning, Doctor. (*Smiles brightly.*)

DR. THORNE (*springs to his feet; cries out*). Mary Fayth! I thought you had forgotten me! I have—needed you.

(The Child *rises; leans up against* DR. THORNE'S *knee, confidingly.*)

MRS. FAYTH. I have often needed *you*, Doctor. And you never failed me once.

DR. THORNE (*impetuously*). I thought you would have come before. I looked for you——

MRS. FAYTH. As I have often looked for *you*. But I was not commanded to meet you—till this very minute.

DR. THORNE. Commanded? Commanded? There is that singular phrase again. Have you seen Helen? (*Quickly.*)

MRS. FAYTH (*shakes her head*). Not yet.

DR. THORNE. Have you seen your husband? Did they let *you* go to *Fred?*

MRS. FAYTH (*contentedly*). Oh, many times.

THE CHILD (*interrupting*). He doesn't kiss me! (*Puts up his lips in a grieved, babyish fashion.*)

MRS. FAYTH (*very quietly*). Doctor, don't hurt that child's feelings. He's yours.

DR. THORNE (*gasping*). I don't understand you!

MRS. FAYTH. I have had the care of him since he came here. He's kept me busy, I can tell you. I am to give him over to you now. . . . See how he's grown! No wonder you didn't know him.

DR. THORNE (*in great agitation*). Did Laddie *die?*

MRS. FAYTH (*solemnly*). Yes, Laddie died.

DR. THORNE. Did something really ail him that night—that most miserable night? . . . Oh, poor Helen! Poor, poor Helen! (*His face falls into his hands. His frame shakes with soundless, tearless sobs.*)

LADDIE (*creeps into his lap; lays his head on his father's neck*). Hilloa, Papa! (*Pats his father on the cheek.*)

[*Exit* MRS. FAYTH *silently, with emotion.*

DR. THORNE (*raises his head, showing his stormy face. Clasps the child, hesitatingly at first, then passionately; holds him off at arm's length; scans him closely; draws him back; kisses his little hands, then his face; clasps him again*). My little son! Papa's little boy! My son! My little son! (*Smiles naturally for the first time since he died; then with sudden recollection, he cries out.*) Oh, what will your poor mother do without you?

LADDIE. You homesick, Papa?

DR. THORNE. My little son! (*Caresses the child with a touching timidity, broken by bursts of wild affection. The child responds warmly, laughing for joy.*)

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.—Dull daylight falls upon a wide and desolate expanse. This has the appearance of a desert—unbroken and arid. The horizon is low and heavy with cloud and is defined by a tossing sea-line against which no sail appears. In the distance are cliffs, fissured by dark cuts, but these are far away, and the foreground is flat like sand or ashes, or it might be corrugated like slag. There is no vegetation visible, and no sign of organized life.

Enter DR. THORNE. (*He paces the sands, mournfully gazing about him at the lonely scenery. He murmurs, then raises his voice rhythmically, like one who quotes from an uncertain memory.*)

DR. THORNE.

"A life as hollow as the echo in a cave
Hid in the heart of an unpeopled world."

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Where did I get that? Oh, I remember. I had not thought of it for years. That woman used to quote it to me. She was the most consistent infidel I ever knew. She shied at nothing; took the consequences, both living and dying. . . . A shocking death, though! I suppose the boy is all right with Mrs. Fayth and that little chum of his. If it hadn't been for that discussion with Harvey I shouldn't have left him. Wishing seems to be doing, in this singular state of existence. A man makes a simple astronomical inquiry about a planet, and forthwith he is in the planet. Remarkable! (*Breaks off; continues.*) How magnificent Helen was about that affair. If she had doubted me—but she never did. She was superb.

Enter an EVIL SPIRIT. *Her garments are of flame color. Her hair has the same tint. On her forehead blazes a single scarlet star. Her appearance is queenly and confident. As she reveals her face, it is seen to be that of the woman whose wraith has followed* DR. THORNE *at intervals ever since the hour of his death. Her robe, which is opaque, reveals her bare arms and feet, but covers her shoulders and bosom with a certain modesty, which is felt at once to be not wholly natural to the woman. Each footprint that she makes upon the sand is marked by a small jet of flame, which flares after she has passed, and dies down quickly.* DR. THORNE *stares at the woman in evident and not well-pleased perplexity.*

THE WOMAN (*speaks*). So? Am I forgotten on first principles? It is some years since we had the pleasure of meeting.

DR. THORNE (*coldly*). I begin to recognize you, Madam.

CLEO. You did not know it, but I have given you several other opportunities to do so since you died.

DR. THORNE. I should think that quite possible—and characteristic.

CLEO (*wincing*). Your tongue has not lost its edge! I'm afraid they have not made a hopeful convert of you in yonder pious country. . . . Confess, you're bored past endurance with the whole thing? (*She draws a little nearer to him, but is so adroit as not to touch him. She gives him only her eyes, and these embrace him outright.*)

DR. THORNE (*regarding her steadily*). Did I ever choose *you* for a confidante? (*He steps back.*)

CLEO (*persistently*). Come, don't be cross! Tell me, then, why have you fled the first circles of celestial society—to mope out here alone? Oh, you can't deceive me. *I* understand—I always understood you better than any other woman living. (*In a low tone.*) Your whole nature is in antagonism with the very basis of existence in the state you're plunged into. What's death? Nothing but a footstep. You've taken it. But you're the man you were. . . . Pouf! *That's* death. (*Snaps her fingers.*) I'd wager a waltz and a kiss that you are *ennuyé* to madness over there. . . . Admit it? (*Tenderly.*) Admit it! (*Imperiously.*)

DR. THORNE (*uneasily*). I don't profess to be thoroughly acclimated. But I assure you I did not come here to sulk. On the contrary, I was absorbingly interested in a scientific discussion with a distinguished man. It was an astronomical point. I came here to verify it. I return at once. (*Moves away.*)

CLEO. Don't be in such a blatant hurry! It's not polite. (*Pouting.*) I've studied a little astronomy myself of late. . . . Come! I can converse about planets—if you will. Was it Neptune or Venus you undertook to investigate?

DR. THORNE (*not without interest*). I contended that it was Nepture—before I came.

CLEO. And now?

DR. THORNE (*gloomily gazing at her*). I am inclined to think it is Venus.

(CLEO *laughs softly.*)

(DR. THORNE *does not smile.*)

CLEO (*abruptly*). Esmerald Thorne, do you know what has happened? You are in an uninhabited world—with me. You are in a dead world, burnt to ashes, burnt to slag and lava by its own fires. You are alone in it—*alone with me.* . . . (*In a changed voice.*) *And I meant you should be.* Oh, I've dreamed of this for years. I've held my breath for it, perished for it. . . . Now, here we are—we two outcasts from the religious idea—we who always rebelled against it, by the very bone and tissue of our being. . . . We two (*tenderly*) *alone, at last.* (*She advances towards him, and for the first time touches him, gently laying her hand upon his shoulder.*)

DR. THORNE (*not rudely, but positively, removes her hand, stepping back quickly, so that her arm falls heavily by her side*). Woman! Woman, what are you? A spirit damned, or a spirit deluded? . . . I confess I never knew. And I don't know any better now.

CLEO (*more modestly lifts his hand to her cheek; speaks gently*). Do you know any better now?

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DR. THORNE (*withdrawing his hand*). My wife always said you were half angel, half the other thing. She pitied you, I think. I confess I never did, very much.

CLEO (*wretchedly*). I never asked for the pity of Helen Thorne!

DR. THORNE (*firmly*). You might well receive it, Madam. It would not harm you any.

CLEO (*suddenly*). Oh, everybody knew you were an irreproachable husband. A blameless physician, of course. But we have changed all that. You are quite free now—as free as I am, for that matter. . . .

DR. THORNE (*nobly*). Yes; I am free, as you say. I am free to mourn my wife, and love her . . . and await her presence . . . which has a value to me that I do not . . . I cannot discuss—with *you*.

CLEO (*rebuffed, but gentle and sad*). I beg your pardon, Dr. Thorne.

DR. THORNE (*takes a few steps nearer her*). And I yours . . . if I have wronged you.

CLEO (*softly*). You feel so sure of her, then? Helen is so attractive! These spiritual women always are—up to a certain point. . . . Life is a long wait, brutally tedious. You know as well as I do how many— Now, there is Dr. Gazell. A very consolable widower.

DR. THORNE (*proudly*). Oh, that was a blunt stroke. *Gazell?* If Gazell were a dog by which my wife might track her way to me through the mystery of death . . . she might have some use for him . . . hardly otherwise. I gave you credit for some wit, Cleo.

CLEO. I own the illustration was defective. But there are a plenty better. There are gentler men than you. For my part, I don't mind your attacks of the devil. I never did. I'd take your cruelty to have your tenderness—any day. But Mrs. Thorne is sensitive to kindness. She likes the even disposition, the patient, model man. After all, there are a good many of them.

DR. THORNE (*lifting his head*). I am not afraid.

CLEO (*turning away*). And you? She is a young woman. It may be years . . .

DR. THORNE (*coldly*). You will have to excuse me. I left some one. . . . I may be missed. I have ties which even you would respect, Madam. I must return whence I came. (*He moves away.*)

(CLEO *hides her face in her hands; is heard to weep.*)

DR. THORNE (*steps back*). Do you want my pity?

CLEO (*murmurs*). Alone—in a desert world—we two—at last. Oh, you don't know the alphabet of happiness! You have everything to learn . . . from me. And we shall never be like this again!

DR. THORNE (*frankly*). I hope not.

CLEO (*suddenly starting, paces the ashes; throws her arms above her head*). I always said you had a Nero in you. . . . Oh, I understood you—*I!* But *you* . . . It never occurred to you, I suppose, that you died on my very day? I had been dead three years that night.

DR. THORNE (*more gently*). What did you do it for, Cleo? You know I warned you about that habit. You know I took the laudanum away from you.

CLEO. But you could not cork up the Limited Express—could you?

DR. THORNE. It was a dreadful death! Tell me, how do you fare? Where do you live? Do you suffer? What is your lot?

CLEO (*with sudden reserve, and not without dignity*). We suicides have our own fate. We bear it. We do not reveal it.

DR. THORNE (*uncomfortably*). Well—I must bid you good-morning.

CLEO (*savagely*). At least, I gained something—if I lose all. Of course, it never dawned on you that this was all my scheme?

DR. THORNE (*in dismay*). *Your scheme?*

CLEO (*past control, raves*). Oh, I had watched my chance for years. I knew *you*—your mad moods, your black temper. . . . Yourself slew yourself, Esmerald Thorne. Your own weakness gave me my opportunity. I waited for my moment. I sat in the buggy beside you. . . . I sometimes did that when your evil had you. (I couldn't get there when you were good, you know.) I tried to take the reins. *I tried to get the whip*—I could not do it. *I meant to hit the horse*—my arm was held. (There are always so many of these holy busybodies about—angels and messengers of sanctity to interfere with one!) Oh, then I sprang out—over the wheel into the street. You didn't see me, *but Donna did.* When she shied I clung to her bit. And then she bolted. . . . It was a very simple thing.

(DR. THORNE *recoiling slowly, an expression of cold horror chills his features.*)

CLEO (*still raving*). Yes, I've murdered you—if you will—and Mary Fayth besides. And I've broken Helen's heart. Do you suppose that counts? Who counts? Nobody on earth, or in heaven, or in hell. *I've got you away from your wife.* . . . And in earth, or in heaven, or in hell, I'll have you yet. . . .

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DR. THORNE (*throwing out his hands; holds her off with evidences of unbearable repulsion; speaks with difficulty*). And I pitied you a moment since. Now I cannot scorn you. It is too fine a word.

CLEO (*more calmly*). I can abide my time.

Enter LADDIE, *running rapidly.*

LADDIE. Papa, Papa! Oh, I missed you, Papa!

CLEO (*starting*). I did not know the child was dead! (*Looks disconcerted.*)

DR. THORNE (*catches the child, and holds him to his heart; speaks*). No. You only knew you left him fatherless. (*With much agitation, continues.*) How did you get here, Laddie? How did you find the way? Papa hadn't forgotten his little boy. I was coming right back to you, my son.

LADDIE (*mysteriously; looking about*). A man with wings brought me. We flowed over. . . . He is waiting out there to take us back. (*Observing* CLEO, LADDIE *slips down to the ground, and backs up against his father's knees; points at the woman.*) Papa, I don't like that lady.

DR. THORNE (*cruelly*). My son, I cannot deny that I respect your taste. (*Clasps the boy to his heart again; then puts him down once more, and, with a fine motion, holds the child at arm's-length between himself and the woman.*)

CLEO (*averting her face*). I perceive the importance of the obstacle. I admit . . . that to love a man who is the father of another woman's child——

DR. THORNE (*interrupting*). And who loves the mother of his child——

(CLEO *sobs.*)

DR. THORNE. Come, Laddie. (*He does not glance at the woman again.*)

[*Exeunt* DR. THORNE *and* LADDIE.

CLEO (*yearning after him; stretches out her arms, but does not follow; calls mournfully*). Oh, if you would come back a minute—only a minute! . . . In heaven, or earth, or hell, I'd never ask *anything* of you again. A minute! A *minute!*

(DR. THORNE *does not return, and does not reply.* CLEO *is left alone in the dead world. She falls flat upon the slag and ashes.*)

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.—Picturesquely visible among the trees of a grove appears a small, rustic cottage, curiously interwoven of bark, vines, boughs, leaves, and flowers—a cozy building which seems to have grown from the conditions and the colors of the grove. The sea and the sails show beyond, through the trees. In the distant perspective can be seen the city on the hill; in the intervale, the foliage, flowers, fields, as before.

The hour approaches sunset. A deep, rich glow mellows and melts the outlines of every object.

(*Spirits pass and repass in the distance.*)

Enter DR. THORNE *and* HARVEY, *conversing in low tones.*

Enter NORAH *and* JERRY.

JERRY. The brim of the avenin' to yez, Doctor! Och! but this is a foine counthree now.

NORAH (*happily*). Me father is getting acquainted here.

JERRY. I'm about to discover where the . . . angels . . . I'm at.

DR. THORNE (*smiling*). You've got ahead of me then, Jerry.

[*Exeunt* NORAH *and* JERRY.

DR. THORNE (*to* HARVEY). And why, for instance, was I directed or allowed to take that astronomical tour before I had investigated my immediate surroundings?

HARVEY. A patient may *ask* questions. In your experience, did you always answer them?

Enter LADDIE (*running after his father, whose hand he hurries to catch and clasp*).

DR. THORNE (*pointing to the architecture beyond*). And those public buildings yonder—what do you call them?

HARVEY. Those are our institutions of education and of mercy. They are a great pleasure to us. We have our temples, colleges, music halls, libraries, schools of science, hospitals, galleries of art, as a matter

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of course. What did you *suppose* we did with our intellects and our leisure?

DR. THORNE. I never supposed anything on the subject. I never thought about it.

HARVEY. Precisely. You are very ignorant—for a man of your gifts. Now, our hospitals——

DR. THORNE. Pray do not mock me, Doctor Harvey. If you *had* a hospital, you could find me something to do. The humiliating idleness of this place crushes me. I seem to be of no more use here than a paralytic patient was in my own charity ward at home. I am become of no more social importance than the janitor or the steward used to be. I am of no consequence. I am not in demand. No person desires my services. The canker of idleness eats upon me. Here, in this world of spirits, I am an unscientific, useless fellow. If you have anything whatever in the shape of a hospital, I beg you to find me employment in it. At least, I could keep the temperature charts, if I am not to be trusted with any cases.

HARVEY (*smiling sadly*). Your cure proceeds but slowly, my patient. I did not think you were a *dull* man. Must you be taught the elements? Our sick are not of the body, but are the sick of soul. Our patients are chiefly from among the newly-arrived who are at odds with the spirit of the place; hence, they suffer discomfort. Can *you* administer holiness to a will and heart diseased?

(DR. THORNE *shakes his head, bows it in bitter silence. He stands lost in thought. As he does so, sunset deepens to twilight on the land.* LADDIE *drops his father's hand; plays among the annunciation lilies.* HARVEY, *with a courtly salute, retires. He does not speak further to* DR. THORNE.)

[*Exit* HARVEY.

LADDIE (*breaks one of the tall lily-stalks—gently, for a boy. As he does so, the cup opens, and a little white bird flies out, hangs poised in the air a moment*). Oh, the beautiful! (*Catches the bird, which he handles tenderly.*) Papa! Papa! I went to pick a lily, and I picked a bird! Oh, Papa, what a pretty country!

DR. THORNE (*smiling in spite of himself*). Come here, my lad. (*Caresses the child with pathetic gratitude.*) If it were not for you, little man— (*Bows his face on the child's head.*)

(*The twilight changes slowly to moonlight.*)

LADDIE (*restlessly*). I must go find Maidie and show her my white bird. They didn't grow in her street.

DR. THORNE (*anxiously*). Don't go far, my child. You might lose your way.

LADDIE (*with a peal of laughter*). We *never* lose our way in this nice country.

[*Exit* LADDIE.

(DR. THORNE *paces the path desolately; does not speak. As the moonlight brightens, groups of spirits stroll among the fields and trees. These walk often two by two. They are, and yet are not, like earthly lovers. They murmur softly, and express delight to be together; and some of them go hand in hand, or with arms intertwined. But a beautiful reserve pervades their behavior. Faintly from beyond arise the strains of the Serenade of Schubert's, played with extreme softness and refinement, but with a depth of emotion which carries the heart before it.* DR. THORNE *listens to the music. The sails quiver on the distant water, and faint figures can be seen moving on the beach. The passion flowers salute each other. The great Serenade plays on.*)

Enter MRS. FAYTH. (*Her smiling face is grave, or even a little sad. She is moved by the music, and seems to sway towards it.* DR. THORNE *holds out his hand to her.* MRS. FAYTH *extends her own, confidingly. The two stand listening to the music, like comrades bereft of other ties; on her face rests a frank, affectionate expression; on his a desolate leaning towards the nearest sympathy. They glance at the spirits who are strolling two by two through the celestial evening. The music is suspended.*)

DR. THORNE (*moodily*). This foreign country would be lonelier without you, Mary Fayth.

MRS. FAYTH (*frankly*). Of course it would! . . . It is a lovely thing that we died together . . . It has been a comfort to me, Doctor.

DR. THORNE. And to me . . . Helen would be pleased . . . Helen might like to have it so, I've thought . . . if she thinks of me at all.

MRS. FAYTH (*quickly*). She thinks of nothing but you . . . all the time.

DR. THORNE (*eagerly*). How do you know? Have you been there? Can *you* see Helen?

MRS. FAYTH (*mysteriously smiling*). Don't ask me! . . .

DR. THORNE (*imperiously*). When was it? How did you get there? How did she look?—Is she well?—Did she look very wretched? Were her lips pale? Or only her cheeks? Does she weep much? Can she sleep?—Is she living quite alone?—Oh, how does she bear it? (*He trips upon his words, and stops abruptly.*)

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(*A strain from the Serenade breathes, and sighs away.*)

MRS. FAYTH (*gently but evasively*). My poor friend!

(DR. THORNE *and* MRS. FAYTH *unclasp hands, and stand side by side, silently in the moonlight. A certain remoteness overtakes their manner. Each is drowned in thought in which the other has no share. The Serenade is heard again.* MRS. FAYTH, *with a mute, sweet gesture of farewell, glides gravely away.* DR. THORNE *does not seek to detain her.*)

[*Exit* MRS. FAYTH.

(*The Serenade plays on steadily.*)

DR. THORNE (*puts his hands to his ears, as if to shut out the music, which falls very faintly as he speaks*). Between herself and me the awful gates of death have shut. To pass them —though I would die again to do it—to pass them for one hour, for one moment, for love's sake, for grief's sake—or for pity's own—I am forbidden. (*Breaks off.*) . . . Her forgiveness! Her forgiveness! The longing for it gnaws upon me. . . . Oh, her unfathomable tenderness—passing the tenderness of women!—It would lean out and take me back to itself, as her white arms took me to her heart—when I came home—after a hard day's work—tired out. . . . Helen! *Helen!*

(*The music strengthens as he ceases to speak; then faints again.*)

DR. THORNE (*moans*). For very longing for her, I would fain forget her. . . . No! No! No! (*Starts.*) Never would I forget her! To all eternity would I think of her and suffer, if I must, because I think of her. . . . I . . . love her . . . so.

(*The Serenade ceases slowly, and sighs away.*

DR. THORNE *stands with the moonlight on his face. It is rapt, and carries a certain majesty.*

Spirits pass. Some of them glance at him, with wonder and respect. No one addresses him. He stands like a statue of strong and noble solitude. He does not perceive the presence of any spirit.)

Enter The Child. (*Runs to his father. Springs into his arms.*)

THE CHILD. Lonesome, Papa? I will comfort you.

DR. THORNE (*clasps the boy, who seems half-overcome with sleepiness. Lays him gently on the grass*). Go to sleep, my child. It is growing late. (LADDIE *drops asleep.*)

DR. THORNE (*continues to speak, for his emotion bears him on*). I did not expect to live when I was dead. I lived—I died—and yet I live. I did not think that love would live when breath was gone. I loved—I blasphemed love—I breathed my last—and still I love. If this be true—*any*thing may be true—(*breaks off*). God! It may be years before I can see her face—twenty years—thirty—(*groaning*) —*Whence* came the love of man and woman, that it should outlive the laws of Nature, and defy dissolution, and outlast the body, and curse or bless the spirit? If love can live, anything can live. Since this is—*any*thing may be— (*Falters; glances about; finds himself quite alone with the sleeping child; lifts his eyes to the sky, and then his hands; stands irresolute. Then slowly, reluctantly, still standing manfully upright, with a touching embarrassment,*)

DR. THORNE (*prays*). Almighty God! If there be a God Almighty, reveal thyself to my immortal soul!—if I have a soul immortal.

. . . . . .

(*The moonlight fades into a dark midnight. The figure of* DR. THORNE *disappears in it.*

Dawn comes on subtly, but at once, for the nights and days of Paradise are not governed by the laws of earth, and day breaks splendidly over the heavenly world.)

Enter the Two Children (*playing with flowers, and tasting fruit*).

LADDIE. How did you like coasting down that waterfall on rainbows?

MAIDIE. I want that butterfly—with fire on it.

LADDIE. Don't be stupid, because you're dead! That is a flower. (*Picks a flower in the shape of a butterfly with jeweled wings; hands it to the girl.*) No, it won't fly. It isn't grown up yet.

MAIDIE. Shall I fly when I'm grown up? I've got wings, too. (*Shows her feet, on the heels of which a tiny pair of wings appears.*)

LADDIE (*jealously*). I didn't know *you* had them. That's why you can jump over things and get ahead of me.

Enter DR. THORNE *and* MRS. FAYTH.

MRS. FAYTH. Doctor, I don't know what ails me. Perhaps it's a symptom—a moral symptom—but I can't help thinking of Cleo. I wonder——

DR. THORNE (*with reserve*). I do not care to speak of the woman.

MRS. FAYTH. You are right. But I did not mean to be wrong. (I think it must have been a symptom.) It's the first time I've felt nervous since I died. I beg your pardon.

LADDIE (*running to meet them*). Papa! Maidie's got wings on her feet. Why don't *I* have some? Papa! Papa! Come into your new house. It grew up out of the woods—like—like acorns.

DR. THORNE (*addressing* MRS. FAYTH, *look-*

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ing towards the cottage). It is a shelter for the child, at all events. Quite in accordance with my present social position in this place —a mere cottage ; but it makes him a home, poor little fellow !

MRS. FAYTH. It's just what Helen would like. She hates palaces.

DR. THORNE (*starts as if stabbed ; makes no reply*).

LADDIE (*suddenly*). Oh, Papa, Mrs. Fayth's got wings on her feet, too. Her dress covers them up. I like her better than I did that lady you were so cross to.

MRS. FAYTH (*laughing*). I am so well !—oh, so well ! I am a-shamed to be so happy ! I walk on air. I float on clouds. I move on waves. All nature seems to be under my feet, and her glory in my heart. . . . Poor doctor ! (*Breaks off and looks at him with quick sympathy.*) And yet I tru-ly think you im-prove in spirits. You don't look armed to the teeth, all the time—now.

DR. THORNE (*smiles cheerfully*). A man must respect law, whatever state he is in. I would conform to the customs of this place, so far as I can. I would do this for the boy's sake, at least. I don't wish to be a disgrace to him in this system of things.

MRS. FAYTH. Does Doctor Harvey treat you by scien-tif-ic ev-olu-tion ? That's a man's way. It's a pretty slow one.

LADDIE (*insistently*). Papa, she *has* got wings on her feet.

MRS. FAYTH (*blushing*). Go away and play, children.

(*The children run to the cottage. The little girl bounds before, with a light, flying motion. They play in the cottage at "keeping house," running in and out.*

Suddenly a change takes place upon the landscape. Its colors soften and melt. Flying tints, like light broken through many prisms, float upon the white flowers, rest upon the annunciation lilies, and delicately touch the white robe of MRS. FAYTH. *In fact, the whole atmosphere takes on the appearance of a vast rainbow. Music from the temple sounds clearly.*)

VOICES (*can be heard singing*):

"Thou that takest away the
Sins of the world !"

MRS. FAYTH (*starts with a listening, devout expression*). Do you hear that ? . . . Oh, watch, Doctor ! Watch for what will happen !

(*Spirits can be seen suddenly moving from all directions. They hurry, and exhibit signs of joyful excitement. The singing continues; repeats:*

"Thou that takest away the
Sins of the world !"

Now over the brilliant landscape falls a long, sharp, strange shadow. It is seen to be the shadow of a mighty cross, which, if raised upright, would seem to reach from earth to heaven. The children run back from the cottage.)

LADDIE. Papa ! who is worship ? Is it a kind of game ? Papa, what is Lord ? Is it people's mother ? What is it for ?

DR. THORNE (*with embarrassment*). Alas, my boy, your father is not a learned man.

LADDIE (*imperiously*). Teach me that pretty song ! I cannot sing it. All the other children can——

VOICES (*chanting*) :

"Thou givest,
Thou givest,
Eternal life !"

DR. THORNE (*sadly*). My son, I cannot sing it, either.

LADDIE (*with reproach, and with a certain dignity*). Father, I wish you *were* a learned man. (*Walks away from his father ; goes up the path. The little girl follows him.*)

(*The evidences of public excitement increase visibly. From every part of the country spirits can be seen moving, with signs of acute pleasure. Some hasten towards the Temple ; others gather in groups in the roads and paths ; all present a reverent but joyful aspect.*)

MRS. FAYTH (*gliding away*). I cannot lose a moment. (*Beckons to* DR. THORNE *as she moves out of the grove and up the path. Calls.*) Doctor ! Doctor !

DR. THORNE (*shakes his head*). I do not understand.

(MRS. FAYTH *remains still full in sight, standing as if to watch a pageant or to see the prominent figure of a procession.*

LADDIE *runs on beyond her, watching eagerly ; shades his eyes with his little hand.*

MAIDIE *flits along with him.*

DR. THORNE *stands quite alone. He, too, shades his eyes with his hand, and scans the horizon and the foreground closely.*

The shadow of the great cross falls upon him where he stands.

It can now be seen that the happy people beyond give evidence of greeting some one who is passing by them. Some weep for joy ; others laugh for rapture. Some stretch their arms out as if in ecstasy. Some throw themselves on the ground in humility. Some seem to be entreating a benediction. But the figure of Him who passes by them remains invisible. The excitement now increases, and extends along the group of spirits until it reaches those in

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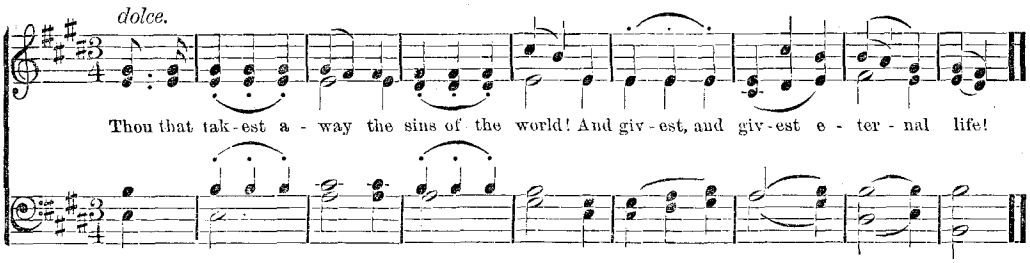
the foreground. Here can now be seen and recognized some old patients of DR. THORNE'S —MRS. TRUE, NORAH, *and* JERRY.)

(*These wear the golden cross upon the breast.* HARVEY *enters unnoticed, and mingles with the crowd. He stands behind* MRS. FAYTH, *who remains rapt and mute, full in the light. She has forgotten* DR. THORNE.)

(DR. THORNE *watches the scene with pathetic perplexity. He does not speak.*)

(*The chanting continues, and the strain swells louder*).

(*Now the Invisible Figure makes the impression of having reached the nearer groups.*)

(NORAH *falls upon her knees.*)

(JERRY *salutes respectfully, as if he recognized a dear and honored employer whom he wished to serve and please.*)

(MRS. TRUE *reaches out her arms with reverent longing.*)

(MAIDIE *kisses her little hands to the Unseen.*)

(HARVEY *stands devoutly with bowed head.*)

(MRS. FAYTH *holds out both hands lovingly. Then she sinks to the ground upon her knees and makes the delicate motion of one who puts to her lips the edge of the robe of the Unseen Passer. Her whole expression is rapturous.*)

(LADDIE, *breaking away from his elders, now boldly steps out into the path. He looks up; shades his eyes, as if from a brilliance; then confidingly puts out his hand, as if he placed it in an Unseen Hand, and walks along, smiling like a child who is led by One whom he trusts and loves.*)

DR. THORNE (*in distress*). I see nothing! —No one! I am blind—blind!

(*Chanting*).

> "Thou that takest away
> The sins of the world! . . ."

(DR. THORNE *covers his face. The music ceases. The air grows dimmer than twilight. But there is no moon, nor is it dark. The groups in the foreground move away in quiet happiness, like those who have had their heart's wish granted.*)

(HARVEY, MRS. TRUE, NORAH, JERRY, *and* MAIDIE *mingle with the other spirits.*)

(MRS. FAYTH *rises from her knees. Melts slowly in the dusk.*)

(LADDIE *runs into the grove, and disappears in the gloom. He acts as if looking for some one.*)

DR. THORNE (*remains alone. He paces the grove, irresolute—then suddenly turns in the direction whence the Invisible had come; walks uncertainly up the path; searches, as if for signs of the Passer; examines the grass, the shrubbery; touches the flowers, to see if they had bent beneath His feet; stoops; examines the pathway reverently; speaks in a low tone*). The footprint! I have found the footprint! There *was* One passing. And He stepped here. But I was blind! (*Hesitates; lifts his face to the sky; drops it to his breast; murmurs inarticulately. Then slowly—as if half his nature battled with the other half, and every fibre of his being yielded hard—he drops upon his knees. He remains silent in this posture.*)

(*From the depth of the grove behind* DR. THORNE'S *cottage,*)

Enter CLEO *stealthily.* (*She watches* DR. THORNE *with an expression in which love, fear, reproach, and astonishment contend. She makes no sign, nor in any way is her presence revealed to* DR. THORNE. *Taking a few steps forward, she touches the shadow of one arm of the mighty cross.* CLEO *retreats in confusion.*)

Enter The Child (*running down the path*). Papa! Papa! (*Points up the path. Beckons to his father. Points ecstatically*). Look, look, Papa!

(DR. THORNE *arises to his full height; looks where* The Child *points.*)

(*Slowly and solemnly,*)

Enter JESUS THE CHRIST. (*Our Lord appears as a majestic figure, melting of outline, divine of mien, with arms outstretched in benediction.*)

(CLEO *at sight of the* Sacred Figure *wrings her hands in anguish, and makes as if she*

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would flee; but remains gazing at the Vision, as if compelled by forces unknown to her. As the Vision draws nearer, CLEO *drops upon her face. Her long hair covers her. All her contours blur into the increasing shadow. The scene is now quite dark, except for the light which falls from the* PERSON OF OUR LORD. *This shall fully reveal* THE MAN, *who falls at the feet of the Vision, and* THE CHILD, *who stands entranced, with his little arms around his father's neck.)*

DR. THORNE (*lifts his hands rapturously*). I *was* blind—— But, now, I see! (*Accepts and remains in the attitude of worship as manfully as he had refused it.*)

(THE SACRED FIGURE *stirs, as if to meet the kneeling man; slowly dims, melts, and fades; vanishes.*)

END OF SCENE III.

SCENE IV.—In the same perspective as Scene III. is the Heavenly City on the Hill. Thronging spirits move to and fro.

The distance is full of radiance and of happy social life. In the foreground is seen a dim and desolate place. It is cavernous and mountainous. Its extreme edge yawns over a black space, like a gulf or pit, or it might be the mouth of an underground river. Here and there is a stark, dead tree. A narrow footpath winds among the crags. The path turns a sharp corner between boulders; and the fair contrast of a sunny country smiles beyond it. Rose-bushes in full bloom peer above the top of the rocks. The annunciation lily is still prominent among the flowers. No sign of life appears in the mountainous foreground.

Suddenly, silently, and swiftly, moving from the sunny land, around the sharp turn in the pathway, feet and face set toward the cavernous region,

Enter AZRAEL, *Angel of Death.* (*The Angel is immovable of manner. But an obvious tenderness wars with the solemnity of his expression. He looks neither to the right nor to the left, but glides over the rough path steadily; his robe, which is of dull, white gauze, conceals his feet; his wings are folded; he carries no flaming sword, nor any weapon.*)

(*After a moment's interval, following* THE ANGEL *quickly,*)

Enter DR. THORNE (*his robe is much paler, but still of a purplish tint. It is now clasped by the golden cross. He cries aloud*). Azrael!

ECHO (*from the caverns*). Azrael!

(AZRAEL *makes no reply. Moves on steadily.*)

DR. THORNE (*in a lower voice*). Azrael, Angel of Death!

(AZRAEL *turns his head, but without pausing.*)

DR. THORNE. In the name of Him who strove with thee, and conquered thee—whither goest thou, Azrael?

(AZRAEL *pauses. He looks over his folded wing at the man; regards him steadily; does not speak; moves on again.* DR. THORNE *utters an inarticulate exclamation. He follows the Angel. Half way down the path he stops, perplexed. His expression is anxious.* AZRAEL *moves on. He does not again look back; glides to the edge of the ravine. The scene darkens. The Angel does not pause, but can be seen to cross the gulf fleetly. He does not fly, but appears to tread the air across the space.*)

[*Vanish* AZRAEL.

(DR. THORNE *stands alone in the gloom. His eyes are fixed upon the spot where the Angel disappeared. A low, rushing sound, as of water, can now be heard.*)

DR. THORNE (*shudders; speaks*). It seems like an underground river. Horrible! (*Calls*). Azrael! Tell me thine errand—in this fearful place!

(AZRAEL *neither replies nor appears. It grows very dark. The perspective of the Heavenly City fades. The rushing of the river can be heard. Now, through the unearthly gloom, upon the hither side of the gulf, slowly grow to form the outlines of a Woman. She stretches her arms out with the motion of one feeling her way. She moves with difficulty, tripping sometimes, but regaining her footing bravely. Her robe is light. Her face cannot be recognized.*)

DR. THORNE (*on whose sensitive countenance falls the only light in the scene, shows an unaccountable emotion. He murmurs*). It is a woman—alone—exhausted . . . and a stranger. As I serve her, so may God send some soul of fire and snow to serve my dear wife—in *her* hour of mortal need! (*He advances towards the woman with a chivalrous sympathy.*)

(The Woman *moves on steadily; weakens; reels, but holds her ground. It can now be seen that her eyes are closed. She falls. She does not cry out.*)

DR. THORNE. How brave you are! Keep courage! (*Catches her before she touches the ground. She lies in his arms in a faint or collapse.*)

(DR. THORNE *carries her along midway of the scene.*)

(*It lightens slowly. As it does so, it can be seen that the woman is young and fair, and fine of nature. Her robe is of dazzling white; it has a surface like that of satin-finished gauze, which reflects all the light there is. Her long, dark hair is disordered, and falls about*

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her. She is pale. Her eyes do not open. She lies helplessly in his arms.)

(DR. THORNE *lays her gently against the trunk of a dead tree, which has fallen across a hollow in the cliff, and which rests so as to support the woman. He seats himself beside her; bends to examine her face.*)

DR. THORNE (*recognizes the face of the woman; cries in a voice that rings through the hills*). *Helen!*

THE ECHO (*takes up the cry*). *Helen!*

HELEN THORNE (*is half-conscious and confused; does not open her eyes; murmurs*). Will it last long?

DR. THORNE (*clasps her reverently. As his arms touch her, they can be seen to tremble. He moans*). My—poor—wife!

HELEN THORNE (*still lying with closed eyes; murmurs, but more distinctly*). I said I would die two deaths for him. . . . Are they over, yet? . . . if that would help him any . . . where he had gone. (*Opens her eyes, but they see nothing. Dreamily and solemnly, as if repeating a familiar prayer, she speaks softly*). Great God! I will die ten deaths for him . . . and count myself a happy woman . . . if that will make it any easier for *him.*

DR. THORNE (*groaning, puts his wife gently from him, as if she were a being too sacred for his touch. Turns his face from her; speaks*). I am not fit! . . . I dare not touch her!

HELEN THORNE (*praying*). Dear Lord! I would die for him . . . as Thou didst die for us. . . . If that could be . . . *Dear* Lord!

DR. THORNE (*utterly broken*). I am a sinful man, O God! (*Removes from her, and stands with his face in his hands.*)

HELEN THORNE (*recovering full consciousness, and with it sudden strength, lifts herself to a sitting posture; looks about her; half rises. Suddenly she recognizes her husband, where he stands aloof. She cries plaintively*). Esmerald?—Isn't it over yet? *Esmerald!* Have you forgotten me? Don't you *care* for me any more? . . . (*piteously*) Oh, Death! I did not think that thou wouldst *crucify* me . . . *so!*

(*Sudden darkness falls. When it passes, the gulf, the dark mountain, the underground river, the ravines are gone. Slow and sweet light returns softly. It is the setting of the sun. The perspective of the Heavenly City and spirits are as before. The grim scenery surrounding the mouth of the River of Death has given place to a fair meadow, sunny and open. Some of the boulders remain, and the path which cut through the ravine, now runs across the field. Clumps of trees and thick shrubs break the space between the foreground and the distant spirits, and the path turns a curve through a thicket of roses. Lilies as before grow higher than any other flowers, and nearer to the eye.*)

HELEN THORNE (*stands, tall and glorious. Faint color has returned to her pale face. Her expression is radiant. She looks downward and stretches down her hands; speaks, very softly*). Dear!

DR. THORNE (*prostrate at his wife's feet, speaks*). Forgive! *Forgive* me, Helen.

(HELEN THORNE *smiles divinely. Stoops to lift him up.*)

(DR. THORNE *resists her still, and, fallen at her feet, he draws the hem of her robe slowly to his lips. Then he lays his cheek upon her feet before he reverently kisses them.*)

DR. THORNE. I said . . . oh, I have broken my heart for what I said . . . to you!

HELEN THORNE (*reaches down her beautiful arms to him. Draws him up*). Why, my poor Love! My dear Love! Did you think I would remember *that?*

(DR. THORNE *arises. Holds out his shaking arms; does not speak.*)

(HELEN THORNE *in silence creeps to him, not royally, like a wife who was wronged; but, like the sweetest woman in the world, who loves him because she cannot help it, and would not if she could. Her face falls upon his breast.*)

(DR. THORNE, *as if she were a goddess, still not daring to caress her, lays his cheek upon her soft hair. Before her face, but not touching it, he delicately curves his hand as if he enclosed a sacred flame from the rude air.*)

HELEN THORNE (*lifts her face to his. Her eyes, all womanly, turn to him in Paradise as they did on earth. She speaks softly*). I am in Heaven . . . after all!

DR. THORNE. And I have never been there . . . until now! (*He clasps her slowly to his heart; turns her face back upon his arm and reverently looks at it; scans it adoringly; humbly crying*). Helen! *Helen!*

(DR. THORNE *kisses his wife's brow—eyes—cheek—and then her lips. Suddenly, around the curve in the path where the thicket of roses blossoms, running rapidly,*)

Enter LADDIE (*carrying a stalk of the white lilies. He cries*). Papa! Papa! I've lost you, Papa! (*The child runs down the path. Closely following him, fair and gentle, brightly smiling,*)

Enter MRS. FAYTH. (*She draws back quickly;*

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utters an inarticulate exclamation; extends her hands in an impulsive gesture of delight. But she withdraws and puts her finger on her lips. She retreats without speaking.)

(MRS. FAYTH, *hidden for a moment behind the thicket of roses, reappears beyond with the other spirits. The group of spirits stirs upward in the bright scenery.)*

(DR. THORNE *and* his Wife, *having seen or heard nothing, still stand rapt, embracing solemnly.)*

LADDIE (*stops on the path, irresolute. Frowns a little in pretty, childish perplexity; makes as if he would go back; looks at the two again. Then suddenly darts forward; cries*). Why, that's my Mamma! (*Springs to her; clutches at her white robe, pulls at her hand.*)

HELEN THORNE (*recognizes the child instantly, despite his larger stature; she cries out*). Why, my little boy! Mother's baby boy! Oh! *you* again, . . . you, too! My little, little boy. (*Catches him to her; kisses him wildly; holds him, and releases him, and holds him again. Murmurs half intelligible words brokenly*). Mother's baby! . . . Mother's beauty! . . . Oh, mamma *missed* you, sonny-boy——"

(DR. THORNE *does not speak. His face is shining. He holds his wife within his arms as if he feared to lose her if he loosened them.)*

(THE CHILD, *laughing softly, fondles his mother. The three stand clinging together rapturously.)*

VOICES (*from beyond the rose thicket chant*).

"As it was in the beginning, is now,
And ever shall be,
World without end. Amen."

(*Chorus of spirits from the region of the Temple on the Heavenly Hill very softly sing*).

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old.
Who would not see that heavenly land,
Where love is never cold? . . ."

(*As they sing, the fair country brightens subtly, and all the heavenly scene is radiant. The moving groups of spirits seem to be joining in the song.)*

(DR. THORNE *and* his Wife, *turning, look into one another's faces. They do not speak.)*

(*Now, delicately, it shall be seen to darken on the bright land, and a holy half-light touches every outline.)*

(The Child *leaves his parents. He walks a few steps away, shading his eyes with one hand, as if he saw invisible glory; in the other hand he carries the annunciation lily.)*

(*Vaguely at first, then more definitely; slowly and solemnly,*)

Enter JESUS THE CHRIST.

(*The* Sacred Figure *advances towards the* Man *and* Woman, *who are unconscious of the approach. Its hands are stretched in benediction. It stands for a moment, mutely, and unseen by them.)*

(The Boy *runs toward it fearlessly; seats himself upon the meadow-grass at the feet of the* Figure.)

(*The* Sacred Figure *stirs towards the child. All the light in the scene now falls from the* Figure.)

(*The* Man, *the* Woman, *and the* Child *receive its full effulgence.)*

VOICES FROM BEYOND (*sing*).

"Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
Enraptured through and through——"

(*The* Man *and the* Woman *now perceive the* Sacred Figure. *They fall to their knees. The man's arm still encircles his wife. They bow their heads before the Divine Presence.)*

(*The* Child, *with the lifted lily, remains at the feet of the* CHRIST.)

VOICES FROM BEYOND (*repeat*).

"Enraptured through and through,
In God's most holy sight."

(*The* Sacred Figure *dims and slowly fades. With it disappears the stalk of annunciation lilies. The light returns softly upon the celestial scenery.)*

(*The* Sacred Figure *vanishes.)*

(*The* Man, *the* Woman, *and* Child *stay gazing after it.)*

(*Now a mist breathes upon the Heavenly City and the sunny country. All the outlines of the happy scenery blur and faint.)*

(*The groups of spirits grow dim.)*

(*Distant music softly sustains the strains of the song; but without words.)*

(*And now the golden mist slowly envelops the* Man, *the* Woman, *and the* Child, *who remain for a moment before the eyes—a vision—solemn, tender, and half unreal.)*

(*The music continues very faintly. The strain slowly ceases.)*

(*The mist dulls, deepens, and thickens, till it rolls like an impenetrable curtain before the vanished scene.)*

END OF THE DRAMA.

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TWO OF A KIND

BY ELLSWORTH KELLEY

ONE day when Summer was not grown old she paused to take a backward glance at Spring, and lo! upon her face there fell the quiet radiance of the bygone June.

Through all the long forenoon the woods beckoned, and hill and valley and river called to Uncle Joe. So he thought in his soul. But after his twelve o'clock dinner, when he had wended his way across the street and was seated with Uncle Billy on the back porch, he only said:

"Bill, what say to trampin' down towards the river this ev'nin'? It's fair shady 'long the hedge row an' I want to see if the squirrel crop ain't gittin' ripe. It's a leetle bit airly, but the corn's in good roastin' ear, an' it'll be mighty easy to locate the nests."

"Jest as lief as not, Joe. Fact is, I've got a wild blackberry patch located down in the timber an' I'd like to see 'f they ain't gittin' ripe."

A little later Uncle Joe and Uncle Billy were wending their way toward the river. As Nancy Ann watched them climb over the orchard wall she said aloud:

"If them old boys ain't two of a kind there never was any," and, with a smile, began her afternoon's ironing.

They loitered along, watching the edges of the corn-fields by the timber for squirrel signs, and discussing crop prospects, past and prospective. Each owned a comfortable farm and each had "money on interest." Each was a widower, living with a married daughter. Each had left his farm and come to town for the purpose of "taking life easy." But "loafin around" soon got very tiresome to the two old men, who had led active country lives until old age came.

"'*William Bateman, you're getting to be an old man.*'"

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"... over the orchard wall."

Their idea of "enjoyin'" themselves was to wander out along the river on a day like this, fishing, hunting—anything to kill the time and to be in the country.

They had been boys together. They were raised on adjoining farms. They had swapped work in hay harvest and traded and made money together. In their old days the bond of companionship grew stronger, and the day rarely went by that they were not together.

They differed in politics and in religious views. Uncle Billy was a Republican and had been a "stand-by" in the Methodist Church for fifty years. Uncle Joe, when interrogated, would say, "Oh, I belong to the big church." In politics he called himself a Jackson Democrat. In his earlier days he was profane, but as his grandchildren grew up around him he quit swearing and contented himself with those mild expletives which even church people sometimes glean from the Bible.

Both men seemed to have tasted of the spring of perennial youth, and their daughters often referred to them affectionately as "them two old boys."

After inspecting the edges of the corn-fields to their satisfaction, and finding plenty of ears that had been attacked by the squirrels, they wandered through the timber, locating the nests. Then they visited Uncle Billy's berry patch and found the berries ripening in a most satisfactory way. They "cut" across then to the big road, climbed up on a rail fence, and sat there under the shade of the old elm to rest.

"Squirrels 'll do to shoot in 'bout ten days," remarked Uncle Joe. "I don't wish my life away, but that ten days can't git here any too soon. My mouth's fairly waterin' for a mess of young fried squirrels."

"Well, I ain't cravin' fried squir'l myself, not partickiler," responded Uncle Billy.

"Don't you like 'em?"

"Not partickiler, not partickiler. Fact is, I got turned agin 'em once an' I've staid turned."

"How's that?"

"Well, you remember when I went to Californy—in '49?"

"Yes."

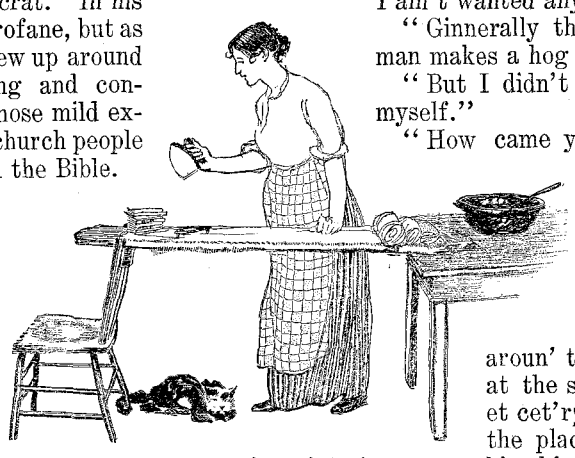
"Well, one day, crossin' the Is'mus, we stopped at a place they called a hotel. It was Kassy—somethin' er other, I clean fergit. I was powerful fond of young squir'l in them days, an' when the Mexican Injun brings on a plate of fried game we thought it tasted like squir'l, an' mighty tender an' nice at that. Bill Dobbs asked the Injun, in United States, what it was. The Injun didn't understand, an' answers 'No sabby'—Spanish lingo for 'Don't understand.' Then *I* asked him. I p'inted to the dish, raised my eyebrows, and p'inted out to the trees. The Injun caught on in a minute. He grinned, nodded, and made his fingers go so, jes' like a squir'l runnin' up a tree. 'Yes,' says I to Dobbs, 'it's squir'l.' We eat it all up—an' I ain't wanted any sence!"

"Ginnerally that way when a man makes a hog of hisself."

"But I didn't make no hog o' myself."

"How came you to turn agin squirrel then?"

"Well, you see it was like this: After dinner I went to pokin' aroun' the house, lookin' at the scenery an' other et cet'ry, an' I run on to the place where they'd bin skinnin' them squir'l.



Nancy Ann at her afternoon's ironing.

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They had the fresh hides stretched over boards—heads left on—an' they wa'nt squir'l whatsumever. They was—young monkeys!"

"Jumpin' Jehosaphat!"

"Fact! Sence then I've never keered partickiler fer squir'l. But le's jog along down to the river. We ain't been down there fer a whole week."

They crossed the road, climbed another rail fence, and soon were under the shade of the old sycamore by the swimming hole.

"Bill, when was you in swimmin' last?"

"Las' summer."

The two looked at each other in silence. Then each looked out wistfully at the placid running river. A rain-crow broke the silence with its "Kow, kow, kow!"

"Goin' to rain inside o' three days. Never knew the sign to fail this time o' year," remarked Uncle Joe.

"Sure sign!" agreed Uncle Billy.

Silence for another minute.

Then Uncle Billy said:

"Joe, let's go swimmin'."

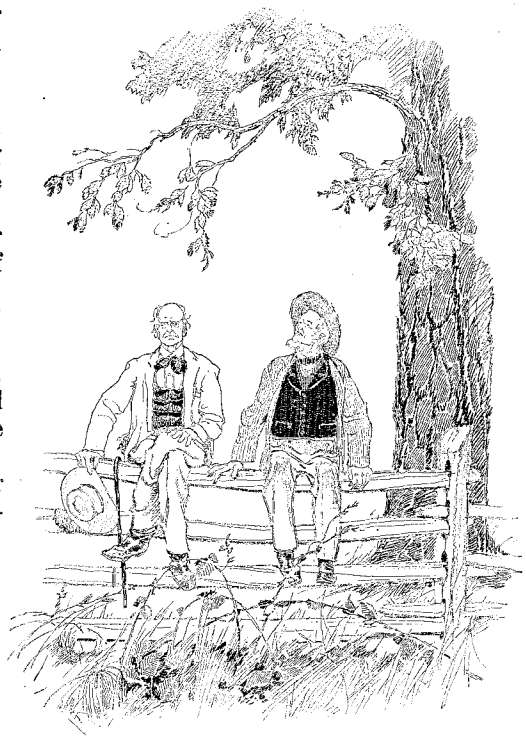
"S'pose the water's warm enough?"

"Yes, of course it is! Jest try your hand in it."

Uncle Joe stooped down, rippled his hand for a bit in the water, squinted one eye at the descending sun, and answered:

"I believe the water is warm enough, Billy. I'd shorely enjoy a swim this hot afternoon, but I've got to be awful keerful 'bout stayin' in too long. My rheumatiz ain't bothered me much lately, an' I don't want to do any fool thing that'll make me wuss agin." (Here he squinted one eye again at the sun.) "I guess the sun's low enough not to sunburn. Cold sweet cream 'll cure sunburn, but I can't rub it on my old back myself, an' Liza Jane'd never git through makin' fun o' me fer goin' swimmin' like a boy. She says that half the time I act like a ten-year-old boy. But I always tell her, 'What's the use o' livin' ef you can't have a good time?' Then she'll laugh an' say, 'Pap, you're the youngest one of the hull family, spite o' your three score an' ten an' five to carry.'" And the old man chuckled at the thought.

"I'm one year less 'an you," mused Uncle Billy. "Sometimes when I ain't shaved fer three days I look into the glass an' say to myself: 'William Bateman, you're gittin' to be an old man. You ain't good fer nothin' but to set 'round the fire in winter an' nuss the gran'-children to sleep, er else hoe in the gyarden in spring an' keep the grass cut in the yard. Jest a-swingin' your scythe alongside old Father Time an' expectin' every swath he cuts that he'll make a mis-lick an' take you in the next swing.' An' then, when I git out along the river on a day like this, an' see the same old swimmin' hole where we used to swim, an' duck, an' dive, an' the old sycamore that ain't changed a mite in the last sixty years, it don't seem possible that I am counted an old man. Well, here goes! as Tom Ward used to say."



"'*Squirrels 'll do to shoot in 'bout ten days.*'"

The old men hastily disrobed and began to wade out in the water.

"Wet your knees, Billy. It'll keep you from havin' cramps," cautioned Uncle Joe.

"Don't you s'pose I know that?" responded Uncle Billy. "Where do you think I's raised! O-o-o-o-o! It's sort-er-cold!"

"No, it ain't. Jest feels that way. Take a quick souse under the water like this," and Uncle Joe exemplified by dropping down into the water, only his head being unsubmerged.

"Souse, Billy, souse! Don't stand there shiverin'! You'll be all right when you souse!"

"Oh, Joe, I c-a-n-'t! It's too-o-o-o chilly!"

"Chilly! Shucks! I'll take the chill off of you!" And Uncle Joe began to spray water all over Uncle Billy, using his hands like a couple of paddle-wheels.

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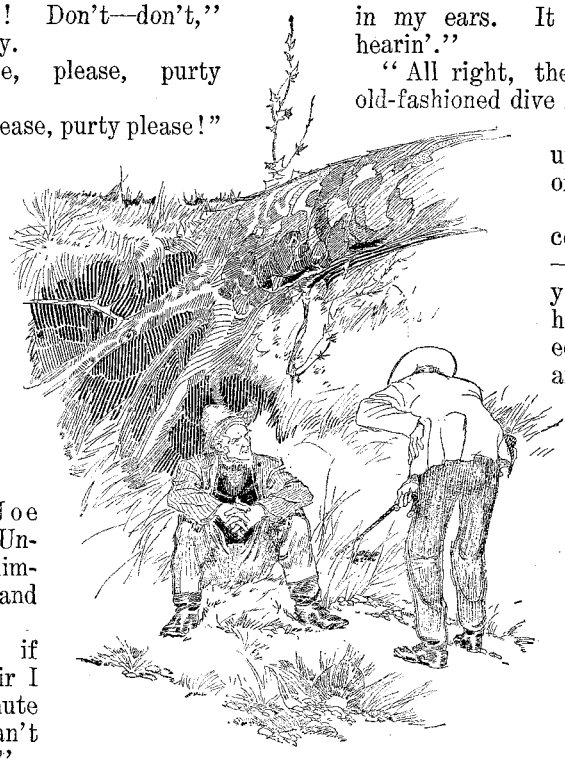
"O-o-o-o! Oh! Don't—don't," begged Uncle Billy.

"Say, 'Please, please, purty please!'"

"P-p-please, please, purty please!"

"All right; I'll not throw another drop." And Uncle Joe, making a sudden dive, grasped Uncle Billy by the ankles. In three seconds Uncle Billy's head and feet had changed positions. With a whoop Uncle Joe swam away, and Uncle Billy righted himself, sputtering and choking.

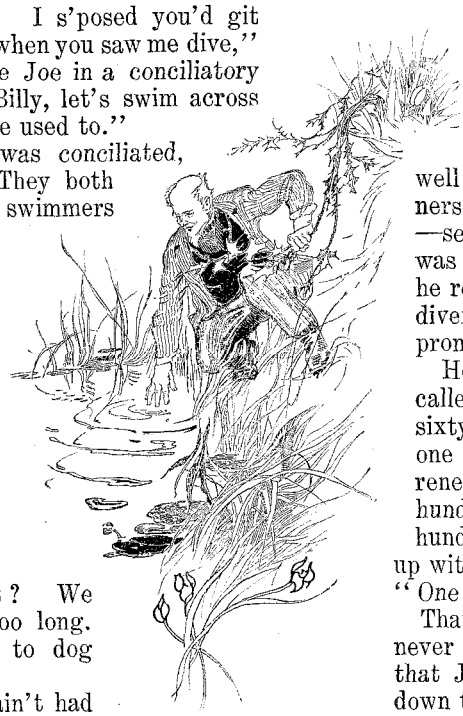


"'Bill, when was you in swimmin' last?'"

"Joe Graham, if you don't play fair I won't stay in a minute longer. That wan't fair, so it wan't!"

"I didn't think you'd let me ketch you that way. I s'posed you'd git out of the road when you saw me dive," explained Uncle Joe in a conciliatory tone. "Say, Billy, let's swim across an' back like we used to."

Uncle Billy was conciliated, and agreed. They both had been good swimmers in their youth, and they made it across and back in fair time, albeit both were puffing like porpoises.



"Rippled his hand for a bit in the water."

"Got warm, Billy?"

"You bet. But don't you think we'd better git out? We ortn't stay in too long. It's close on to dog days."

"Well, we ain't had a diving match yit."

"I'd ruther not. I don't like to git water in my ears. It ain't good fer my hearin'."

"All right, then, I'll jest take one old-fashioned dive fer luck."

Uncle Joe climbed upon the slanting trunk of the old sycamore.

"Now, Billy, you count, one, two, three—jest as you use' to, you understand. See how many you git counted while I'm under," and putting his hands together, with a whoop and a plash Uncle Joe disappeared from view.

Uncle Billy watched the spot and began counting:

"One, two, three, four, five, six—!" . . .

"Twenty-one, twenty-two, —twenty-nine, thirty!" . . .

"Forty!"

Then Uncle Billy became interested. He kept on counting aloud in measured voice—"Fifty—fifty-five—sixty!"

When he reached sixty he paused to mutter, "Doin' as well as he used to when we was pardners." On he counted, "Seventy-five—seventy-nine—eighty!" Now he was visibly anxious. "But then," he reflected, "Joe used to be a good diver," and so he kept on until he pronounced "One hundred!"

He paused again—and then he recalled how Joe once had stayed under, sixty years ago, until he had counted one hundred and twenty-five. With renewed confidence he began, "One hundred, one hundred and one, one hundred and two—" and he kept it up with unsteady voice until he reached "One hundred and twenty-five!"

That was the limit. Joe's record had never gone beyond that. Could it be that Joe had been seized with cramps down there in the bottom of Sycamore Hole? Surely not, for had he not seen Joe wet his knees to keep away the cramps? He could wait no longer.

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"Joe! Oh, Joe!"

No answer.

"Joe, you've stayed down long enough! Come up!"

No Joe appeared on the surface in response to this admonition.

"Joe, come up! Don't act the fool! You've already broke your record!"

But this did not seduce Uncle Joe from the cool depths of the pool.

"Joe, ef you don't come up I'm comin' in after you!"

He would wait no longer. Uncle Billy swam out to the point where Uncle Joe had gone down. With a finger in each ear to keep out the water he dropped down until his feet touched bottom, and then worked his feet here and there in an endeavor to touch Uncle Joe. He came up puffing, without finding trace of him. Pausing only long enough to draw two full breaths, he tried it again. He did not stay down so long, and again his quest was fruitless. Then, warned by his failing strength, he swam for the shore, where he lay on the warm sand, panting and almost exhausted.

But it would never do to waste time. If help were only close by Joe's body might be found in time to resuscitate it. Joe dead! And he had coaxed Joe to go swimming. Joe hadn't said a word about it until he himself had suggested it. True, he had tried to get Joe to come out before he took the last dive; but then, Joe would not have been in the water but for him.

Uncle Billy sobbed aloud in agony.

"Oh, Joe, to think 'at I should coax you to your death! Oh, Joe, Joe!"

Then he heard the rattle of a wagon on the road, thirty rods away, and made a wild dash for it, when he happened to remember that his clothing was on the river bank. He hesitated. It might be a woman. And with a sense of shame that made his whole body red, Uncle Billy ran back to the river, grabbed his shirt and began to pull it on with trembling hands.

While his arms were extended upward, in a vain and desperate attempt to force them into the twisted sleeves, "Spat," a handful of soft mud hit him in the stomach.

For three seconds he was utterly bewildered. Then the true inwardness of the disappearance of Uncle Joe flashed across his mind. Clawing his shirt from before his eyes, he beheld Uncle Joe, squatted on the sycamore, calmly surveying him.

There are times in life when poor, weak words are inadequate to express one's emotions; when it even seems that the vocabulary which accompanies the "gift of tongues" might prove barren and uninteresting. It was such a time for Uncle Billy. He looked at Uncle Joe fixedly, and finally inquired:

"'*Here's a little keepsake to remember me by.*'"

"Joseph, how long have you been there?"

"Well, Billy, I've been here an' *hereabouts* fer quite a spell."

"How long?"

"Well, Billy, ef my memory don't fail me, an' I guess it don't, I've been here an' hereabouts ever since you counted *fifteen!*"

Uncle Billy walked into the water, washed off the mud, waded out, and proceeded to put on his shirt.

"Goin' to quit jest when we're beginnin' to have fun?"

"Yes, I am goin' to quit just when we're beginnin' to have fun."

"Sho', Billy. Don't git mad. That's the way we used to do when we was pardners."

"Yes, I am a-goin' to quit! That's the way I used to do when we was pardners."

"Well, if you must go, you must, I reckon." This in a tone of resignation.

"Here's a keepsake to take with you, Billy, in remembrance of the occasion," and he

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dexterously landed another handful of mud, this time on Billy's legs.

"Good-by, Billy! I'm goin' to swim across an' back jest once more to take the chill off," and he began to paddle across "dog style."

Uncle Billy had recovered his wind but not his temper. That last handful of mud dissipated any kindly feelings toward Uncle Joe. He washed off the mud again, slipped on his clothing, watched Uncle Joe calmly floating on his back for a moment, and the desire to get even overpowered him.

Hurriedly he filled Uncle Joe's shoes with sand, tied his shirt sleeves together in good hard knots, and proceeded to soak the knots well in the edge of the pool. Then he tied a knot in each leg of the overalls, slipped a stone in each improvised bag, yelled, "Joe! Oh, Joe! Here's a little keepsake to remember *me* by," and flung them far out toward Uncle Joe. They fell short with a mighty plash, floated a moment, and then calmly sank to the bottom of the stream. Then Uncle Billy turned and fled.

That night when Uncle Billy was eating his "snack," which Nancy Ann had set out for him, for he had reached home too late for the five o'clock supper, Nancy Ann bestowed upon him a peculiarly significant, searching glance. Repressing a smile she asked:

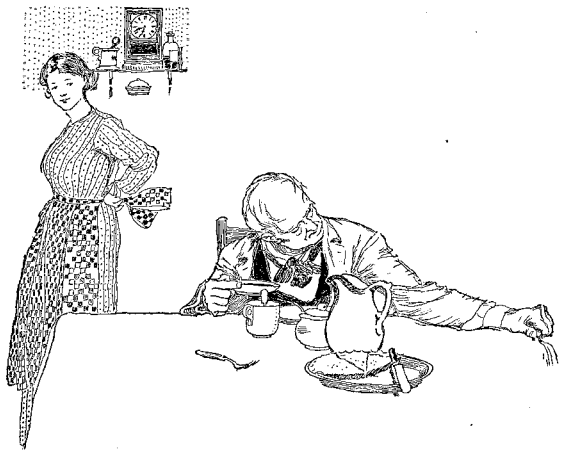
"Pap, how on earth did you come to get your shirt on wrong side out?"

Uncle Billy blushed guiltily, gulped a time or two under pretence that his coffee was too hot, and made answer:

"Same old way, I s'pose."

"What same old way?"

"Oh, jest like I use' to when a boy. Done it climbing through a fence!"



"Pap, how on earth did you come to get your shirt on wrong side out?"

RECOLLECTIONS OF E. L. DAVENPORT.

By Clara Morris.*

JUST what was the occult power of the ballet over the manager's mind no one ever explained to me. I found my companions every-day, good-natured, kind-hearted girls, pleasant to be with, but to Mr. Ellsler they must have been a rare and radiant lot, utterly unmatchable in this world, or else he knew they had awful powers for evil and dared not provoke their "hoodoo." Whatever the reason, the fact remained he was afraid to advance me one little step in name —even to utility woman; while in fact I

* Selections from Clara Morris's "Recollections of the Stage and Its People" have appeared in McClure's Magazine for January, February, May, and June, 1901.

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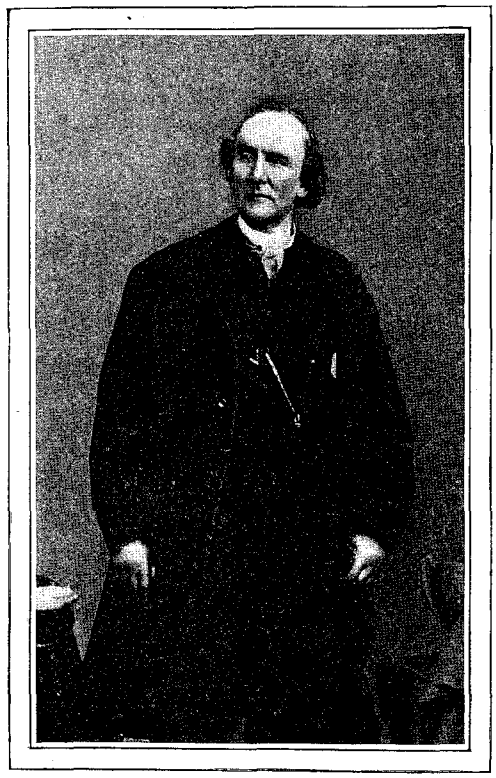
was advanced to playing other people's parts nearly half the time, and the reason for this continued holding back was "fear of offending the other ballet-girls"—truly a novel position for a manager. One feels at once there must have been something unusually precious about such a ballet, and that he feared to break the set. Anyway, before I got out—clear out—something happened.

A number of stars had spoken to me about my folly in remaining in the ballet, and when I told them Mr. Ellsler was afraid to advance me for fear of offending the other girls, they answered variously, and many advised me to break the set myself, saying if I left he would soon be after me and glad to engage me for "first walking-ladies." But my crushed childhood had its effect—I shall always lack self-assertion — and I stayed on.



E. L. DAVENPORT.

There was no regular heavy woman that season, and the old woman was a little tiny rag of a creature, not bigger than a doll. Mr. E. L. Davenport was to open in "Othello." Mrs. Effie Ellsler was to play the young *Desdemona*, and I was to go on for *Emilia*. Mr. Davenport was a man of most reckless speech. He was an old friend of the Ellslers, calling them by their first names, and meeting them with hearty greetings and many jests. So when, at rehearsal, in the middle of a story to Mrs. Ellsler, the call came for *Othello*, *Desdemona*, and *Iago*, she exclaimed: "Excuse me, Ned, they are calling us."

But he held her sleeve and answered, "Not you—it's me," and glancing hurriedly about, his eye met mine, and he added pleasantly, "you, my dear, they're calling *Desdemona*."

I stood still, and my smile was slow and wide. Mrs. Ellsler's round black eyes snapped —but this man who blundered was a star and a friend. She tossed her head, and petulantly pushed him from her towards the stage. He went on, and at the end of his speech:

> "This only is the witchcraft I have used :
> Here comes the lady, let her witness it"—

he turned to face Mrs. Ellsler entering with *Iago* and her attendants. Looking utterly bewildered, he exclaimed: "Why, for God's sake, Effie, you're not going on for *Desdemona*, are you?"

Perhaps his dissatisfaction may be better understood if I mention that a young man twenty-three years old, who took tickets at the dress-circle door, called Mrs. Ellsler mother, also that middle-aged prosperity expressed itself in a startling number of inches about the waist of her short little body. Though her feet and hands were extremely small, they could not counteract the effect of that betraying shapelessness of figure. On the California coast one hears horrible tales of the awful tenacity of the abalone shell, but it is weakness compared to the tenacity of grasp shown by managers' wives for the *Ophelias*, *Juliets*, and *Desdemonas* of the drama. Mrs. Ellsler, in answer to that rude question, laughed affectedly, and said: "Well, I believe the leading woman generally does play *Desdemona*."

"But," cried Davenport, "where's—who's *Emilia?*"

Mr. Ellsler took him by the arm and led him a little to one side; several sharp exclamations escaped the star's lips, and at last he said aloud: "Yes—yes, John—I know any one may have to twist about a bit now and then in a cast, but damn me if I can see why you don't cast Effie for *Emilia* and this girl for *Desdemona;* then they would at least look something like the parts; as it is now, they are both ridiculous."

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It was an awful speech, and the truth that was in it made it cut deep. There were those on the stage who momentarily expected the building to fall, so great was their awe of Mrs. Ellsler. One always expected to see her stop on the street corner to beat her breast and thank God that she was not as other women. The odd part of the unpleasant affair was that every one was sorry for Mr. Ellsler rather than for his wife.

Well, night came. I trailed about after *Desdemona*, picked up the fatal handkerchief, spoke a line here and there as Shakspere wills one should, and bided my time, as all *Emilias* must. Now I had noticed that many *Emilias*, when they gave the alarm, cried out their "Murder! Murder!" against all the noise of the tolling bells, and came back upon the stage spent and without voice or breath to finish their big scene, and people thought them weak in consequence. A long hanging bar of steel is generally used for the alarm, and blows struck upon it send forth a vibrating clangor that completely fills a theater. I had made an agreement with the prompter that he was not to strike the bar until I held up my hand to him. Then he was to strike one blow each time I raised my hand, and when I threw up both hands he was to "raise Cain" until I was on the stage again. So in the last act, with throat trained with much shouting, I cried:

"I care not for thy sword: I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!"

Then I ran off shouting:

"The Moor has killed my mistress!"

Taking breath, I gave the long-sustained, ever-rising, blood-curdling cry:

"Murder! Murder! Murder!"

(one hand up, and one long, clanging peal of a bell)

"Murder! Murder! Murder!"

(one hand up and bell)

"Murder! Murder! Murder!"

(both hands up and pandemonium broken loose—and oh, joy! the audience applauding furiously)

"One—two—three—four," I counted with closed lips; then, with a fresh breath, I burst upon the stage, followed by armed men, giving one last long, full-throated cry of "Murder! The Moor has killed my mistress!" and stood, waiting for the applause to let me go on. A trick? yes, a small trick—a mere pretense to more breath than I really had, but it aroused the audience, it touched their imagination. They saw the horror-stricken woman racing through the night, waking the empty streets to life by that ever-thrilling cry of "Murder!" A trick if you like, but on the stage success justifies the means, and that night, under cover of the applause of the house, there came to me a soft clapping of hands, and in muffled tones the words "Bravo! bravo!" from *Othello*.

When the curtain had fallen and Mr. Davenport had been before it, he came to me, and holding out his hand, said: "You splendid-lunged creature, I want to apologize to you for the thoughts I harbored against you this morning."

I smiled and glanced uneasily at the clock. He went on:

"I have always fancied my wife in *Emilia*, but, my girl, your readings are absolutely new sometimes, and your strength is—what's the matter? A farce yet? Well, what of it? You—you have to go on in a farce, after playing Shakspere's *Emilia* with E. L. Davenport? I'm damned if I believe you."

And I gathered up my cotton-velvet gown and hurried to my room to don calico dress, white cap and apron, and then rushed down to the property-room for the perambulator I had to shove on, wondering what the star would think if he knew that his *Emilia* was merely walking on in the farce of "Jones's Baby," without one line to speak, the second and speaking nurse-maid having been very justly given to one of the other girls. But the needless sending of me on right after the noble part of *Emilia* was evidently a sop thrown by my boldly-independent manager to his ballet-Cerberus.

Heretofore stars had advised or chided me privately, but oh, dear! oh, dear! next morning, Mr. Davenport attacked Mr. Ellsler for "mismanagement," as he termed it, right before everybody. Among other things, he declared that it was a wound to his personal dignity, as a star, to have a girl who had supported him—"not acceptably, but brilliantly, in a Shaksperian tragedy, sent on afterwards in a vulgar farce"; then he added: "Aside from artistic reasons and from justice to her—good Lord, John, are you such a fool you don't understand her commercial value? Here you have a girl, young and pretty (always make allowances for warmth of argument), with rare gifts

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and qualifications, who handles her audience like a magician, and you cheapen her like this—placing her in the highest position only to cast her down again to the lowest. If she is only fit for the ballet, you insult your public by offering her in a leading part; if she is fit for a leading part, you insult her by lowering her to the ballet; but, anyway, I'm damned if I ever saw a merchant before who deliberately cheapened his own wares!"

If the floor could have opened I should have been its willing victim, and I am sure if Mr. Davenport had known that I should have to pay for every sharp word spoken, he would have restrained his too free speech for my sake, even though he never was able to do so for his own.

And what a pity it was, for he not only often wounded his friends, but worse still, he injured himself by flinging the most boomerang-like speeches at the public, whenever he felt it was not properly appreciating him. He was wonderfully versatile, but though versatility is essential to any really good actor, yet, for some mysterious reason, it never meets with great success outside of a foreign theater. The American public demands specialists—one man to devote himself solely to tragedy, another to romantic drama and duels, another to dress-suit satire: one woman to tears, another to laughter. Woe betide the star who, able to act both comedy and tragedy, ventures to do so; there will be no packed house to bear witness to the appreciation felt for such skill and variety of talent.

Mr. Davenport's vogue was probably waning when I first knew him. He had a certain intellectual following, which delighted in the beautiful precision and distinctness of his reading of the "Royal Dane." He always seemed to me a *Hamlet* cut in crystal, so clear and pure, so cold and hard he was. The tender heart, the dread imaginings, the wounded pride and love, the fits and starts, the pain and passion that torture *Hamlet*—each, in turn, was utterly incompatible with the fair, high-browed, princely philosopher Mr. Davenport presented to his followers. And after that performance I think he was most proud of his "hornpipe" in the play of "Black-eyed Susan," which he danced with a swiftness, a lightness, and limberness of joint that was truly astonishing in a man of his years. Legend said that in London it had been a great "go," had drawn—oh, fabulous shillings, not to mention pounds—but I never saw him play *William* to a good house, neither did I ever see the dance encored. The people did not appreciate versatility, and one night, while before the curtain responding to a call, he began a bitter tirade against the public, offering to stand there and count how many there were in the house, and telling them that next week the house would not hold all who wished to enter, for there would be a banjo played by a woman, and such an intellectual treat was not often to be had; but they must not spend *all* their money, for even he was learning to swallow swords and play the *banjo;* he was an old dog, but if they would have a little patience he would learn their favorite tricks for them, even though he could not heartily congratulate them upon their intelligence, etc. Oh, it was dreadful taste and so unjust, to abuse those who were there for the fault of those who remained away.

During the week's engagement of which I was speaking, I had two nights in the ballet, then again I was cast for an important part. It was a red-letter day for me, professionally; for, thanks to Mr. Davenport, I learned for the first time the immense value of "business"—an action unsustained perhaps by a single word. I am not positive, but I believe the play was "A Soldier of Fortune" or "The Lion of St. Mark"—anyway, it was a romantic drama. My part was not very long, but it had one most important scene with the hero. It was one of those parts that are talked about so much during the play that they gain a sort of fictitious value. At rehearsal I could not help noticing how fixedly Mr. Davenport kept gazing at me; his frown grew deeper and deeper as I read my lines, and I was growing most desperately frightened when he suddenly exclaimed, "Wait a minute!" I stopped, and he went on roughly, still staring hard at me: "I don't know whether you are worth breaking a vow for or not."

Naturally I had nothing to say. He walked up the stage; as he came down he said: "I've kept that promise for ten years, but you seem such an honest little soul about your work, I've a good mind—yes, I've a mind——"

He sat down on the edge of the prompt table, and though he addressed himself seemingly to me alone, the whole company was listening attentively.

"When I first started out starring, I honestly believed I had a mission to teach other less experienced actors how to act. I had made a close study of the plays I was to present, as well as of my own special parts

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in them, and I actually thought it was my duty to impart my knowledge to those actors who were strange in them. Yes, that's the kind of fool I was. I used to explain and describe, and show how, and work, and sweat, and for my pains I received behind my back curses for keeping them so long at rehearsals, and before my face stolid indifference, or a thinly veiled implication that I was grossly insulting them by my minute directions. Both myself and my voice were pretty well used up before I realized that my work had been wasted, my good intentions damned, and that I had not been the leaven which could lighten the lump of stupid self-satisfaction we call the 'profession.' I then made a solemn oath to myself never again to volunteer any advice, any suggestion, any hint as to reading, business, or make-up to man or woman in any play of mine. If they acted well, all right; if they acted ill, all right, too. If I found them infernal sticks, I'd leave them sticks. I'd demand just one thing, my cue; as long as I got the word to speak on, all the rest might go to the devil! Rehearsals shortened, actors had plenty of time for beer and pretzels; and as I ceased to try and improve their work, they soon called me a good fellow. And now you come along, willing to work, knowing more than some of your elders, yet actually believing there is still something for you to learn. Ambitious, keenly observant, you tempt me to teach you some business for this part; and yet if I do, I suppose what goes in at one ear will go out of the other!"

Embarrassed silence on my part.

"Well," he went on, whimsically, "I see this is not your day for making protestations; but I'm going to give you the business, and if you choose to ignore it at night, why, that will serve me right for breaking my promise."

"Mr. Davenport," I said, "I always try to remember what is told me, and I don't see why I should not remember what you say —goodness knows you speak plainly enough"; at which, to my troubled surprise, every one, star and all, burst out laughing. But presently he returned to the play.

"See here," he said, "you, the adventuress, are worsted in this scene. You sit at the table. I have forced you to sign this paper, yet you say to me, 'You are a fool.' Now how are you going to say it?"

"I don't know yet," I answered, "I have not read the whole play through."

"What's that got to do with it?" he asked sharply.

"Why," I said, "I don't know the story. I don't know whether she is really your enemy, or only injures you on impulse, whether she truly loves any one, or only makes believe love."

"Good!" he cried, "good! That's sound reasoning. Well, you *are* my enemy, you love no one; so you see your 'fool' is given with genuine feeling. It's years since the line has drawn fire, but you do this business and see. You sit; I stand at the opposite side of the table. You write your name. You are supposed to be crushed. I believe it and tower triumphantly over you. The audience believes it, too. Now you lay down your pen—but carefully, mind you, carefully —then close the inkstand, and with very evident caution place it out of danger of a fall. Be sure you take your time—there are places where deliberation is as effective as ever rush and hurry can be. Then, with your cheek upon your hand, or your chin upon your clasped hands—any attitude you fancy will do—look at me good and long, and *then* speak your line. Have you thought yet how to deliver it?"

"Well," I answered hesitatingly, "to call you a fool in a colloquial tone would make people laugh, I think, and—the—words don't fit a declamatory style. I should think a rather low tone of sneering comment would be best." And he shouted loudly: "You've hit it square on the head! Now let's see you do it to-night. Don't look so frightened, my girl; only take your time, don't hurry. I've got to stand there till you speak, if you take all night. Be deliberate —you see you have played all the rest so fiercely fast the contrast will tell."

The night came. Cornered, checkmated, I slowly signed the paper, wiped the pen, closed the inkstand, and set it aside. He stood like a statue. The silence reached the house. I stretched out my arms and rested my crossed hands lightly on the table. I met his glance a moment, then, with a curling lip, I let my eyes sweep slowly down the length of his body and back again; then I rose slowly, made a little "pouf" with my lips, and with a wave of my hand contemptuously drawled: "My friend, you are a fool." Swift and sharp came the applause Mr. Davenport at least had anticipated. The act ended almost immediately, and I hurried to him, crying: "Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Davenport. I never, never could have found applause in a speech like that!"

"Ah, it was the business, child, not the speech. Always try to find good business."

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"Suit the action to the word?" I laughingly asked.

"Yes," he answered, "and remember, Miss, actions speak louder than words, too. But, my dear, it's a comfort to teach you anything; and when I saw you trying so carefully to follow directions to-night, I swear I almost prayed for the applause you were so honestly earning. You are a brick, my girl! Oh, I don't mean one of those little common building bricks—I mean a great, lovely, Roman tile!" And when, in God's good time, success came to me, as I was entering the green-room at the Fifth Avenue Theater one evening, a tall man in a gray suit released himself from a bevy of pretty women, and coming over to me, held out his hands, saying: "Did I ever make any remarks to you about building materials?" and laughingly I answered: "Yes, sir, you said something about bricks some years ago."

And while I ran away to change, he called after me, "Say, 'Jones's Baby' isn't on to-night, is it?" and immediately began to tell about *Emilia*, and such is the power of imagination, that he declared: "She raged up and down behind the scenes, crying, 'Murder!' till the very house broke loose, and *right through all the pealing of the bells, high and clear, you heard her voice topping over everything!*"

I was resting and getting breath while the bell clanged, remember—but so much for human memory.

It is strange how often the merest accident or the utterance of a chance word may harden wavering intentions into a fixed resolve. Though I am not aggressive, there is in me a trace of bull-dog tenacity made up of patient endurance and sustained effort. Rather slow to move, when I am aroused I simply cannot let go my hold, while breath is in me, unless I have had my way—have attained my object.

Perhaps people may wonder why I retained my anomalous position in that theater, why I did not follow the advice of some of the lady stars, who gave me a kindly thought and word now and then. And, at the risk of giving them a poor opinion of my wisdom, I present the reason that actuated me. One day, at rehearsal, while waiting for the stage to be reset, several of the actresses gossiped about theatrical matters. One had a letter from a friend who announced her advance to "first walking-ladies," which turned the talk to promotions generally, and laughingly she asked me: "What line of business will you choose, Clara, when your turn comes?" But before I could reply, the eldest woman present sneered: "Oh, she can save herself the trouble of choosing; if she's ever advanced, it will be in some other city than this."

I was astonished—I had just made one of my small hits, and had a nice little notice in the paper, but it did not occur to me that envy could sustain itself, keeping warm and strong and bitter, on such slight nourishment as that. And then she of the letter answered: "Why, Clara's getting along faster than any one else in the company, and I shall expect to see her playing leading business before so very many seasons pass by."

"Leading business? Here?" cried the other. "I guess not!"

"Oh," laughed the first, "I see. You mean that Mrs. Ellsler will claim the leading parts as long as she lives? Well, then, I shall expect to see Clara playing the leading juveniles."

"Well, you go right on expecting, and your hair will be as gray as mine is when she gets into any line of business in this town!"

Unspeakably wounded, I asked timidly: "But if I work hard and learn to act well, can't I hold a position as well as any one else?"

She looked contemptuously at me, and then answered: "No, you must be a fool if you suppose that, after standing about in the ballet for months on end, that Cleveland will ever accept you in a respectable line of business. You've got to go to some other place where you are not known, and then come back as a stranger if you want to be accepted here."

A dull anger began to burn in me—there was something so suggestive of shame in the words "some other place where you are not known." I had nothing to hide. I could work, and by and by I would be able to act as well as any of them, perhaps better. I felt my teeth come together with a snap—the bull-dog instinct was aroused. I looked very steadily at the sneering speaker, and said: "I will never leave this theater till I am leading woman!" And they all laughed, but it was a promise, and many provoking years I was by way of keeping it. The undertaking was hard, perhaps it was foolish, but of the group of women who laughed at me that day, every one of them lived to see my promise kept to the letter, when I left Cleveland, a leading woman, to go to Cincinnati, one season before I came to New York.

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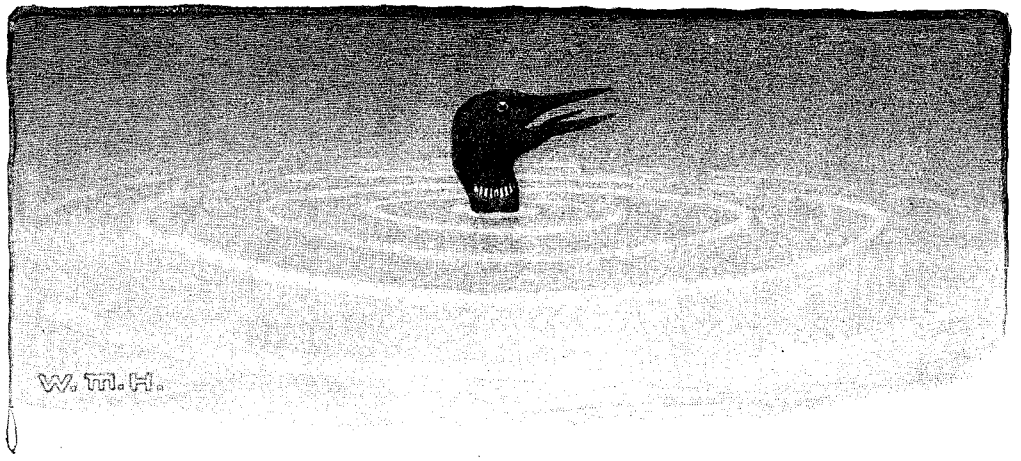

THE LOON.

By William Davenport Hulbert,

Author of "The Beaver," "The Deer," etc.

HIS name was Mahng, and the story which I am about to relate is the story of his matrimonial career—or at least of a portion of it.

One snowy autumn night, three years ago, he was swimming on the Glimmerglass in company with his first wife—one of the first, that is. There may possibly have been others before her, but if so I wasn't acquainted with them. It was a fine evening, especially for loons. There was no wind, and the big, soft flakes came floating lazily down to lose themselves in the quiet lake. The sky, the woods, and the shores were all blotted out; and the loons reigned alone, king and queen of a dim little world of leaden water and falling snow. And right royally they swam their kingdom, with an air as if they thought God made the Glimmerglass for their especial benefit.

Now and then they lost sight of each other for a little while, as one dived in search of a herring or a young salmon trout. I wish we could have followed Mahng down under the water and watched him at his hunting. He didn't dive as you do, with a jump and a plunge and a splash. He merely drew his head back a little, and then thrust it forward and downward, and went under as simply and easily as you would step out of bed, but with a good deal more dignity. He stretched his long neck far out in front, and pressed his wings tightly against his sides; his big webbed feet paddled with all their might, and his tail-rudder steered him to port or starboard as occasion demanded. Swift and strong and terrible, he ranged the depths of the lake, seeking what he might devour; and perhaps you can imagine how the poor little fishes wriggled when they saw him coming. The chase brought to a successful conclusion, or perhaps the supply of air in his lungs giving out, he returned to the upper world, and again his voice rang through the darkness and the falling snow. His wife answered with a shout, and drawing closer together they cruised the Glimmerglass side by side, with the big flakes dropping gently on their backs and folded wings, and the ripples spreading out on either hand like the swell from the bow of a steamer.

Once Mahng stayed down a little longer than usual, and when he came up he heard his wife calling in a tone which told plainly enough that something had happened. He hurried toward her, and this was what he saw. First, a light that shone dimly through the throng of snow-flakes and grew brighter and brighter until it was fairly dazzling. And then, as he drew nearer, he caught sight of his wife sitting on the water squarely in front of that light, and watching it with both her eyes. She was not calling now. She had forgotten Mahng, she had forgotten to paddle,

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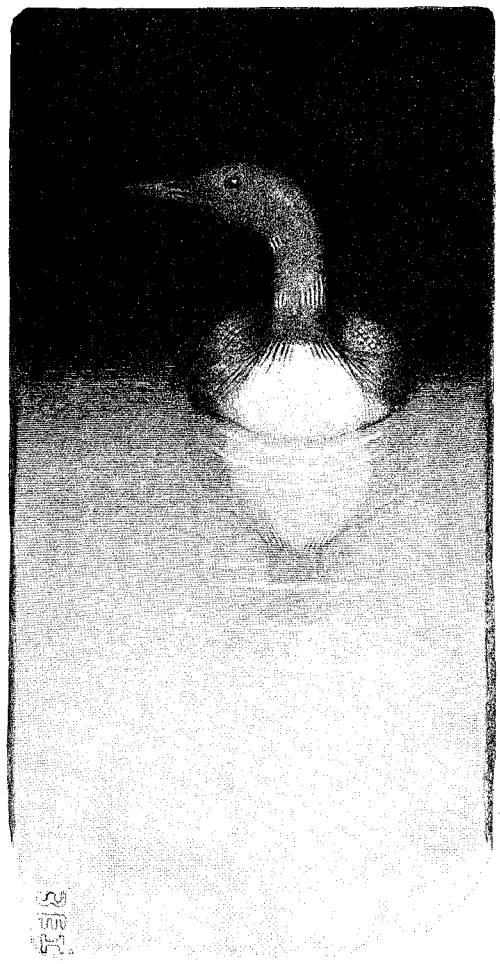
she had forgotten everything in her wonder at this strange, beautiful thing, the like of which had never before been seen upon the Glimmerglass. She herself was a rarely beautiful sight, if she had only known it, with the dark water rippling gently against her bosom, her big black head thrust forward, and the feathers of her throat and breast glistening in the glare of the headlight, white as the snow that was falling around her.

All this Mahng saw. What he did not see, because his eyes were dazzled, was a boat in the shadow behind the light, and a rifle-barrel pointing straight at his wife's breast. There was a blinding flash, a sharp, crashing report, and a cloud of smoke; and Mahng dived as quick as a wink. But his wife did not move; she would never dive again. The bullet had gone tearing through her body; and she lay stretched out on the water, perfectly motionless and apparently dead. Just as Mahng came to the surface, a hundred yards away, and just as my partner put out his hand to pick her up, she lifted her head and gave a last wild cry. Mahng heard it and answered, but he was too far away to see what had happened. He dared not return till the light had disappeared, and by that time she was gone. She had struggled violently for a moment, and had struck savagely at the hunter's hand, and then she had as suddenly collapsed; the water turned red, and her eyes closed forever. Did you know that among all God's creatures the birds are the only ones whose eyes close naturally in death? When our friends die we lay our hands reverently upon their faces, and weight the stiff lids with gold, but when the bird dies Nature herself draws the curtains over the empty windows of the soul.



"A RARELY BEAUTIFUL SIGHT."

During the next two or three days I frequently heard Mahng's voice, apparently calling his wife. Sometimes it was a mournful, long-drawn cry — "Hoo-woooo-ooo"—that might have been heard a mile away—a cry that seemed the very essence of loneliness, and that went right down where you lived, and made you feel like a murderer; and sometimes he broke into a wild peal of laughter, as if he hoped that that might better serve to call her back to him. His children had gone south some time before. They had seemed anxious to see the world. Perhaps, too, they had dreaded the approach of cooler weather more than the older birds, who had become somewhat seasoned by previous autumns. Anyhow, they had taken the long trail toward the Gulf of Mexico; and now that his wife was gone Mahng was entirely alone. And at last he seemed to make up his mind that he might as well follow them.

In the course of his winter wanderings through the south he happened to alight one day on a certain wild pond down in Mississippi, and there he found another loon—a widow whose husband had lost his life the previous summer under rather peculiar circumstances.

Beside a small lake in Minnesota there lives an old Dutchman who catches fish with empty beer bottles. On any calm, still day you may see a lot of them floating upright in the water, all tightly corked, and each

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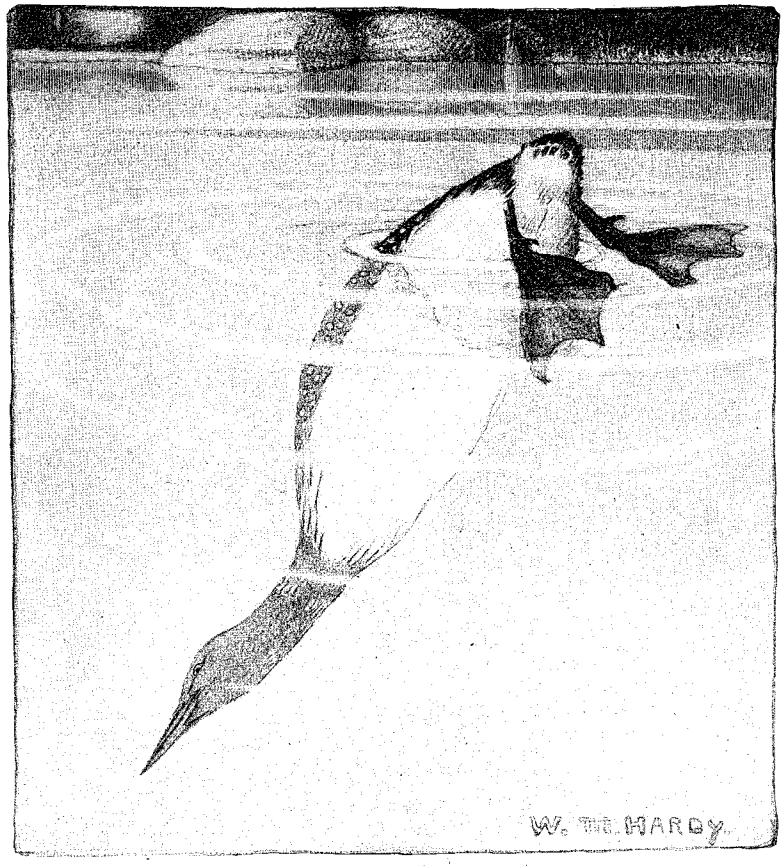
with the end of a fishing-line tied around its neck. They seem very decorous and well-behaved, but let a fish take one of the hooks and begin to pull, and immediately that particular bottle turns wrong end up, and acts as if it had taken a drop too much of its original contents. Then the Dutchman paddles out in his little scow, and perhaps by the time he has hauled in his fish and rebaited the hook another bottle is excitedly standing on its head. But never, before or since, has any of the bottles behaved as wildly as the one at the end of the line that a loon got hold of.

The loon—not Mahng, you understand—had dived in search of his dinner, and the first thing he saw that looked as if it might be good to eat was the bait on one of the Dutchman's hooks. He swallowed it, of course, and for the next five minutes he went charging up and down that lake at a tremendous rate, followed by a green glass monster with the name of a millionaire brewer blown in its side. Sometimes he was on the surface and sometimes he was under it, but wherever he went that horrible thing was close behind him, pulling so hard that the sharp cord cut the corner of his mouth till it bled. Once or twice he tried to fly, but the line caught his wing and brought him down again. When he dived it tangled itself around his legs and clogged the machinery, and when he tried to shout the hook in his throat would not let him do anything more than cough. The Dutchman got him at last; and eventually Mahng got his widow, as you shall see.

She had her children to look after, and for a time she was very busy, but, after a few weeks, they flew away to the south, as Mahng's had done, and she was free to go where she liked and do what she pleased. For a while she stayed where she was, like a sensible person. Minnesota suited her very well, and she was in no hurry to leave. But of course she could not stay on indefinitely, for some frosty night the pond would freeze over, and then she could neither dive for fish nor rise upon the wing. A loon on ice is about as helpless as an oyster. And so at last she, too, went south. She traveled by easy stages and had a pleasant journey, with many a stop and many a feast in the



THE LOON DIVING.

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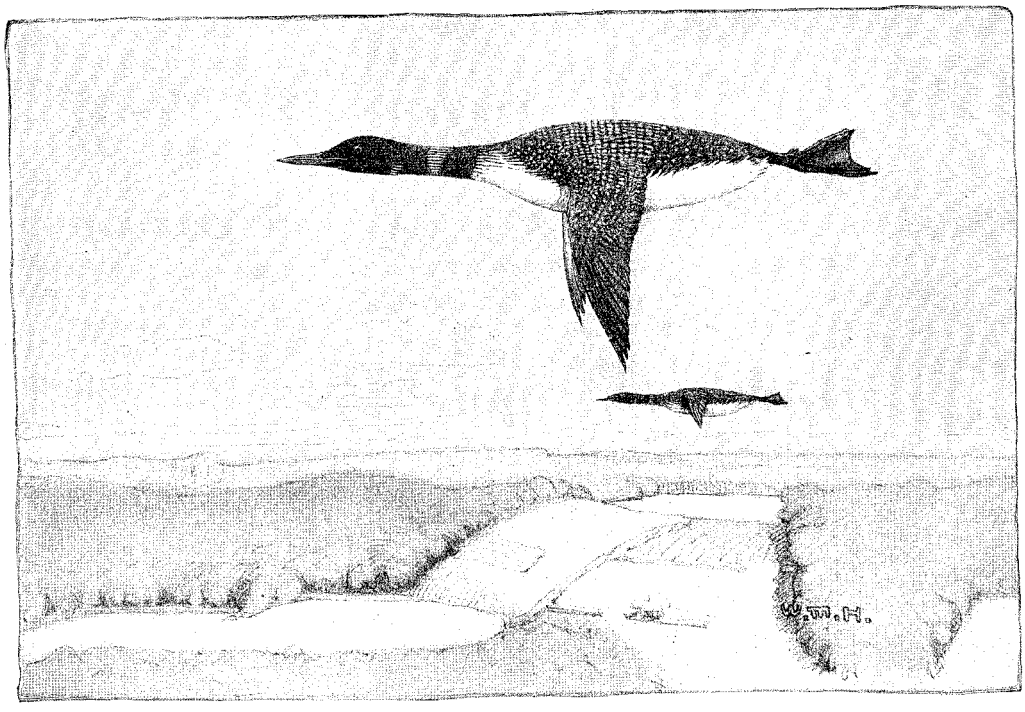

"THE OLD EARTH SLIDING SOUTHWARD FIFTY MILES AN HOUR."

lakes and rivers along the route. I should like to know, just out of curiosity, how many fish found their way down her capacious gullet during that pilgrimage through Illinois and Kentucky and Tennessee.

Well, no matter about that. The Mississippi pond was in sight and she was just slanting down toward the water, when a hunter fired at her from behind a clump of trees, and she dropped to the ground with one wing dangling helplessly at her side.

Now, as you probably know, a loon isn't built for running. There is an old story, one which certainly has the appearance of truth, to the effect that when Nature manufactured the first loon she forgot to give him any legs at all, and that he had started off on the wing before she noticed her mistake. Then she picked up the first pair that came to hand, and threw them after him. Unfortunately, they were a misfit; and, what was perhaps still worse, they struck his body in the wrong place. They were not only too short, but they were so far aft that, although he could stand almost as straight as a man, and could swim like a fish, it was almost impossible for him to walk. When he had to travel on land, which he always avoided as far as he could, he generally shoved himself along on his breast, and often used his wings and bill to help himself forward. All his descendants are just like him, so you can see for yourself that the widow's chances were pretty small, with the hunter bursting out of the bushes, and a broad strip of beach between herself and the friendly pond.

But she was a person of resources and energy, and in this great emergency she literally rose to the occasion, and did something that she had never done before in all her life and probably will never do again. The astonished hunter saw her lift herself until she stood nearly upright, and then actually run across the beach toward the water. She was leaning forward a trifle, her long neck was stretched out, her two short legs were trotting as fast as they could go, and her one good wing was wildly waving in a frantic endeavor to get on. It would have been comical if it hadn't been a matter of life and death. The hunter was hard after her, and his legs were a yard long while hers were only a few inches, so it was not surprising that he caught her just as she reached the margin. She wriggled out of his grasp and dashed on through the shallow water, and he followed close behind. In a moment he stooped and made another grab at her, and this time he got his arms around her body and pinned her wings down against her sides. But he had waded out a little too far, and had reached the point where

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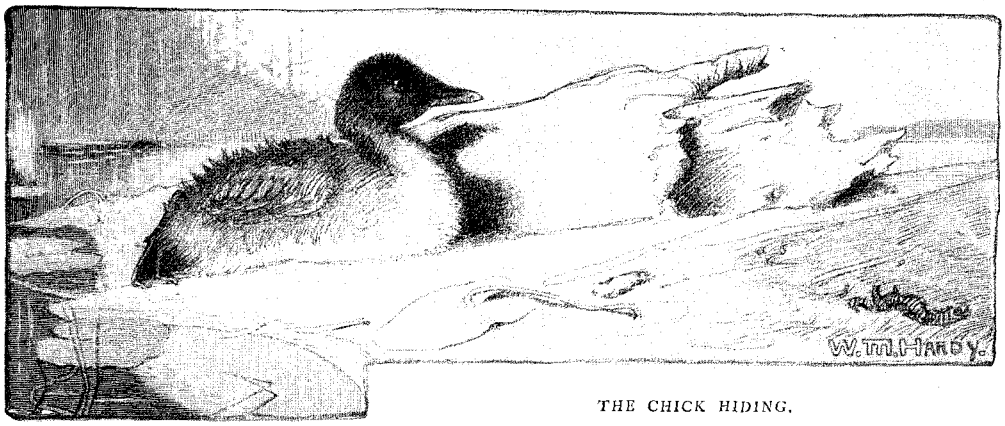
the bottom suddenly shelved off from fifteen inches to seventy-two. His foot slipped and in another second he was splashing wildly about in the water, and the loon was free.

A broken wing is not as serious a matter as you might suppose. The cold water kept the inflammation down, and it seemed as if all the vital forces of her strong, healthy body set to work at once to repair the damage.



THE CHICK HIDING.

If any comparative anatomist ever gets hold of the widow and dissects her, he will find a curious swelling in the principal bone of her left wing, somewhat like a plumber's joint in a lead pipe, and he will know what it means. It is the place where Nature soldered the broken pieces together. And it was while Nature was engaged in this soldering operation that Mahng arrived and began to cultivate the widow's acquaintance.

"In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon
the robin's breast,"

and in the spring the loon puts on his wedding garment, and his fancy, like the young man's, "lightly turns to thoughts of love."

But speaking of Mahng's wedding garment reminds me that I haven't told you about his winter dress. His back and wings were very dark brown, and his breast and under parts were white. His head and the upper portion of his neck were black, his feet and bill were also black, or blackish, and his legs were feathered right down to the heel-joint. His wings stretched more than five feet from tip to tip, and he weighed at least twelve pounds and would be larger before he died.

The ground-work of his nuptial finery was much the same, but the trimmings were very elegant. White spots appeared all over his back and the upper surfaces of his wings, some round and some square. They were not thrown on carelessly, but were arranged in graceful curved lines, and they quite changed his appearance, especially if one was as near him as one is supposed to be during a courting. His spring neckwear, too, was in exceedingly good taste, for he put on a sort of collar of very narrow vertical white stripes, which contrasted beautifully with the black around and between them. Higher up on his neck and head, the deep black feathers gleamed and shone in the sunlight with brilliant iridescent tints of green and violet. He was a very handsome bird.

Everything was going north. The sun was going north, the wind was going north, the birds were going, and Summer herself was sweeping up from the tropics as fast as ever she could travel. Mahng was restless. Sometimes he would spread his wings and beat the air furiously, dashing the spray in every direction, and almost lifting his heavy body out of the water. But the time was not yet come, and presently he would fold his pinions and go back to his courting.

Do you think he was very inconstant? Do you blame him for not being more faithful to the memory of the bird who was shot at his side only a few months before? Don't be too hard on him. What can a loon do when the spring-time calls, and the wind blows fresh and strong, and when his dreams are all of the vernal flight to the lonely northland, where the water is cold and the fish are good, and where there are such delightful nesting-places around the marshy ponds?

But how did the widow feel about it? Would she go with him? Ah! wouldn't she! Had not she too put on a wedding-garment just like Mahng's? And what was

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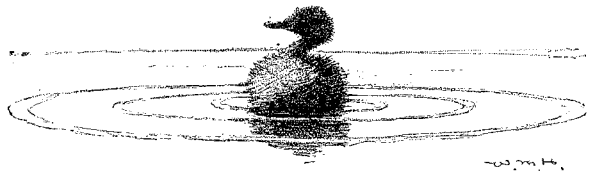
she there for, anyhow, if not to be wooed, and to find a mate, and to fly away with him a thousand miles to the north, and there, beside some lonely little lake, brood over her eggs and her young? Her wing was gaining strength all the time, and at last she was ready. You should have heard them laugh when the great day came and they pulled out for Michigan, Mahng a little in the lead, as became the larger and stronger, and his new wife close behind. The south wind was blowing; and over and over it seemed to say,

"We must go, go, go away from here;
On the other side the world we're overdue."

And they went. Up, and up, and up; higher and higher, till the road lay clear before them, league after league of sunshine and air, only waiting the stroke of their wings. Now steady, steady! Beat, beat, beat! And the old earth sliding southward fifty miles an hour. No soaring—their wings were too short for that sort of work—and no quick turning to right or left, but hurtling onward with whizzing pinions and eager eyes, straight toward the goal. Was it any wonder that they were happy, and that joyful shouts and wild peals of laughter came ringing down from the sky to tell us poor earth-bound men and women that somewhere up in the blue the loons were hurrying home?

Over the fresh fields, green with the young wheat; over the woods and the prairies; over the winding rivers and the smiling lakes; over the—shut your eyes, and dream a little while, and see if you can imagine what it was like. Does it make you wish you were a loon yourself? Never mind; some day we too shall take our wedding journeys in the air. Not on feathered pinions, but with throbbing engines and whizzing wheels, and with all the power of steam to lift us and bear us onward.



And riding on the air, alone with those roaring engines that have become for the time a part of ourselves, we shall know at last what our earth is really like, for we shall see it as the loons see it—yes, as God and His angels see it—this old earth on which we have lived for so many thousand years, and yet have never seen.

But, after all, the upper heavens will not be home; and some day, as we shoot northward, or southward, or eastward, or westward, we shall see beneath us the spot that is to be for us the best and dearest place in all the world, and dropping down out of the blue, we shall find something that is even better than riding on the wings of the wind. That was what happened to Mahng and his wife, for one evening, as they rushed over the pine-tops and the maples and birches, they saw the Glimmerglass just ahead. The water lay like polished steel in the fading light, and the brown ranks of the still leafless trees stood dark and silent around the shores. It was very quiet, and very, very lonely; and the lake and the woods seemed waiting and watching for something. And into that stillness and silence the loons came, with shouting and laughter, sweeping down on a long slant and hitting the water with a splash. The echoes awoke, and the Glimmerglass was alive, and summer had come to the northland.

They chose a place where the shore was low and marshy; and there, only two or three yards from the water's edge, they built a rude nest of grass and weeds and lily-pads. Two large greenish eggs, blotched with dark brown, lay in its hollow; and the wife sat there week after week and covered them with the warm feathers of her broad, white breast. In daylight and darkness, in sunshine and storm, she sat and waited, and at last the time came when there were four loons at the Glimmerglass instead of two.

The chicks were very smart and active, and they took to the water almost as soon as they were out of the shell, swimming and diving as if they had been accustomed to it for weeks instead of hours. In some ways, however, they required a good deal of care. For one thing, their little stomachs were not quite equal to the task of assimilating raw fish; and the parents had to swallow all their food for them, keep it down until it was partly digested, and then pass it up again to the hungry children. It must have been very unpleasant, and it made a good deal of delay; but it seemed to be the only practicable way of dealing with the situation. I am glad to say that this did not last very long, for by the time they were two weeks old the young loons were able to take

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their fish and reptiles and insects at first hand.

When the chicks first arrived they were covered all over with stiff down, dark sooty gray on their backs, and white underneath. But this did not last long, either. The first gray feathers soon appeared, and multiplied rapidly. I can't say that the young birds were particularly handsome, for even when their plumage was complete it was much quieter and duller of hue than their parents'. But they were fat and plump, and I think they thoroughly enjoyed life, especially before they discovered that there were enemies as well as friends in the world. That was a kind of knowledge that could not be avoided very long, however. They soon learned that men, and certain other animals such as hawks and skunks, were to be carefully shunned; and then you should have seen them run on the water whenever a suspicious-looking character hove in sight. Their wings were not yet large enough for flying, but they flapped them with all their might, and scampered across the Glimmerglass so fast that their little legs fairly twinkled, and they actually left a furrow in the water behind them. But the bottom of the lake was really the safest refuge, and if a boat or a canoe pressed them too closely they would dive below the surface, while the older birds tried to lure the enemy away by calling and shouting and making all sorts of demonstrations.

Generally these tactics were successful, but not always. Once some boys cornered the whole family in a small, shallow bay, where the water was not deep enough for diving, and before they could escape one of the young loons was driven up on the beach. He tried to hide behind a log, but he was captured and carried off, and I wish I had time to tell you of all the things that happened to him before he was finally killed and eaten by a dog. It was pretty hard on the old loons, but they still had one chick left, and you can't expect to raise *all* your children when human beings are so fond of killing or kidnapping them.

The summer was drawing to a close, and now Mahng did something of which I fear you will strongly disapprove. I didn't want to tell you about it, but I suppose I must. Two or three male loons passed over the Glimmerglass one afternoon, calling and shouting as they went, and he flew up and joined them, and came back no more that summer. It looked like a clear case of desertion, but we must remember that he had stood by his wife through the trying period of the spring and early summer, and that the time was at hand when the one chick that was left would go out into the world to paddle his own canoe, and when she would no longer need his help in caring for a family of young children. But you think he might have stayed with her, anyhow? Well, so do I; I'm sorry he didn't. They say that his cousins, the Red-Throated Loons, marry for life, and live together from the wedding-day till death; but that doesn't seem to be the way with the Great Northern Divers. Mahng was only following the usual practice of his kind; and if his first wife had not been shot, it is likely that they would have separated before they had gone very far toward the south. And yet it does not follow that the marriage was not a love-match. If you had seen them at their housekeeping I think you would have pronounced him a very good husband and father. Perhaps the conjugal bliss of the spring and summer was all the better for a taste of loneliness during the rest of the year.

Mahng came back the next spring, and of course he brought a wife with him. But was she the wife who had helped him wake the Glimmerglass with his shouting twelve months before? Well, I—I don't quite know. She looked very much like her, and I certainly hope she was the same bird. I should like to believe that they were reunited in the south, and had come back together for another season of parental cares and joys. But when I consider the difficulties in the way, I cannot help feeling doubtful about it. The two birds had gone south at different times and by different routes. Before they reached the lower Mississippi Valley they may have been hundreds of miles apart. Was it to be reasonably expected that Mahng, when he was ready to return, would search every pond and stream from the Cumberland to the Gulf? And is it likely that he would ever have found his wife of the previous summer, even if he had spent weeks and weeks in looking for her? His flight was swift and his sight keen, and his clarion voice rang far and wide over the marshes; but, nevertheless, it is no joke to find one particular bird in a region covering half a dozen States. If they had come north separately and had met at the Glimmerglass, it might have been a different matter; but they didn't do that.

Anyhow, Mahng brought a wife home. That much, at least, is established. They

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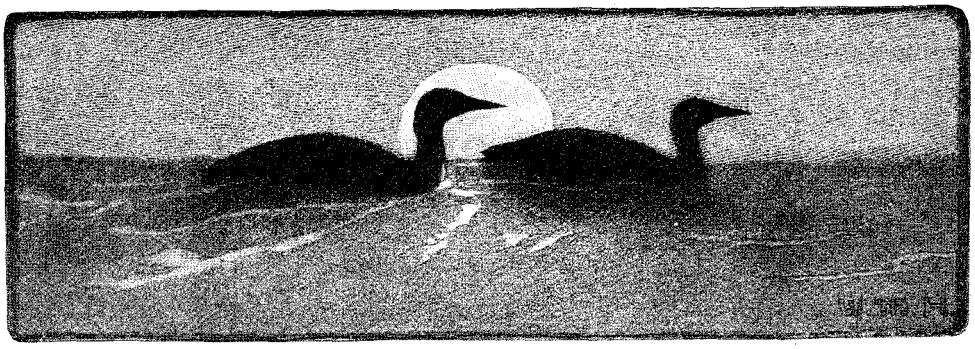

"A MOONLIGHT SWIM."

set to work at once to build a nest and make ready for some new babies; but, alas! there was little parental happiness or parental responsibility in store for them that year.

If you had been there you might have seen them swimming out from shore one bright, beautiful spring morning, when the sun had just risen, and when the woods and the waters lay calm and peaceful in the golden light, fairer than words can tell. They were after their breakfast, and presently they dived to see what was to be had. The light is dim down there in the depths of the Glimmerglass, the weeds are long and slimy, and the mud of the bottom is black and loathsome. But what does that matter? One can go back whenever one pleases. A few quick, powerful strokes will take you up into the open air, and you can see the woods and the sky. Aha! There is a herring, his scales shining like silver in the faint green light that comes down through the water. And there is a small salmon trout, with his gray-brown back and his golden sides. A fish for each of us.

The loons darted forward at full speed, but, strange to say, the two fish made no effort to escape, and did not even wriggle when the long, sharp bills closed upon them. They were dead, choked to death by the fine threads of a gill-net. And now those same threads laid hold of the loons themselves, and a fearful struggle began.

Mahng and his wife did not always keep their wings folded when they were under water. Sometimes they used them almost as if they were flying, and just now they had need of every muscle in their bodies. How their pinions lashed the water, and how their legs kicked and their long necks writhed, and how the soft mud rose in clouds and shut out the dim light! But the harder they fought the more tightly did the net grapple them, winding itself round and round their bodies, and soon lashing their wings down against their sides. Expert divers though they were, the loons were drowning. There was a ringing in their ears and a roaring in their heads, and the very last atoms of oxygen in their lungs were almost gone. Death was drawing very near, and the bright, sunshiny world where they had been so happy a moment before, the world to which they had thought they could return so easily, now seemed a thousand miles away. One last effort, one final struggle, and if that failed there would be nothing more to do but go to sleep forever.

Fortunately for Mahng, his portion of the net had been mildewed, and the strength had gone out of the linen threads. He was writhing and twisting with all his might, and suddenly he felt something give. He worked with redoubled energy, and in a moment another mesh broke, and then another, and another. A second more and he was free. Quick now, before the last spark goes out! With beating wings and churning paddles he fairly flew up through the green water toward the light, and on a sudden he shot out into the air, panting and gasping, and staring wildly around at the blue sky, and the quiet woods, and the smiling Glimmerglass. And how royally beautiful was the sunshine, and how sweet was the breath of life!

But his mate was not there, and but a few hours later the fisherman found in his gill-net the lifeless body of a drowned loon.

Mahng went north. He had thought that his spring flight was over, but now the Glimmerglass was no longer home, and he spread his wings once more and took his way toward the Arctic Circle. Over the hills, crowded with maples and birches; over the Great Tahquamenon Swamp, with its cranberry marshes, its tangles of spruce and

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cedar, and its thin, scattered ranks of tamarack; over the sandy ridges where the pine-trees stood tall and stately, and out on Lake Superior. The water was blue and the sunshine was bright, the wind was fresh and cool, and the billows rolled and tumbled as if they were alive and were having a good time together. Together—that's the word. They were together, but Mahng was alone; and he wasn't having a good time at all. He wanted a home and a nest and some young ones, but he didn't find them that year, although he went clear to Hudson Bay and looked everywhere for a mate. There were loons, plenty of them, but they had already mated and set up housekeeping, and he found no one who was in a position to halve his sorrows and double his joys.

The summer was an entire failure, and at last he gave up in despair and started south much earlier than usual.

CAUGHT IN THE BEAVER TRAP.

The southland, as everybody knows, is the only proper place for a loon courtship. There, I am pleased to say, Mahng found a new wife; and in due time he brought her up to the Glimmerglass. That was only last spring, and there is but one more incident for me to relate. This summer has been a happy and prosperous one, but there was a time when it seemed likely to end in disaster before it had fairly begun.

Just northeast of the Glimmerglass there lies a long, narrow, shallow pond. (I believe I mentioned it when I was telling you about the Beaver.) One afternoon, when Mahng had flown across to this pond and was swimming along close to the shore, he put his foot into a beaver trap and sprung it. Of course he did his best to get away, but the only result of his struggling was to work the trap out into deeper water. He made things fairly boil with the fierce beating of his wings; but it was of no use, he might better have saved his strength. He quieted down at last and sat very still, with only his head and neck out of water, and there he waited two mortal hours for something to happen.

Meanwhile his wife sat quietly on her eggs—there were three of them this time—and drowsed away the warm spring afternoon. By and by she heard a tramping as of heavy feet drawing nearer and nearer, and glancing between the tall grasses she saw, not a bear, nor yet a deer, but something worse—a man. She waited till he was within a few yards, and then she jumped up, scuttled down to the water as fast as she could go, and dived as if she were made of lead. The trapper glanced after her with a chuckle.

"Seems pretty badly scared," he said to himself, but his voice was not unkindly. His smile faded as he stood for a moment beside the nest, looking at the eggs, and thinking of what would some day come forth from them. He was a solitary old fellow, with never a wife, nor a child, nor a relative of any kind. His life in the woods was just what he had chosen for himself, and he would not have exchanged it for anything else in the world, but sometimes the loneliness of it came over him and he wished he had somebody to talk to. And now, looking at the eggs, and thinking of the fledglings that were coming to the loons, he

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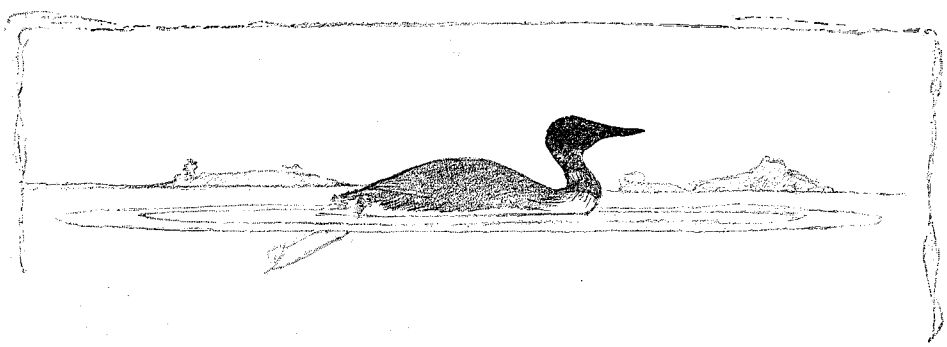
wondered how it would seem if he had some children of his own. Pretty soon he glanced out on the lake again, and saw Mahng's wife sitting quietly on the water, just out of range.

"Hope she won't stay away till they get cold," he thought, and went on his way across the swamp. The loon watched him till he passed out of sight, and then she swam in to the beach and pushed herself up the narrow run-way to her old place. The eggs were still warm.

Half an hour later the trapper stepped out of the bushes beside the pond, and caught sight of Mahng's head sticking out of the water. He was considerably astonished, but he promptly laid hold of the chain and drew bird, trap, and all up on the bank; and the next thing he did was to sit down on a log and laugh till the echoes went flying back and forth across the pond. Mahng was certainly a comical sight, plastered with mud, dripping with water, and with his left leg fast in that big steel killing-machine. All the fight was soaked out of him, and he lay prone upon the ground and waited for the trapper to do what he pleased. But the trapper did nothing—only sat on his log, and presently forgot to laugh. He was thinking of the sitting loon whom he had disturbed a little while before. This was probably her mate, and again there came over him a vague feeling that life had been very good to these birds, and had given them things which he, the man, had missed. He was growing old. A few more seasons and there would be one trapper less in the Great Tahquamenon Swamp, and he would die without—well, what was the use of thinking about it? But the loons? They would hatch their young, and care for them and protect them until they were ready to go out into the world, and then they would send them away to the south. A few weeks later they would follow, and next spring they would come back and do it all over again. That is—they would if he didn't kill them.

He rose from his log, smiling again at the abject look with which Mahng watched him, and putting one foot on each of the heavy steel springs, he threw his weight upon them and crushed them down. Mahng felt the jaws relax, and suddenly he knew that he was free. The strength came back with a rush to his weary limbs, and he sprang up, scrambled down the bank and into the water, and was gone. A few minutes later he reappeared far down the pond, and rising on the wing he flew away with a laugh toward the Glimmerglass.



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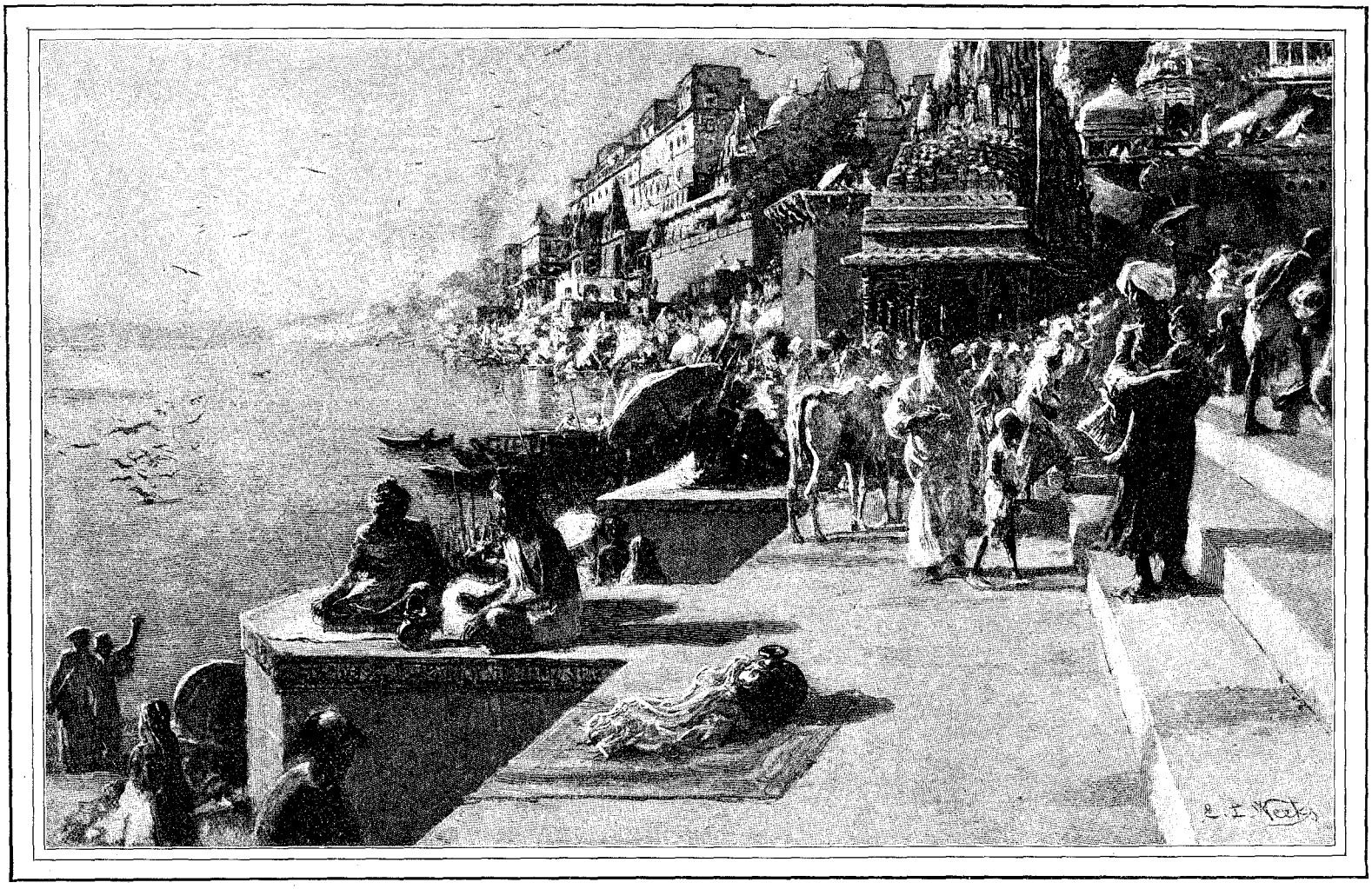

BENARES.

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KIM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

THE Kamboh plied Kim with ten thousand questions as to the lama's walk and work in life, and received some curious answers. Kim was content to be where he was, to look out upon the flat North-Western landscape, and to talk to the changing mob of fellow-passengers. Even to-day, tickets and ticket-clipping are dark oppression to Indian rustics. They do not understand why, when they have paid for a magic piece of paper, strangers should punch great pieces out of the charm. So, long and furious are the debates between travelers and Eurasian ticket-collectors. Kim assisted at two or three with grave advice, meant to darken council and to show off his wisdom before the lama and the admiring Kamboh. But at Somna Road the fates sent him a matter to think about. There tumbled into the compartment, as the train was moving off, a mean, lean little person—a Mahratta, so far as Kim could judge by the cock of the tight turban. His face was cut, his muslin upper-garment was badly torn, and one leg was bandaged. He told them that a country-cart had upset and nearly slain him: he was going to Delhi, where his son lived. Kim watched him closely. If, as he asserted, he had been rolled over and over on the earth, there should have been signs of gravel-rash on the skin. But all his injuries seemed clean cuts, and a mere fall from a cart could not cast a man into such extremity of terror. As, with shaking fingers, he knotted up the torn cloth about his neck, he laid bare an amulet of the kind called a keeper-up of the heart. Now, amulets are common enough, but they are not generally strung on square-plaited copper wire, and still fewer amulets bear black enamel on silver. There were none except the Kamboh and the lama in the compartment, which luckily was an old type one with solid sides. Kim made as to scratch in his bosom, and thereby lifted his own amulet. The Mahratta's face changed altogether at the sight, and he disposed the amulet fairly on his breast.

"Yes," he went on to the Kamboh, "I was in haste, and the cart, driven by a bastard, bound its wheel in a water-cut, and besides the harm done to me there was lost a full dish of *tarkeean*. I was not a Son of the Charm (a lucky man) that day."

"That was a great loss," said the Kamboh, withdrawing interest. His experience of Benares had made him suspicious.

"Who cooked it?" said Kim.

"A woman." The Mahratta raised his eyes.

"But all women can cook *tarkeean*," said the Kamboh. "It is a good curry, as I know."

"Oh yes, it is a good curry," said the Mahratta.

"And cheap," said Kim. "But what about caste?"

"Oh, there is no caste where men go to—look for *tarkeean*," the Mahratta replied, in the prescribed cadence. "Of whose service art thou?"

"Of the service of this Holy One." Kim pointed to the happy, drowsy lama, who woke with a jerk at the well-loved word.

"Ah, he was sent from heaven to aid me. He is called the Friend of all the World. He is also called the Friend of the Stars. He walks as a physician—his time being ripe. Great is his wisdom."

"And a Son of the Charm," said Kim under his breath, as the Kamboh made haste to prepare a pipe lest the Mahratta should beg.

"And who is *that?*" the Mahratta asked, glancing sideways nervously.

"One whose child I—we have cured, who lies under great debt to us.—Sit by the window, man from Jullundur. Here is a sick one."

"Humph! *I* have no desire to mix with chance-met wastrels. *My* ears are not long. *I* am not a woman wishing to overhear secrets." The Jat slid himself heavily into a far corner.

"Art thou anything of a healer? I am

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ten leagues deep in calamity," cried the Mahratta, picking up the cue.

"The man is cut and bruised all over. I go about to cure him," Kim retorted. "None interfered between thy babe and me."

"I am rebuked," said the Kamboh meekly. "I am thy debtor for the life of my son. Thou art a miracle-worker—I know it."

"Show me the cuts." Kim bent over the Mahratta's neck, his heart nearly choking him; for this was the Great Game with a vengeance. "Now, tell thy tale swiftly, brother, while I say a charm."

"I come from the South, where my work lay. One of us they slew by the roadside. Hast thou heard?" Kim shook his head. He, of course, knew nothing of E.23's predecessor, slain down South in the habit of an Arab trader. "Having found a certain letter which I was sent to seek, I came away. I escaped from the city and ran to Mhow. So sure was I that none knew, I did not change my face. At Mhow a woman brought charge against me of theft of jewelry in that city which I had left. Then I saw the cry was out against me. I ran from Mhow by night, bribing the police, who had been bribed to hand me over without question to my enemies in the South. Then I lay in old Chitor city a week, a penitent in a temple, but I could not get rid of the letter which was my charge. I buried it under the Queen's Stone, at Chitor, in the place known to us all."

Kim did not know, but not for worlds would he have broken the thread.

"At Chitor, look you, I was all in Kings' country; for Kotah to the east is beyond the Queen's law, and east again lie Jeypur and Gwalior. Neither love spies, and there is no justice. I was hunted like a wet jackal; but I broke through at Bandakui, where I heard there was a charge against me of murder in the city I had left—of the murder of a boy. They have both the corpse and the witnesses waiting."

"But cannot the Government protect?"

"We of the Game are beyond protection. If we die, we die. Our names are blotted from the book. That is all. At Bandakui, where lives one of us, I thought to slip the scent by changing my face, and so made me a Mahratta. Then I came to Agra, and would have turned back to Chitor to recover the letter. So sure I was I had slipped them. Therefore I did not send a *tar* (telegram) to any one saying where the letter lay. I wished the credit of it all."

Kim nodded. He understood that feeling well.

"But at Agra, walking in the streets, a man cried a debt against me, and approaching with many witnesses, would hale me to the courts then and there. Oh, they are clever in the South! He recognized me as his agent for cotton. May he burn in Hell for it!"

"And wast thou?"

"O fool! I was the man they sought for the matter of the letter! I ran into the Fleshers' Ward and came out by the House of the Jew, who feared a riot and pushed me forth. I came afoot to Somna Road—I had only money for my *tikkut* to Delhi—and there, while I lay in a ditch with a fever, one sprang out of the bushes and beat me and cut me and searched me from head to foot. Within earshot of the *te-rain* it was!"

"Why did he not slay thee out of hand?"

"They are not so foolish. If I am taken in Delhi at the instance of lawyers, upon a proven charge of murder, my body is handed over to the State that desires it. I go back guarded, and then—I die slowly for an example to the rest of us. The South is not my country. I run in circles—like a goat with one eye. I have not eaten for two days. I am marked"—he touched the filthy bandage on his leg—"so that they will know me at Delhi."

"Thou art safe in the *te-rain*, at least."

"Live a year at the Great Game and tell me that again! The wires will be out against me at Delhi, describing every tear and rag upon me. Twenty—a hundred, if need be—will have seen me slay that boy. And thou art useless!"

Kim knew enough of native methods of attack not to doubt that the case would be deadly complete—even to the corpse. The Mahratta twitched his fingers with pain from time to time. The Kamboh in his corner glared sullenly; the lama was busy over his beads; and Kim, fumbling doctor-fashion at the man's neck, thought out his plan between invocations.

"Hast thou a charm to change my shape? Else I am dead. Five—ten minutes alone, if I had not been so pressed, and I might yet——"

"Is he cured yet, miracle-worker?" said the Kamboh jealously. "Thou hast chanted long enough."

"Nay. There is no cure for his hurts, as I see, except he sit for three days in the habit of a *bairagi*." This is a common pen-

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ance, often imposed on a fat trader by his spiritual teacher.

"One priest always goes about to make another priest," was the retort. Like most grossly superstitious folk, the Kamboh could not keep his tongue from deriding his Church.

"Will thy son be a priest, then? It is time he took more of my quinine."

"We Jats are all buffaloes," said the Kamboh, softening anew.

Kim rubbed a finger-tip of bitterness on the child's trusting little lips. "I have asked for nothing," he said sternly to the father, "except food. Dost thou grudge me that? I go to heal another man. Have I thy leave—Prince?"

Up flew the man's huge paws in supplication. "Nay—nay. Do not mock me thus."

"It pleases me to cure this sick one. Thou shalt acquire merit by aiding. What color ash is there in thy pipe-bowl? White. That is auspicious. Was there raw turmeric among thy food-stuffs?"

"I—I——"

"Open thy bundle!"

It was the usual collection of small oddments: bits of cloth, quack medicines, cheap fairings, a clothful of *atta*,—grayish, rough-ground native flour,—twists of down-country tobacco, tawdry pipe-stems, and a packet of curry stuff all wrapped in a quilt. Kim turned it over with the air of a wise warlock, muttering a Mohammedan invocation.

"This is wisdom I learned from the Sahibs," he whispered to the lama; and here, when one thinks of his training at Lurgan's, he spoke no more than the truth. "There is a great evil in this man's fortune, as shown by the stars, which—which troubles him. Shall I take it away?"

"Friend of the Stars, thou hast done well in all things. Let it be thy pleasure. Is it another healing?"

"Quick! Be quick!" gasped the Mahratta. "The train may stop."

"A healing against the shadow of death," said Kim, mixing the Kamboh's flour with the mingled charcoal and tobacco ash in the red-earth bowl of the pipe. E.23, without a word, slipped off his turban and shook down his long black hair.

"That is my food—priest," the Jat growled.

"A buffalo in the temple! Hast thou dared to look even thus far?" said Kim. "I must do mysteries before fools; but have a care for thy eyes. Is there a film before them already? I save the babe, and for return thou—oh, shameless!" The man flinched at the direct gaze, for Kim was wholly in earnest. "Shall I curse thee, or shall I——" He picked up the outer cloth of the bundle and threw it over the bowed head. "Dare so much as to think a wish to see, and—and—even I cannot save thee. Sit! Be dumb!"

"I am blind—dumb. Forbear to curse! Co—come child; we will play a game of hiding. Do not, for my sake, look from under the cloth."

"I see hope," said E.23. "What is thy scheme?"

"This comes next," said Kim, plucking the thin body-shirt. E.23 hesitated, with all a North-West man's dislike of baring his body.

"What is caste to a cut throat?" said Kim, rending it to the waist. "We must make thee a yellow Saddhu all over. Strip—strip swiftly, and shake thy hair over thy eyes while I scatter the ash. Now, a caste-mark on thy forehead." He drew from his bosom the little Survey paint-box and a cake of crimson lake.

"Art thou only a beginner?" said E.23, laboring literally for the dear life, as he slid out of his body-wrappings and stood clear in the loin-cloth while Kim splashed in a noble caste-mark on the ash-smeared brow.

"But two days entered to the Game, brother," Kim replied. "Smear more ash on the bosom."

"Hast thou met—a physician of sick pearls?" He switched out his long, tight-rolled turban-cloth and, with swiftest hands, rolled it over and under about his loins into the intricate devices of a Saddhu's cincture.

"Hah! Dost thou know his touch, then? He was my teacher for awhile. We must bar thy legs. Ash cures wounds. Smear it again."

"I was his pride once, but thou art almost better. The Gods are kind to us! Give me *that*."

It was a tin box of opium pills among the rubbish of the Jat's bundle. E.23 gulped down a half handful. "They are good against hunger, fear, and chill. And they make the eyes red too," he explained. "Now I shall have heart to play the Game. We lack only a Saddhu's tongs. What of the old clothes?"

Kim rolled them small, and stuffed them into the slack folds of his tunic. With a yellow-ochre paint cake he smeared the legs and the breast, great streaks against the background of flour, ash, and turmeric.

"The blood on them is enough to hang thee, brother."

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"May be; but no need to throw them out of the window. . . . It is finished." His voice thrilled with a boy's pure delight in the Game. "Turn and look, O Jat!"

"The Gods protect us," said the hooded Kamboh, emerging like a buffalo from the reeds. "But—whither went the Mahratta? What hast thou done?"

Kim had been trained by Lurgan Sahib; and E.23, by virtue of his business, was no bad actor. In place of the tremulous, shrinking trader there lolled against the corner an all but naked, ash-smeared, ochre-barred, dusty-haired Saddhu, his swollen eyes—opium takes quick effect on an empty stomach—luminous with insolence and bestial lust, his legs crossed under him, Kim's brown rosary round his neck, and a scant yard of worn, flowered chintz on his shoulders. The child buried his face in his amazed father's arms.

"Look up, Princeling! We travel with warlocks, but they will not hurt thee. Oh, do not cry. . . . What is the sense of curing a child one day and killing him with fright the next?"

"The child will be fortunate all his life. He has seen a great healing. When I was a child I made clay men and horses."

"I have made them too. Sír Banás, he comes in the night and makes them all alive at the back of our kitchen-midden," piped the child.

"And so thou art not frightened at anything. Eh, Prince?"

"I was frightened because my father was frightened. I felt his arms shake."

"Oh, chicken-man," said Kim, and even the abashed Jat laughed. "I have done a healing on this poor trader. He must forsake his gains and his account-books, and sit by the wayside three nights to overcome the malignity of his enemies. The Stars are against him."

"The fewer money-lenders the better say I; but, Saddhu or no Saddhu, he should pay for my stuff on his shoulders."

"So? But that is thy child on thy shoulder—given over to the burning-ghat not two days ago. There remains one thing more. I did this charm in thy presence because need was great. I changed his shape and his soul. None the less, if, by any chance, O man from Jullundur, thou rememberest what thou hast seen, either among the elders sitting under the village tree, or in thy own house, or in company of thy priest when he blesses thy cattle, a murrain will come among the buffaloes, and a fire in thy thatch, and rats in the corn-bin, and the curse of our Gods upon thy fields that they may be barren before thy feet and after thy plowshare." This was part of an old curse picked up from a *faquir* by the Taksali Gate in the days of Kim's innocence. It lost nothing by repetition.

"Cease, Holy One! In mercy, cease!" cried the Jat. "Do not curse the household. I saw nothing! I heard nothing! I am thy cow!" and he made to grab at Kim's bare foot beating rhythmically on the carriage floor.

"But since thou hast been permitted to aid me in the matter of a pinch of flour and a little opium and such trifles as I have honored by using in my art, so will the Gods return a blessing," and he gave it at length, to the man's immense relief. It was one that he had learned from Lurgan Sahib.

The lama stared through his spectacles as he had not stared at the business of disguisement.

"Friend of the Stars," he said at last, "thou hast acquired great wisdom. Beware that it do not give birth to pride. No man having the Law before his eyes speaks hastily of any matter which he has seen or encountered."

"No—no—no indeed," cried the farmer, fearful lest the master should be minded to improve on the pupil. E.23, with relaxed mouth, gave himself up to the opium that is meat, tobacco, and medicine to the spent Asiatic.

So, in a silence of awe and great miscomprehension, they slid into Delhi about lamplighting time.

CHAPTER XII.

Who has desired his Sea—the sight of salt-water unbounded?
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded?
The sleek-barreled swell before storm—gray, foamless, enormous, and growing?
Stark calm on the top of the Line—or the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing?
His Sea in no showing the same—his Sea and the same neath all showing—
His Sea that his being fulfils?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise Hill-men desire their Hills.

"I HAVE found my heart again," said E.23, under cover of the platform's tumult. "Hunger and fear make men dazed, or I might have thought of this escape before. I was right. They come to look for me. Thou hast saved my head."

A group of yellow-trousered Punjab police-

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men, headed by a hot and perspiring young Englishman, parted the crowd about the carriages. Behind them, inconspicuous as a cat, ambled a small fat person who looked like a lawyer's tout.

"See the young Sahib reading from a paper. My description is in his hand," said E.23. "They go carriage by carriage, like fisher-folk netting a pool."

When the procession reached their compartment, E.23 was counting his beads with a steady jerk of the wrist; while Kim jeered at him for being so drugged as to have lost the ringed fire-tongs which are the Saddhu's distinguishing mark. The lama, lost in meditation, stared straight before him; and the farmer, glancing furtively, gathered up his belongings.

"Nothing here but a parcel of holy-bolies," said the Englishman aloud, and passed on amid of ripple of uneasiness; for native police mean extortion to the native all India over.

"The trouble now," whispered E.23, "lies in sending a wire as to the place where I hid that letter I was sent to find. I cannot go to the *tar*-office in this guise."

"Is it not enough I have saved thy neck?"

"Not if the work be left unfinished. Did never the healer of sick pearls tell thee so? Comes another Sahib! Ah!"

This was a tallish, sallowish District Superintendent of Police,—belt, helmet, polished spurs and all,—strutting and twirling his dark mustache.

"What fools are these Police Sahibs!" said Kim genially.

E.23 glanced up under his eyelids. "It is well said," he muttered in a changed voice. "I go to drink water. Keep my place."

He blundered out almost into the Englishman's arms, and was bad-worded in clumsy Urdu.

"*Tum mut?* You drunk? You mustn't bang about as though Delhi station belonged to you, my friend."

E.23, not moving a muscle of his countenance, answered with a stream of the filthiest abuse, at which Kim naturally rejoiced. It reminded him of the drummer-boys and the barrack-sweepers at Umballa in the terrible time of his first schooling.

"My good fool," the Englishman drawled. "*Nickle-jao!* Go back to your carriage."

Step by step, withdrawing deferentially, and dropping his voice, the yellow Saddhu clomb back to the carriage, cursing the D.S.P. to remotest posterity by—here Kim almost jumped—by the curse of the Queen's Stone, by the writing under the Queen's Stone, and by an assortment of Gods with wholly new names.

"I don't know what you're saying,"—the Englishman flushed angrily,—"but it's some piece of blasted impertinence. Come out of that!"

E.23, affecting to misunderstand, gravely produced his ticket, which the Englishman wrenched angrily from his hand.

"Oh *zoolum!* What oppression!" growled the Jat from his corner. "All for the sake of a jest too." He had been grinning at the freedom of the Saddhu's tongue. "Thy charms do not work well to-day, Holy One!"

The Saddhu followed the policeman, fawning and supplicating. The ruck of passengers, busy with their babies and their bundles, had not noticed the affair. Kim slipped out behind him; for it flashed through his head that he had heard this angry, stupid Sahib discoursing loud personalities to an old lady near Umballa three years ago.

"It is well," the Saddhu whispered, jammed in the calling, shouting, bewildered press—a Persian greyhound between his feet and a cadgeful of yelling hawks under charge of a Rajput falconer in the small of his back. "He has gone now to send word of the letter which I hid. They told me he was in Peshawur. I might have known that he is like the crocodile—always at the other ford. He has saved me from present calamity, but I owe my life to thee."

"Is he also one of Us?" Kim ducked under a Mewar camel-driver's greasy armpit and cannoned off a covey of jabbering Sikh matrons.

"Not less than the greatest. We are both fortunate! I will make report to him of what thou hast done. I am safe under his protection."

He bored through the edge of the crowd, besieging the carriages, and squatted by the bench near the telegraph-office.

"Return, or they take thy place! Have no fear for the work, brother—or my life. Thou hast given me breathing-space, and Strickland Sahib has pulled me to land. We may work together at the Game yet. Farewell!"

Kim hurried to his carriage: elated, bewildered, but a little nettled in that he had no key to the secrets about him.

"I am only a beginner at the Game, that is sure. *I* could not have leaped into safety as did the Saddhu. He knew it was darkest under the lamp. *I* could not have thought

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to tell news under pretense of cursing . . . and how clever was the Sahib! No matter, I saved the life of one. . . . Where is the Kamboh gone, Holy One?" he whispered, as he took his seat in the now crowded compartment.

"A fear gripped him," the lama replied, with a touch of tender malice. "He saw thee change the Mahratta to a Saddhu in the twinkling of an eye, as a protection against evil. That shook him. Then he saw the Saddhu fall sheer into the hands of the *polis*—all the effect of thy art. Then he gathered up his son and fled; for he said that thou didst change a quiet trader into an impudent bandier of words with the Sahibs, and he feared a like fate. Where is the Saddhu?"

"With the *polis*," said Kim. . . . "Yet I saved the Kamboh's child."

The lama snuffed blandly.

"Ah, *chela*, see how thou art overtaken! Thou didst cure the Kamboh's child solely to acquire merit. But thou didst put a spell on the Mahratta with prideful workings—I watched thee—and with side-long glances to bewilder an old old man and a foolish farmer: whence calamity and suspicion."

Kim controlled himself with an effort beyond his years. Not more than any other youngster did he like to eat dirt or to be misjudged, but he saw himself in a cleft stick. The train rolled out of Delhi into the night.

"It is true," he murmured. "Where I have offended thee I have done wrong."

"It is more, *chela*. Thou hast loosed an Act upon the world, and as a stone thrown into a pool so spread the consequences thou canst not tell how far."

This ignorance was well both for Kim's vanity and for the lama's peace of mind, when we think that there was then being handed in at Simla a code-wire reporting the arrival of E.23 at Delhi, and, more important, the whereabouts of a letter he had been commissioned to—abstract. Incidentally, an over-zealous policeman had arrested, on charge of murder done in a far southern State, a horribly indignant Ajmir cotton-broker, who was explaining himself to a Mr. Strickland on Delhi platform, while E.23 was paddling through byways into the locked heart of Delhi city. In two hours several telegrams had reached the angry minister of a southern State reporting that all trace of a somewhat bruised Mahratta had been lost; and by the time the leisurely train halted at Saharunpore the last ripple of the stone Kim had helped to heave was lapping against the steps of a mosque in far-away Roum—where it disturbed a pious man at prayers.

The lama made his in ample form near the dewy bougainvillea-trellis near the platform, cheered by the clear sunshine and the presence of his disciple. "We will put these things behind us," he said, indicating the brazen engine and the gleaming track. "The jolting of the *te-rain*—though a wonderful thing—has turned my bones to water. We will use clean air henceforward."

"Let us go to the Kulu woman's house." Kim stepped forth cheerily under the bundles. Early morning Saharunpore-way is clean and well scented. He thought of the other mornings at St. Xavier's, and it topped his already thrice-heaped contentment.

"Where is this new haste born from? Wise men do not run about like chickens in the sun. We have come hundreds upon hundreds of *kos* already, and, till now, I have scarcely been alone with thee an instant. How canst thou receive instruction all jostled of crowds? How can I, whelmed by a flux of talk, meditate upon the Way?"

"Her tongue grows no shorter with the years, then?" The disciple smiled.

"Nor her desire for charms. I remember once when I spoke of the Wheel of Life"—the lama fumbled in his bosom for his latest copy—"she was only curious about the devils that besiege children. She shall acquire merit by entertaining us—in a little while—at an after-occasion—softly, softly. Now we will wander loose-foot, waiting upon the Chain of Things. The Search is sure."

So they traveled very easily across and among the broad bloomful fruit-gardens—by way of Aminabad, Sahaigunge, Akrola of the Ford, and little Phulesa—the line of the Sewaliks always to the north, and behind them again the snows. After long, sweet sleep under the dry stars came the lordly, leisurely passage through a waking village—begging-bowl held forth in silence, but eyes roving in defiance of the Law from sky's edge to sky's edge. Then would Kim return soft-footed through the soft dust to his master under the shadow of a mango tree or the thinner shade of a white Doon *siris*, to eat and drink at ease. At mid-day, after talk and a little wayfaring, they slept; meeting the world refreshed when the air was cooler. Night found them adventuring into new territory—some chosen village spied three hours before across the fat land, and much discussed upon the road.

There they told their tale—a new one each

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evening so far as Kim was concerned—and there were they made welcome, either by priest or headman, after the custom of the kindly East.

When the shadows shortened and the lama leaned more heavily upon Kim, there was always the Wheel of Life to draw forth, to hold flat under wiped stones, and with a long straw to expound cycle by cycle. Here sat the Gods on high—and they were dreams of dreams. Here was our Heaven and the world of the demi-Gods—horsemen fighting among the hills. Here were the agonies done upon the beasts, souls ascending or descending the ladder and therefore not to be interfered with. Here were the Hells, hot and cold, and the abodes of tormented ghosts. Let the *chela* study the troubles that come from overeating—bloated stomach and burning bowels. Obediently then, with bowed head and brown finger alert to follow the pointer, did the *chela* study; but when they came to the Human World, busy and profitless, that is just above the Hells, his mind was distracted; for by the roadside trundled the very Wheel itself, eating, drinking, trading, marrying, and quarreling—all warmly alive. Often the lama made the living pictures the matter of his text, bidding Kim—too ready—note how the flesh takes a thousand thousand shapes, desirable or detestable as men reckon, but in truth of no account either way; and how the stupid spirit, bond-slave to the Hog, the Dove, and the Serpent—lusting after betel-nut, a new yoke of oxen, women, or the favor of kings—is bound to follow the body through all the Heavens and all the Hells, and strictly round again. Sometimes a woman or a poor man, watching the ritual—it was nothing less—when the great yellow chart was unfolded, would throw a few flowers or a handful of cowries upon its edge. It sufficed these humble ones they had met a Holy One who might be moved to remember them in his prayers.

"Cure them if they are sick," said the lama, when Kim's sporting instincts woke. "Cure them if they have fever, but by no means work charms. Remember what befell the Mahratta."

"Then all Doing is evil?" Kim replied, lying out under a big tree at the fork of the Doon road, watching the little ants run over his hand.

"To abstain from action is well—except to acquire merit."

"At the Gates of Learning we were taught that to abstain from action was unbefitting a Sahib. And I am a Sahib."

"Friend of all the World,"—the lama looked directly at Kim—"I am an old man—pleased with shows as are children. To those who follow the Way there is neither black nor white, Hind nor Bhotiyal. We be all souls seeking escape. No matter what thy wisdom learned among Sahibs, when we come to my River thou wilt be freed from all illusion—at my side. Hai! my bones ache for that River, as they ached in the *te-rain;* but my spirit sits above my bones, waiting. The Search is sure!"

"I am answered. Is it permitted to ask a question?"

The lama inclined his stately head.

"I ate thy bread for three years—as thou knowest. Holy One, whence came——"

"There is much wealth, as men count it, in Bhotiyal," the lama returned with composure. "In my own place I have the illusion of honor. I ask for that I need. I am not concerned with the account. That is for my monastery. Ai! The black high seats in the monastery, and the novices all in order!"

And he told stories, tracing with a finger in the dust, of the immense and sumptuous ritual of avalanche-guarded cathedrals, of processions and devil-dances, of the changing of monks and nuns into swine, of holy cities fifteen thousand feet in the air, of intrigue between monastery and monastery, of voices among the hills, and of that mysterious mirage that dances on dry snow. He spoke even of Lhassa and of the Dalai Lama, whom he had seen and adored.

Each long, perfect day rose behind Kim for a barrier to cut him off from his race and his mother-tongue. He slipped back to thinking and dreaming in the vernacular, and mechanically followed the lama's ceremonial observances at eating, drinking, and the like. The old man's mind turned more and more to his monastery as his eyes turned to the steadfast snows. His River troubled him nothing. Now and again, indeed, he would gaze long and long at a tuft or a twig, expecting, he said, the earth to cleave and deliver its blessing; but he was content to be with his disciple, at ease in the temperate wind that comes down from the Doon. This was not Ceylon, nor Buddh Gaya, nor Bombay, nor some grass-tangled ruins that he seemed to have stumbled upon two years ago. He spoke of those places as a scholar removed from vanity, as a Seeker walking in humility, as an old man, wise and temperate, illumining knowledge with brilliant insight. Bit by bit, disconnectedly, each

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tale called up by some wayside thing, he spoke of all his wanderings up and down Hind; till Kim, who had loved him without reason, now loved him for fifty good reasons. So they enjoyed themselves in high felicity, abstaining as the Rule demands from evil words, covetous desires, not over-eating, not lying on high beds, nor wearing rich clothes. Their stomach told them the time, and the people brought them their food, as the saying is. They were lords of the villages of Aminabad, Sahaigunge, Akrola of the Ford, and little Phulesa, where Kim gave the soulless woman a blessing.

But news travels fast in India, and too soon there shuffled across the crop-land, bearing a basket of fruits with a box of Kabul grapes and gilt oranges, a white-whiskered servitor—a lean, dry Oorya—begging them to bring the honor of their presence to his mistress, distressed in her mind that the lama had neglected her so long.

"Now do I remember"—the lama spoke as though it were a wholly new proposition. "She is virtuous, but an inordinate talker."

Kim was sitting on the edge of a cow's manger, telling stories to a village smith's children.

"She will only ask for another son for her daughter. I have not forgotten her," he said. "Let her acquire merit. Send word that we will come."

They covered eleven miles through the fields in two days, and were overwhelmed with attentions at the end; for the old lady held a fine tradition of hospitality, to which she forced her son-in-law, who was under the thumb of his women-folk and bought peace by borrowing of the money-lender. Age had not weakened her tongue or her memory, and from a discreetly barred upper window, in the hearing of not less than a dozen servants, she paid Kim compliments that would have flung European audiences into unclean dismay.

"But thou art still the shameless beggar-brat of the *parao*," she shrilled. "I have not forgotten thee. Wash ye and eat. The father of my daughter's son is gone away awhile. So we poor women are dumb and useless."

For proof, she harangued the entire household unsparingly till food and drink were brought; and in the evening—the smoke-scented evening, copper-dun and turquoise across the fields—it pleased her to order her palanquin to be set down in the untidy forecourt by smoky torch-light; and there, behind not too closely drawn curtains, she gossiped.

"Had the Holy One come alone, I should have received him otherwise; but with this rogue, who can be too careful?"

"Maharanee," said Kim, choosing as always the amplest title, "is it my fault that none other than a Sahib—a *polis*-sahib—called the Maharanee whose face he——"

"Chitt! That was on the pilgrimage. When we travel—thou knowest the proverb."

"Called the Maharanee a Breaker of Hearts and a Dispenser of Delights?"

"To remember that! It was true. So he did. That was in the time of the bloom of my beauty." She chuckled like a contented parrot above the sugar lump. "Now tell me of thy goings and comings—as much as may be without shame. How many maids, and whose wives, hang upon thy eyelashes? Ye come from Benares? I would have gone there again this year, but my daughter—we have only two sons. Phaii! Such is the effect of these low plains. Now in Kulu men are elephants. But I would ask thy Holy One—stand aside rogue—a charm against most lamentable windy colics that in mango-time overtake my daughter's eldest. Two years back he gave me a powerful spell."

"Oh, Holy One!" said Kim, bubbling with mirth at the lama's rueful face.

"It is true. I gave her one against wind."

"Teeth—teeth—teeth," snapped the old woman.

"Cure them when they are sick," Kim quoted relishingly, "but by no means work charms. Remember what befell the Mahratta."

"That was two Rains ago; she wearied me with her continual importunity." The lama groaned as the Unjust Judge had groaned before him. "Thus it comes—take note, my *chela*—that even those who would follow the Way are thrust aside by idle women. Three days through, when the child was sick, she talked to me."

"Arre! and to whom else should I talk? The boy's mother knew nothing, and the father—in the nights of the cold weather it was—'Pray to the Gods,' said he, forsooth, and turning over, snored!"

"I gave her the charm. What is an old man to do?"

"'To abstain from action is well—except when we acquire merit.'"

"Ah, *chela*, if thou desertest me, I am all alone."

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"He found his milk-teeth easily at any rate," said the old lady. "But all priests are alike."

Kim coughed severely. Being young, he did not approve of her flippancy. "To importune the wise out of season is to invite calamity."

"There is a talking *mynah*"—the thrust came back with the well-remembered snap of the jeweled forefinger—"over the stables which has picked up the very tone of the family-priest. Maybe I forget honor to my guests, but if ye had seen *him* double his fists into his belly, which was like a half-grown gourd, and cry: 'Here is the pain!' ye would forgive. I am half minded to take the *hakim's* medicine. He sells it cheap, and certainly it makes him fat as Shiv's own bull. He does not deny remedies, but I doubted for the child because of the inauspicious color of the bottles."

The lama, under cover of the monologue, had faded out into the darkness towards the room prepared.

"Thou hast angered him, belike," said Kim.

"Not he. He is wearied, and I forgot, being a grandmother. (None but a grandmother should ever oversee a child. Mothers are only fit for bearing.) To-morrow, when he sees how my daughter's son is grown, he will write the charm. Then, too, he can judge of the new *hakim's* drugs."

"Who is the *hakim*, Maharanee?"

"A wanderer, as thou art, but a most sober Bengali from Dacca—a master of medicine. He relieved me of an oppression after meat by means of a small pill that wrought like a devil unchained. He travels about now, vending preparations of great value. He has even papers, printed in Angrezi, telling what things he has done for weak-backed men and slack women. He has been here four days; but hearing ye were coming (*hakims* and priests are snake and tiger the world over) he has, as I take it, gone to cover."

While she drew breath after this volley, the ancient servant, sitting unrebuked on the edge of the torch-light, muttered: "This house is a cattle-pound, as it were, for all charlatans and—priests. Let the boy stop eating mangoes . . . but who can argue with a grandmother?" He raised his voice respectfully: "Sahiba, the *hakim* sleeps after his meat. He is in the quarters behind the dovecot."

Kim bristled like an expectant terrier. To outface and down-talk a Calcutta-taught Bengali, a voluble Dacca drug-vendor would be a good game. It was not seemly that the lama, and incidentally himself, should be thrown aside for such an one. He knew those curious bastard English advertisements at the backs of native newspapers. St. Xavier's boys sometimes brought them in by stealth to snigger over among their mates; for the language of the grateful patient recounting his symptoms is most simple and revealing. The Oorya, not unanxious to play off one parasite against the other, slunk away towards the dovecot.

"Yes," said Kim, with measured scorn. "Their stock-in-trade is a little colored water and a very great shamelessness. Their prey are broken-down kings and overfed Bengalis. Their profit is in children—who are not born."

The old lady chuckled. "Do not be envious. Charms are better, eh? *I* never gainsaid it. See that thy Holy One writes me a good amulet by the morning."

"None but the ignorant deny"—a thick, heavy voice boomed through the darkness, as a figure came to rest squatting—"none but the ignorant deny the value of charms. None but the ignorant deny the value of medicines."

"A rat found a piece of turmeric. Said he: 'I will open a grocer's shop,'" Kim retorted.

Battle was fairly joined now, and they heard the old lady stiffen to attention.

"The priest's son knows the names of his nurse and three Gods. Says he: 'Hear me, or I will curse you by the three million Great Ones.'" Decidedly this invisible had an arrow or two in his quiver. He went on: "I am but a teacher of the alphabet. I have learned all the wisdom of the Sahibs."

"The Sahibs never grow old. They dance and they play like children when they are grandfathers. A strong-backed breed," said the voice inside the palanquin.

"I have, too, our drugs which loosen humors of the head in hot and angry men. *Siná* well compounded when the moon stands in the proper House; yellow earths I have—*arplan* from China that makes a man renew his youth and astonish his household; saffron from Kashmir, and the best salep of Cabul. Many people have died before——"

"That I surely believe," said Kim.

"They knew the value of my drugs. I do not give *my* sick the mere ink in which a charm is written, but hot and rending drugs which descend and wrestle with the evil."

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"Very mightily they do so," sighed the old lady.

The voice launched into an immense tale of misfortune and bankruptcy, studded with plentiful petitions to the Government. "But for my fate, which overrules all, I had been now in Government employ. I bear a degree from the great school at Calcutta—whither, maybe, the son of this house shall go."

"He shall indeed. If our neighbor's brat can in a few years be made an F.A." (First Arts—she used the English word which she had heard so often), "how much more shall children clever as some that I know bear away prizes at rich Calcutta."

"Never," said the voice, "have I seen such a child! Born in an auspicious hour, and—but for that colic which, alas! turning into black cholers, may carry him off like a pigeon—destined to many years, he is enviable."

"*Hai mai!*" said the old lady. "To praise children is inauspicious, or I could listen to this talk. But the back of the house is unguarded, and even in this soft air men think themselves to be men and women we know. . . . The child's father is away, too, and I must be *chowkedar* (watchman) in my old age. Up! Up! Take up the palanquin. Let the *hakim* and the young priest settle between them whether charms or medicine most avail. Ho! worthless people, fetch tobacco for the guests, and—round the homestead go I!"

The palanquin reeled off, followed by straggling torches and a horde of dogs. Twenty villages knew the Sahiba—her failings, her tongue, and her large charity. Twenty villages cheated her after immemorial custom, but no man would have stolen or robbed within her jurisdiction for any gift under Heaven. None the less, she made great parade of her formal inspections, the riot of which could be heard half-way to Mussoorie.

Kim relaxed, as one augur must when he meets another. The *hakim*, still squatting, slid over his hookah with a friendly foot, and Kim pulled at the good weed. The hangers-on expected grave professional debate, and perhaps a little free doctoring.

"To discuss medicine before the ignorant is of one piece with teaching the peacock to sing," said the *hakim*.

"True courtesy," Kim echoed, "is very often inattention."

These, be it understood, were company manners, designed to impress.

"Hi! I have an ulcer on my leg," cried a scullion. "Look at it!"

"Get hence! Remove!" said the *hakim*. "Is it the habit of the place to pester honored guests? Ye crowd in like buffaloes."

"If the Sahiba knew—" Kim began.

"Ai! Ai! Come away. They are meat for our mistress. When her young Shaitan's colics are cured perhaps we poor people may be suffered to——"

"The mistress fed thy wife when thou wast in jail for breaking the money-lender's head. Who speaks against her?" The old servitor curled his white mustaches savagely in the young moonlight. "*I* am responsible for the honor of this house. Go!" and he drove the underlings before him.

Said the *hakim*, hardly more than shaping the words with his lips: "How do you do, Mr. O'Hara? I am jolly glad to see you again."

(*To be continued.*)

PRAESTO.

By T. E. Brown.

Expecting Him, my door was open wide:
Then I looked round
If any lack of service might be found,
And saw Him at my side:
How entered, by what secret stair,
I know not, knowing only He was there.

From "The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown," by courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

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GOVERNOR ODELL OF NEW YORK.

A MAN OF BUSINESS IN POLITICS.

By Rollo Ogden.

NEW figures in politics are always a fascinating study. We keep looking hopefully for Emerson's man of native force and originality to break the old humdrum molds. But there is an even deeper attraction in a public man with whom we have long been familiar, but who suddenly appears in a strikingly new light; who develops unsuspected qualities and powers; who grasps the skirts of circumstance, rises upon his own dead past, and leaps boldly into a prominence which challenges curiosity and explanation. It is this charm of surprise which has drawn so many eyes to Governor Odell of New York. His first message to the Legislature in January was like a thunder-clap in its startling revelation of first-class ability; and in the four months that followed he showed himself a man of weight and strength with whom not only the State but the nation must hereafter reckon. We may safely apply to him Talleyrand's *mot* concerning Thiers, and say that he is no longer a *parvenu*, but a demonstrated *arrivé*. Some are already adding the rest of it, and affirming that he will "go further than any of us"; but the present writer's task is not prophecy, only description.

There is really no mystery about Governor Odell's method. He himself says in the simplest way that all he has done is to bring to the affairs of the State a mind trained in business. He would doubtless describe himself not as an *homme d'état*, but an *homme d'affaires*. However, as the successful conduct of the State has come more and more to resemble the skilled management of a great business, it has become easier to see that the same order of talent will be triumphant in both, and harder to deny the name of statesman to the resolute man of business in office. But when we praise business talent in public life, we must be sure that we have got the real thing. Recent years have seen more than one public calamity in the shape of a so-called "business man" attempting political administration. The reason has been that the man was not truly business to the bottom; had no range beyond the narrow specialty in which he had become narrow; was without real grasp; could not sit down to a mass of public documents and tear the heart out of them; did not know men as well as accounts, and was fretted and made irritable by the daily drudgery and friction of office. But Governor Odell is business clear through. The Count de Rémusat said that Pio Nono hated business, and therefore did not understand it. Governor Odell acts like a man who loves it, and therefore perfectly comprehends it. To increase income, to reduce outgo, and to heighten efficiency—those were the plain principles which he had applied to his private business, and he applied them to the business of the State.

He began in the spirit of Robert Lowe, who defined a chancellor of the exchequer as an animal that ought to have a surplus. Without that, he was wanting in his specific characteristic, and by so much fell short of the end of his existence. Governor Odell set out determined to have a surplus in the State of New York—*i.e.*, to reduce taxes. He went over the departments of the public service as the head of a great corporation would scrutinize the work of its several branches. Here he found waste, there extravagance, there useless multiplication of offices. The results of his investigation he reported fearlessly to the Legislature and to the people, and then, without any pyrotechnics or posturing, simply said "no business man would suffer such an enormous drain upon his resources." That was, to him, the conclusion of the whole matter. He put his feet upon an ordinary maxim of ordinary business, and there he stood. The State awoke to find that the new Governor was a thorough man of business.

And the Legislature soon discovered that he meant business. At first the old stagers thrust their tongues in their cheeks. They had seen too many reforming Governors before. This hot fit of the message would soon pass into the cold fit of delayed and

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muddled and strangled legislation. But Governor Odell had put his hand to the plow, and would not look back. The extraordinary political skill and resource he displayed in securing the passage of his measures I shall dwell upon later; enough here to record the fact that no Governor ever came so near seeing all his recommendations enacted into law. His message was really a legislative programme. The offices which he would abolish were abolished; the departments he wished to consolidate were consolidated; his desired retrenchments were effected; his proposed new taxes were laid. The net result was a reduction in the appropriations of something more than $2,000,000; a revenue from sources before untouched of more than $3,000,000; the amount to be raised by direct taxes cut down from $13,000,000 in 1895 to $6,000,000 in 1901, and a tax rate —1.20 mills—the lowest since 1854. Had a revolution occurred? No, a business man had become chief of State, and the people could accuse him, as Sydney Smith said of Lord Melbourne, of honesty and diligence.

While dwelling on this aspect of Governor Odell, a word should be said about his power of despatching business. He is a glutton of work, a master of detail, but he knows that he cannot do everything. Where principally to spend his strength, how easiest to save time—these are problems of which he has found the happiest solution. For example, he early refused to be interviewed and pestered by members of the Legislature respecting their minor and private bills. The habit had grown up of running to the Governor with all that kind of petty business, to get his judgment upon it in advance. There was no surer way to devastate his day. He would none of it. The large matters of legislation he kept his hands upon, but the little bills of the little men for little places he would not look at. "You will find," he said grimly, "when you send them to me to be signed, whether I approve of them or not." Very often *not*, they did find. His vetoes broke all records. Yet they proceeded upon sure and common-sense principles. A special act to do what was already obtainable under general legislation; bills with lurking jobs in them; mandatory laws to interfere with the discretion of local authorities; extravagance, incoherency—the Governor had a fatal eye for all these things, and they went straight to his waste-basket. But what we were speaking of is the time-saving instinct of the business man who refused to fritter away an hour in previous consultation and argument over a bill which, when completed, he could pass upon in five minutes. The same swift despatch of the born executive is seen in Governor Odell's favorite method of talking with his visitors. He prefers to take them *en masse*. Out he comes to his ante-room when fifteen or twenty callers are gathered there, passes quickly from group to group, hearing each man's errand, and giving an answer on the spot, and thus turns off the roomful before he could have got rid of one determined bore solidly planted in a chair at his elbow, or led off into a corner for a whispered consultation. It is the driving man of business in action.

But it is his mastery of the business of politics which, after all, is the final secret of Governor Odell's efficiency. Without this he might have dashed himself to pieces, as so many good and ineffectual men have done, against a Legislature that would not budge, and a party organization that was inexorable. It was left for him to have learned the very last move in the political game—the game which is generally played in the interest of public waste and corruption—and then to have applied that knowledge with signal skill to the promotion of economy and decency. It is this which makes Governor Odell's case almost unique in political history. Lord Althorp, the "sobered fox-hunter" who carried the Reform Bill, is the nearest parallel one can think of, but he is really no parallel at all. Governor Odell made himself master of partisan politics by long subduing himself to the element in which he worked. Just as he studied business from the step of the ice-wagon up to large interests and wealth, so he learned political management all the way from the precinct committeeman, sometimes using his fists for argument, up to State chairman with his hand on the very pulse of the machine. It was not nice work, but what a working political capital could be acquired in that way, what easy mastery of political technique! At any rate, it was to this sort of thing that Governor Odell gave his days and nights for many years. Turn up the index of the *Congressional Record* during the time he was in the House of Representatives, and you will find nothing to show that he was doing aught but perfecting himself in this one art. His "bills introduced" relate almost wholly to office-filling, and his "remarks by" are confined to such thrilling subjects as "assistant index-clerk," upon which his highest flights of oratory do not rise above, "That

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is correct," "The regular compensation of clerks to committees—$6 a day." Subsequently as chairman of the Republican State Committee he became expert in all that relates to nominations and elections, to patronage and the securing of legislation, packing away an immense amount of useful knowledge about men and measures, and influences and prejudices, in every county and district of New York. It was plodding labor. A high-strung man could not have brought himself to it. It was contact with the unlovely side of human nature. A delicate and too scrupulous man would have been revolted by it. But from whatever motive or with whatever zest Governor Odell went into it, the result was to give him his extraordinary power. Whether consciously plotted or not, the effect was as if he had astutely and with far-sighted prescience determined to make himself an adept in the tricks and stratagems of politicians, to win their confidence and to put them in his debt, for the express purpose of making them subserve his plans for good government. "Never mind," said a young officer to the Sardinian troops in the trenches of the Crimea, "it is with this mud that Italy is to be made." Never mind, so might have said Odell the ward politician, the party organizer, the dispenser of sinecures, the master mechanic of the political machine, it is with this grime and soil that a reforming Governor is to be made.

About one thing there can be no mistake. From the moment Mr. Odell accepted the nomination for Governor, he must have clearly marked out to himself the course which he has since followed. There was much remark about his remaining State chairman and running his own campaign. It was unprecedented. It was said to be in bad taste. But we see now why he did it. He foresaw the forces against which he would have to measure himself, and made long-headed preparation to strengthen himself betimes. All the world wondered when he ventured upon his open defiance of Boss Platt. But Mr. Odell had discounted all that in advance. He had quietly seen to it that the Legislature and the party organization should be his, not Platt's, if it came to a trial of strength. The surprise was all on Platt's side; he did not know how power had slipped from him; but the cool and silent Odell knew what had become of that power. It was not for nothing that he had learned the ins and outs of every election district in the State, and played upon the strength and weakness of every Republican politician. He had marked them for his own, and, when the time came, every ass of them knew his master's crib.

It is impossible not to admire the superb and smiling *aplomb* with which Governor Odell meets the politicians on their own ground. Their little tricks, their slyly attempted jobs, their manipulated bills, their underground routes—with the greatest good-nature, Governor Odell asks them how they can expect to impose upon him by such means—upon him, past master of the craft. Not long ago he sent for a senator who had a pet bill before the Governor with a dear little "joker" safely buried, as he hoped, in a certain clause. But Odell's finger was upon it, and his quiet query was, "Why do you try such things on me? You might hope that Roosevelt or Black would not see it, but I have been too long in the same business to be fooled." The senator was not even angry. He went away chuckling over Ben's smartness. It was another senator, with none too savory a reputation, who was once seen coming out of the Executive Chamber with a kind of wondering grin on his face. "What is it?" asked a friend. "My God," was the sole reply, "what a poker-player the Governor would make!" One sees what a calm assurance, what an unruffled brow and steady eye he had encountered within.

If you ask the politicians at Albany what has been Governor Odell's greatest feat, there will be no hesitation or disagreement in their reply. They will tell you that it was his success in actually cutting away the "supplemental list" of the Legislature. By this is meant the force of Legislative employees, and clerks and other helpers in the departments. Now these are the legislator's perquisites. This janitorship for that faithful supporter, that sinecure clerkship thrown to that constituent—why, it was political sacrilege to suggest that such incidentals of the legislative business ought to be abolished. Reduce the number of offices? Come, come, this is too much. Meet a bear robbed of her whelps, but not a legislator deprived of his right to fill a couple of "places." Well, Governor Odell in his message had announced his intention to do some "thorough pruning" in this growth of useless offices. The effect was curiously different upon different people. Clean-handed men in the Legislature were the ones who were most sceptical. They were not sure of Governor Odell's sincerity and determination; anyhow, they were certain he could

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not do what he said he would. Other reforms, possibly, never this impossible one. But the legislators who most hated reform were the men to be thrown into genuine consternation by Governor Odell's announcement. They had been merely hilarious when Roosevelt talked of reform, but Ben Odell was a different proposition. "By Jove, he'll do it!" So they began to set their house in order. They knew that it would be in vain for them to go to the Governor to plead that their supernumerary hangers-on were indispensable officials. One alarmed and anxious man did go. Why did the Governor call a certain office a sinecure, and decree that it must be abolished? Had he not himself the year before, when he was State chairman, foisted a man into it? But the Governor only smiled and said, "That's the reason I know it *is* a sinecure." Evidently, you can do nothing with such a man. Down to the very end, however, there was doubt about the pruning of the "supplemental list." Would it be done thoroughly? Would all be treated alike? When the bill came finally to be read, members of either House looked at each other in a wild surmise. Then it was true! The whole list had been gone through. There had been no partiality. From A to Z, from senator to assemblyman, from big politician to little, the knife had gone with even-handed justice, shearing away their place-holders without fear or favor. Nothing like it had ever been known at Albany, and it was, in the astonished eyes of knowing politicians, the seal and confirmation of Governor Odell's unrivalled power.

That he is, in fact, the most masterful man who ever sat in the Governor's chair, is the consensus of opinion among both those who like and applaud him, and those who dislike and dread him. He has frankly, if tacitly and without ostentation, accepted the situation as he has found it, as he has helped to create it, and wielded, as he has possessed, an almost unlimited control over legislation. "We have a Government," the Turinese were wont and content to say in 1852, "a Chamber, a Constitution, but the name for it all is Cavour." So in New York we have a Legislature of two Houses, we have committees of either body, we have a Speaker, and we have chairmen, but the real name for all is Odell. Every large measure of legislation during the session was shaped by him. That is understood. He decided what should and what should not be made a party measure. Nothing that he really wanted from the Legislature did it refuse to give him. It passed many laws that it did not want to pass, that it would never have passed if left to itself, simply because he spake and it was done. All who had dealings with the law-makers discovered sooner or later that the real law-making power was in the Executive Chamber. Whatever may be said about this, it was certainly better to have it there than at Platt's express office. Governor Odell neither concealed nor shirked his responsibility, coördinate with his power. If he urged new tax laws, he also saw to their framing, and said explicitly to remonstrants, when they at last came to headquarters, "I have determined that you are to pay the State such and such sums, and pay you shall." No use to run to Boss Platt, whom it had always been so easy to "reason" with in this matter of taxing corporations. No use to devise ingenious Legislative obstructions. Odell remains very friendly with Platt, always speaks of him as the leader of the party, but the real power has passed to himself, and, when necessary, he exercises it without hesitation. And as for the side-winds, the manœuvers, the artful dodges by means of which the Legislature has of old been in the habit of causing laws to fail—why, to try these on Governor Odell was to teach your grandmother to suck eggs. In all those studies he is a graduate. "The game is," said Major Key in 1862, explaining McClellan's strategy, "merely to tire out both the rebels and ourselves." "If there is such a game," remarked Abraham Lincoln, as he removed Major Key's official head, "it is my object to break it up." So they have learned at Albany that a man sits in the Executive Chamber ready and able to break up the 'cutest Legislative "game."

Merely personal questions, speculations about motive, guesses at possible ambition hiding in the shadow, I have in the foregoing purposely passed by. A well-known Tammany senator, whose naïve moral philosophy has shed light on many a vexed political situation, was asked if he considered Governor Odell honest in his policy of reform. "Honest?" he retorted the question wonderingly. "What's that got to do with it? Odell is Governor." His meaning was that the only thing to look at was the result. Purity of motive was hardly worth bothering about if the actual effect was "good politics." And every Tammany authority will admit, in private at least, that Governor Odell is a politician of consummate ability. A fine proof of it is furnished in his taxation measures. He quietly took for the State $3,100,000 a

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year from savings banks, insurance, and trust companies, which had paid not one cent before. Yet the welkin was not made to ring with cries about rampant Socialism and attacks on all accumulations of wealth. If a Democratic Governor, or one with a fanatic or radical strain in him, had attempted such an innovating tax, there would have been explosions all over the State. But Governor Odell actually made his very victims believe he was doing them a favor; was intervening, with his small tax, to prevent them from being hit with a much heavier one. This may not argue in him a clear or sound conviction in respect to principles of taxation; but it does show him an amazingly deft manager. Without seriously alienating the corporations, he has grappled the farmer vote to himself with hooks of steel. Whatever else that may be, it is skillful handling.

It is hard to form a consistent and satisfactory theory of Governor Odell's real relation to his party organization. Nobody supposes that the machine has suddenly become enamored of virtue. It has been good, so far, because it has been compelled to be. The Governor has not needed to persuade; he has driven. And the fear of his whip will for some time to come keep his draft horses in the traces. Take a typical case. A chairman of a certain Legislative committee was complaining bitterly (or else hypocritically) of Governor Odell's tyrannical methods. The position of an assemblyman was becoming intolerable, so impossible was it to retain one's own self-respect under the system of taking orders from the Executive Chamber. For his part he would never seek the office again. Then why not revolt? Why not repudiate the commands and expose the unrepublican system? "Why, my dear sir, I have too many bills in which my constituents are deeply interested; if they should fail, I could not be reëlected." So he *did* want the office again. So do they all, and the Governor's power to make or break them will hold them to obedience. But this cannot go on forever. As a French political writer says, "a faithful majority can be made sure only by associating one's self with its spirit, its sentiment, its thoughts, I may also say its bad or good passions." This is the great problem which Governor Odell will, in the end, have to face. So far he has played upon fear of punishment. In what way will he play upon the equally strong and equally necessary motive of hope of reward? Will he do it by actually convincing hot partisans that retrenchment, economy, efficiency, high standards in the public service are really "good politics," that they lead straight to party success and the legitimate rewards which go with it? If he does, he will have performed a work more marvelous than any achievement of his yet recorded, and have wrought something very like a political miracle.

THE STRIKER'S STORY.

HOW McTERZA STOPPED THE RAILROAD RIOT.

By Frank H. Spearman.

I WOULD not call her common. Not because I would be afraid to, though most of the boys were more or less afraid of Mrs. Mullenix, but simply because it wouldn't be right—not in my opinion.

She kept a short order house—let that be admitted at once—but her husband was long a West End engineer. Denis Mullenix went into the Peace with Hailey and Ed Peeto and Durden the night of the big June water on the West End. The company didn't treat her just right. I was a strong company man, although I went out with the boys. But I say, and I've always said, the company did *not* treat Mrs. Mullenix just right.

A widow, and penniless, she bought the eating-house at McCloud with the few hundreds they gave her.

There were five young Mullenixes, and they were, every one, star children—from Sinkers, who was foxy, to Kate, who was not merely fine—she was royal. Twenty, and straight, and true, with a complexion like sunrise and hair like a sunset. Kate kept

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the cottage going, and Mrs. Mullenix ruled personally in the eating-house and in the short order annex. Any one who has tasted a steak grilled swell in Chicago or in Denver, and tasted one broiled plain by Mrs. Mullenix in McCloud, half a block from the depot, can easily understand why the boys behaved well. As for her coffee—believe it or not—we owe most of our world-famous West End runs, not so much to the Baldwin Locomotive Works, renowned as they are, nor to Mr. George Westinghouse, prince of inventors though we rank him—but to the coffee drawn by Mrs. Mary Mullenix; honor to whom honor is due.

Mrs. Mullenix's coffee for many years made the boys hot: what now makes them hot is that she can't be persuaded to draw it for anybody except McTerza, and they claim that's the way he holds the White Mail with the 808; but all the same McTerza is fast stuff, coffee or no coffee. They were none of them boisterous men, those Reading engineers who took our jobs after the strike; but McTerza was an oyster—except that he couldn't be swallowed.

McTerza didn't give up very much to anybody; not even to his own chums, Foley and Sinclair. The fact is he was diffident, owing, maybe, to a hesitation in his speech. It was funny, the bit of a halt, but not so odd as his disposition, which approached that of a grizzly. He had impudence and indifference and quiet—plenty of each.

There was one place up street which was, in special and particular, headquarters for the bad men in our crowd—for we had some—Gatling's billiard hall. Foley himself never had the nerve to tackle Gatling's. But one night, all alone and come from nobody knew where, the hall stuffed with striking men who had tasted blood that very day—McTerza walked into Gatling's.

It was like a yearling strolling into a cañon full of wolves. They were so surprised at first they couldn't bite, but pretty soon they got McTerza up against a mirror and began pasting pool balls at him.

When Ed Banks arrived it was as bad as a rapid-fire gun, and he carried McTerza out the side door like a warm tapioca pudding. But when the fellow got around again he was just as careless as ever.

It was pretty generally understood that in the strike the short order house was with us. Mrs. Mullenix had reason to feel bitter toward the company, and it became speedily known that Mrs. Mullenix's was not a healthy place for the men who took our engines; their money was not wanted. In fact, none of the new men ever tried to get service there except McTerza. McTerza one morning dropped into the short order house.

"Coffee," said he; he always cut things short because he was afraid he would get hung up between stations in remarks. Mrs. Mullenix, sick, had to manage as she could. Kate was looking after things that day at the restaurant, and she was alone. She looked at McTerza chillingly. Kate had more than enough instinct to tell a Reading man from the Brotherhood type. She turned in silence, and she poured a cup of coffee, but from the night tank: it was the grossest indignity that could be perpetrated on a man in the short order management. She set it with little of civility and less of sugar before McTerza, and pushing her girdle down, coldly walked front, half perched on a stool, and looked with animation out of the window.

"Cool," ventured McTerza as he stirred a lump of sugar hopefully into his purchase. Kate made no comment on the observation; the thing appeared self-evident.

"Could I have a little c-c-condensed milk?" inquired McTerza presently. "This sc-sc-scream looks pretty rich," he added, stirring thoughtfully as he spoke at the pot of mustard, which was the only liquid in sight.

Kate Mullenix glared contemptuously at him, but she passed out a jug of cream—and it was cream. From the defiance on her face as she resumed her attitude she appeared to expect a protest about the cold coffee. None came. McTerza drank the stuff very slowly, blowing it carefully the while as if it was burning him up. It vexed Kate, for it appeared impertinent.

"How much?" asked McTerza humbly, as he swallowed the last drop before it froze to the spoon, and fished for a dime to square his account.

"Twenty-five cents." He started slightly, but reached again into his pocket, and without a word produced a quarter. Kate swept it into the drawer with the royal indifference of a circus faker and resumed her stool.

"C-c-could I get another c-c-cup?" asked McTerza patiently. It looked like a defiance; however she boldly poured a second cup of the cold coffee, and McTerza tackled it.

After an interval of silence he spoke again. "Do you sell tickets on c-coffee here?" She looked at him with a questioning insolence. "I mean, c-could a fellow

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buy a chance—or get into a raffle—on the h-h-h-hot tank?" asked McTerza, throwing a sad glance on the live coffee urn, which steamed cozily beside its silent companion.

"That tank is empty," snapped Kate Mullenix recklessly, for in spite of herself she was confused.

"If it is," suggested McTerza, peering gravely underneath at the jet of gas which blazed merrily, "you ought to draw the fire: you're liable to b-b-burn your c-c-crown-sheet."

"What's the matter?" demanded Kate angrily; "is your coffee cold?"

"Oh, no," he responded, shaking his head and waiting for the surprising disclaimer to sink in. "Not exactly cold. It's just dead."

"We don't serve Reading men here," retorted Kate defiantly.

"Oh, yes, you do," responded McTerza, brightening at once. "You serve them like t-t-tramps." Then after a pause: "Could I get a cigar?"

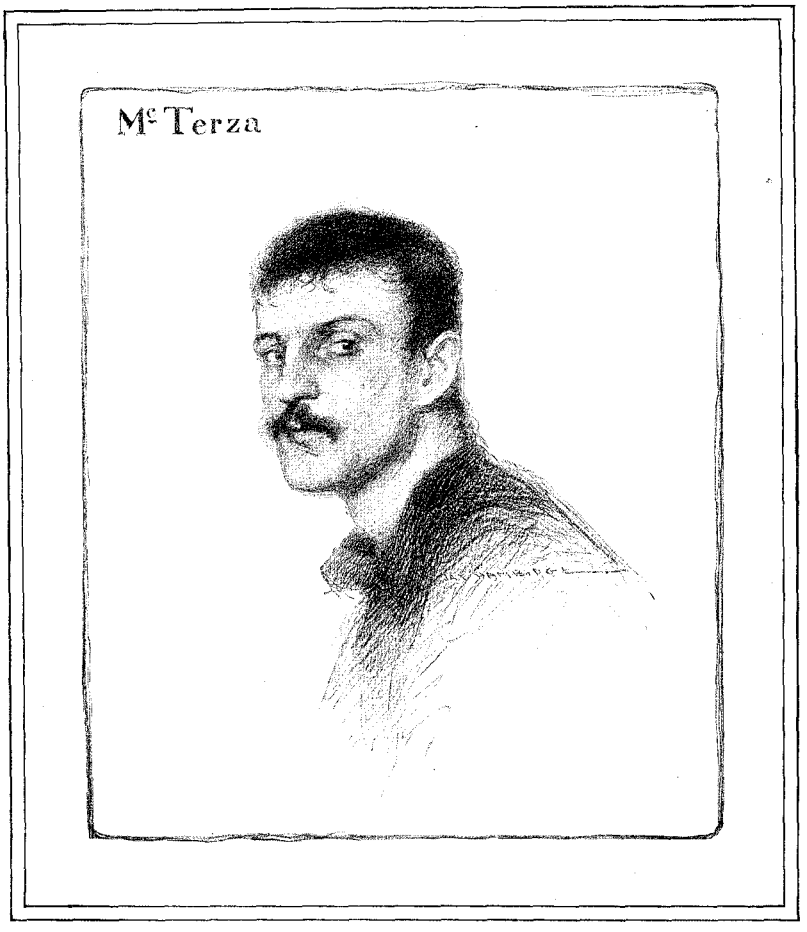
"Yes."

"How much is that kind?"

"Fifty cents," snapped Kate, glancing into the street for some friendly striker to appear.

"I want a good one."

"That's a good one."



"Fifty cents a b-b-box?"

"Fifty cents apiece."

"Give me a mild one, please."

He put down a dollar bill as he took the cigar. She threw a half back on the case. At that moment in walked two of our boys, Curtis Rucker and Ben Nicholson. McTerza had a great chance to walk out, but he didn't improve it. Rucker and Ben were Reds, both of them. Ben, in fact, was an old ruffian at best, but Curtis Rucker was a blackish, quick young fellow, fine as silk in a cab, but a devil in a strike, and what was more, a great admirer of Kate Mullenix, and the

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minx knew it. As McTerza bit off the end of his cigar and reached for the gas-lighter he noticed that her face lighted wonderfully.

With a smile the newcomers called for coffee, and with a smile they got it. McTerza, smoking quietly at the cigar-case, watched the steaming liquid pour from the empty tank. It was a dispiriting revelation, but he only puffed leisurely on. When Kate glanced his way, as she presently did, disdainfully, McTerza raised his finger, and pointed to the change she had thrown at him.

"What is it, sir?"

"Mistake."

The strikers pricked up their ears.

"There isn't any mistake, sir. I told you the cigars were fifty cents each," replied Kate Mullenix. Rucker pushed back his coffee, and sliding off his stool walked forward.

"Change isn't right," persisted McTerza, looking at Kate Mullenix.

"Why not?"

"You forgot to take out twenty-five cents more for that last cup of c-c-coffee," stammered the Reading man. Kate took up the coin and handed a quarter back from the register.

"That's right," put in Rucker promptly, "make the scabs p-p-pay for what they g-g-get. They're sp-p-p-pending our money." The hesitating Reading man appeared for the first time aware of an enemy; interested for the first time in the abuse that had been continually heaped on him since he came to town: it appeared at last to sink in. He returned Rucker's glare.

"You call me a scab, do you?" he said at last and with the stutter all out. "I belong to a labor order that counts thousands to your hundreds. Your scabs came in and took our throttles on the Reading—why shouldn't we pull your latches out here? Your strike is beat, my buck, and Reading men beat it. You had better look for a job on a threshing machine."

Rucker jumped for McTerza, and they mixed like clouds in a cyclone. For a minute it was a whirlwind, and nothing could be made of it; but when they could be seen McTerza had the best man in our camp pinned under a table with his throat in one hand like the latch of a throttle. Nicholson at the same moment raised an oak stool and smashed it over McTerza's head. The fellow went flat as a dead man, but he must have pulled up quick, for when Neighbor, rushing in, whirled Nicholson into the street, the Reading man already had his feet, and a corner to work from. Reed, the trainmaster, was right behind the big master mechanic. Rucker was up, but saw he was outnumbered.

"Hurt, Mac?" asked Reed, running toward the Reading man. The blow had certainly dazed him; his eyes rolled seasick for a minute, then he stared straight ahead.

"Look out," he muttered, pointing over Reed's shoulder at Kate Mullenix, "she's going to faint." The trainmaster turned, but she was gone before her brother Sinkers could reach her as he ran in. Rucker moved towards the door. As he passed McTerza he sputtered villainously, but Neighbor's huge bulk was between the two men.

"Never mind," retorted McTerza; "next time I get you I'll ram a billiard c-c-c-cue down your throat."

It was the first intimation our fighting men had that the Reading fellow could do business, and the affair caused McTerza to be inspected with some interest from behind screens and cracker boxes as he sauntered up and down the street. When the boys asked him what he was going to do about his treatment in the short order house he seemed indifferent; but the indifference, as our boys were beginning to find out, only covered live coals; for when he was pressed he threw the gauntlet at the whole lodge of us, by saying that before he got through he would close the short order house up. That threat made him a marked man. The Reading men were hated, but McTerza was slated for the very worst of it. Everybody on both sides understood that—except McTerza himself. He never understood anything, for that matter, till it was on him, and he dropped back into his indifference and recklessness almost at once. He even tried the short order house again. That time Mrs. Mullenix herself was in the saddle. There were things in life which even McTerza didn't hanker after tackling more than once, and one was a second interview with Mrs. Mullenix. But the fellow must have made an impression on even the redoubtable Mrs. Mary, for she privately asked Neighbor, as one might of an honorable adversary, for peace' sake to keep that man away from her restaurant; so McTerza was banned. He took his revenge by sauntering in and out of Gatling's until Gatling himself was gray-headed with the fear that another riot would be brought on his place.

Oddly enough, McTerza had one friend in the Mullenix family. On the strike question, like many other McCloud families, the

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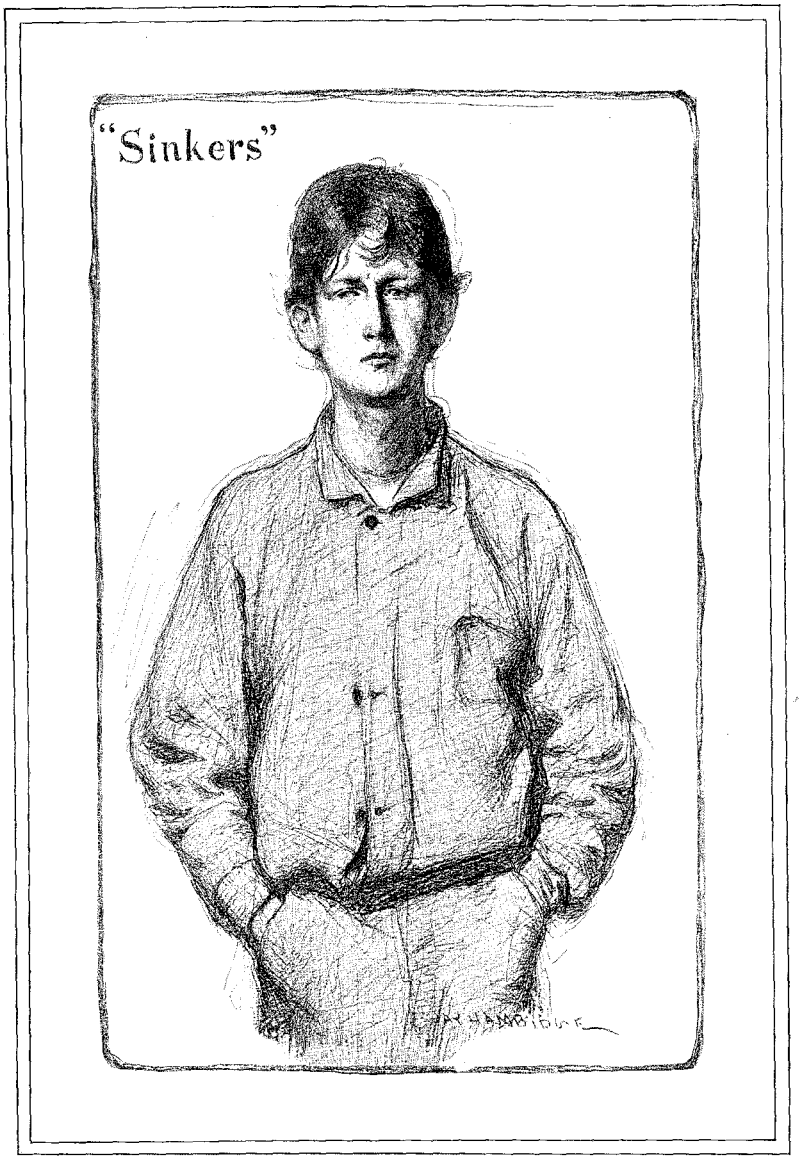

house of Mullenix was divided against itself. All held for the engineers except the youngest member—Sinkers. Sinkers was telegraph messenger, and was strictly a company man in spite of everything. He naturally saw a great deal of the new men, but Sinkers never took the slightest interest in McTerza till he handled Rucker; after that Sinkers cultivated him. Sinkers would listen just as long as McTerza would stutter, and they became fast friends long before the yard riots.

The day the carload of detectives was imported the fight was on. Scattering collisions breaking here and there into open fights showed the feeling, but it wasn't till Little Russia went out that things looked rocky for the company property at McCloud. Little Russia had become a pretty big Russia at the time of the strike. The Russians, planted at Benkleton by Shockley, you might say, had spread up and down the line, and their first cousins, the Polacks, worked the company coal mines. At McCloud they were as hard a crowd after dark as you would find on the steppes. The Polacks, 400 of them, struck while the engineers were out, and the fat went into the fire with a flash.

The night of the trouble took even us by surprise, and the company was wholly un-

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prepared. The engineers in the worst of the heat were accused of the rioting, but we had no more to do with it than Homesteaders. Our boys are Americans, and we don't fight with torches and kerosene. We don't have to; they're not our weapons. The company imported the Polacks, let them settle their own accounts with them, said our fellows, and I called it right. Admitting that some of our Reds got out to mix in it, we couldn't in sense be held for that.

It was Neighbor, the craftiest old fox on the staff of the division, who told the depot people in the afternoon that something was coming, and thinking back afterward of the bunches of the low-browed fellows dotting the bench and the bottoms in front of their dugouts, lowering at the guards who patrolled the railroad yards, it was strange that no one else saw it. They had been out three weeks, and after no end of gabbling turned silent. Men who talk are not so dangerous; it's when they quit talking.

Neighbor was a man of a thousand to act on his apprehension. All the afternoon he had the switch engines shunting cars about the roundhouse; the minute the arc lights went on the result could be seen. The old man had long lines of furniture vans, boxcars, gondolas, and dead Pullmans strung around the big house like parapets. Whatever anybody else thought, Neighbor was ready. Even old John Boxer, his head blacksmith, who operated an amateur battery for salutes and celebrations, had his gun overhauled: the roundhouse was looking for trouble.

It was barely eight o'clock that night when a group of us on Main Street saw the depot lights go out, and pretty soon telephone messages began coming in to Gatling's from the company plant up the river for the

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sheriff; the Polacks were wrecking the dynamos. The arc lights covering the yards were on a different circuit, but it didn't take the whiskered fellows long to find that out. Half an hour later the city plant was attacked—no one was looking for trouble there—and the great system of arcs lighting the yard for miles died like fireflies. We knew then—everybody knew—that the Polacks meant business.

Not a man was in sight when the blaze sputtered blue, red, and black out; but in five minutes a dozen torches were moving up on the in-freight house like coyotes. We could hear the crash of the big oak doors clear down on Main Street. There, again, the company was weak; they hadn't a picket out at either of the freight houses. There wasn't so much as a sneeze till they beat the doors in; then a cry; the women were taking a hand, and it was a loot with a big L. The plunder maddened them like brandy. Neighbor, who feared not the Polacks nor the devil, made a sortie with a dozen men from his stockade, for that was what the roundhouse defences looked like, to try to save the building. It wasn't in men to do it. The gutting was done and the kerosene burning yellow before he was half-way across, and the mob, running then in a wavering black line from the flames that licked the high windows, were making for the storehouse. The fellows were certainly up to everything good, for in plundering the freight house they first gave their women the chance to lay in supplies for months. Neighbor saw in a minute there was nothing left for him to protect at the east end, and before he could cut off the constantly lengthening line of rioters, they were between him and the long storehouse. It must have made the old man weep blood, and it was there that the first shooting occurred.

A squad of the detectives reënforcing Neighbor's little following, ran in on the flank of the rioters as the master mechanic caught up with their rear. They wheeled, on his command to disperse, and met it with a cloud of stones and coupling pins. The detectives opened with their Winchesters, and a yell went up that took me back to the Haymarket. Their answer was the torch to the storehouse and a charge on the imported guards that shook their front like a whirlwind. The detectives ran for Neighbor's breastworks, with the miners hot behind, and a hail of deadly missiles on their backs. One went down at the turn-table, and it didn't look as if his life was worth a piece of waste. But the fellow, raising on one arm, began picking off the Polacks closest with a revolver. They scattered like turkeys, and he staggered across the table before they could damage him any worse. Half a dozen of us stood in the cupola of the fire-engine house, with the thing laid below like a panorama.

Far as the blazing freight house lit the yards, we could see the rioters swarming in from the bottoms. The railroad officials gathered upstairs in the passenger depot waited helpless for the moment when the fury of the mob would turn on the unprotected building. The entire records of the division, the despatchers' offices, the headquarters of the whole West End were under that roof, with nothing to stand between it and the mob.

Awkwardly as the rioters had manœuvered, they seemed then to be getting into better shape for mischief. They were quicker at expedients, and two intensely active leaders rose out of the crowds. Following the shouts of the pair, which we could just hear, a great body of the strikers dashed up the yard.

"By the Gods!" cried Andy Cameron at my elbow, "they're going for the oil-house!"

Before the words were out we could hear the dull stroke of the picks sinking into the cleated doors. Buckets were passed in and out from the house tanks. Jacketed cans of turpentine and varnish were hustled down the line to men drunk with riot; in a moment twenty cars were ablaze. To top the frenzy they fired the oil-house itself. Destruction had crazed the entire population of the bottoms. The burning cars threw up into the sky the front of the big brick depot. As the reflection struck back from the plate-glass windows, the mob split into two great waves, and one headed for the passenger depot. They crossed the coal spurs brandishing torches and sledges and bars. We could see them plain as block signals. Every implement that ever figured in a yard showed in their line, but their leader, a youngish fellow, swung a long, tapering stake. As the foremost Polack climbed up on the last string of flats that separated them from the depot, the storage tanks in the oil-house took fire. The roof jumped from the wall-plates like one vast trap-door, and the liquid yellow spurted flaming a hundred feet up into the black. A splitting yell greeted the burst, and the Polacks, with added fury, raced towards the long depot. I made

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out then the man with the club. It was Rucker.

The staff of the superintendent, and the force of despatchers, a handful of men all told, gathered at the upper windows and opened fire with revolvers. This was just enough to infuriate the rioters. And it appeared certain that the house would be burned under the defenders' feet, for the broad platform was bare from end to end. Not a ghost of a barricade; not a truck, not a shutter stood between the depot and the torch, and nobody thought of a man until Cameron with the quicker eyes cried:

"For God's sake! There's McTerza!"

Sure as pay-day there he was walking down the platform towards the depot, and humping alongside—Sinkers.

I guess everybody in both camps swore. Like a man in his sleep he was walking right in the teeth of the Polacks. If we had tried ourselves to pit him it couldn't have been done cleaner. His friends, for McTerza had them, must have shivered—but that was just McTerza; to be, when he shouldn't, where he shouldn't. Even had there not been more pressing matters, nobody could have figured out where the fellow had come from with his convoy, or where he was going. He was there; that was all—he was there.

The despatchers yelled at him from above. The cry echoed back short from a hundred Polack throats, and they sent a splitter; it was plain they were mad for blood. Even that cry didn't greatly faze the fellow, but in the clatter of it all he caught another cry—a cry sent straight to McTerza's ear, and he turned at the voice and the words like a man stung. Rucker, leaping ahead and brandishing the truck-stake at the hated stutterer, yelled, "Kill the scab!"

The Reading engineer halted like a baited bear. Rucker's cry was enough—in that time and at that place it was enough. McTerza froze to the platform. There was more—and we knew it, all of us—more between those two men than scab and brotherhood, strike and riot, flood or fire: there was a woman. We knew it so well there was hardly a flutter anywhere, I take it, when men saw McTerza stooping, grasp Sinkers, shove him towards the depot, slip like a snake out of his pea-jacket, and turn to front the whole blooming mob. There wasn't any fluttering, I take it—and not very much breathing; only the scab, never a tremendous big man, swelled bigger in the eyes then straining his way than any man in McCloud has ever swelled before or since.

Mobs are queer. A minute before it was the depot, now it was the scab—kill him.

The scab stood. Rucker stumbled across a rail in his fury, and went sprawling, but the scab stood. The line wavered like tumbleweeds. They didn't understand a man fronting forty. Then Ben Nicholson—I recognized his whiskers—began blazing at him with a pistol. Yet the scab stood and halted the Polack line. They hesitated, they stopped to yell; but the scab stood.

"Stone him!" shouted Ben Nicholson. McTerza backed warily across the platform. The Polacks wavered; the instinct of danger unsettled them. Mobs are queer. A single man will head them quicker than a hundred guns. There is nothing so dangerous as one man.

McTerza saw the inevitable, the steady circling that must get him at last, and as the missiles flew at him from a score of miners he crouched with the rage of a cornered rat, one eye always on Rucker.

"Come in, you coyote!" yelled McTerza tauntingly. "Come in!" he cried, catching up a coupling pin that struck him and hurling it wickedly at his nearest assailant. Rucker, swinging his club, ran straight at his enemy.

"Kill the scab!" he cried again, and a dozen bristling savages, taking his lead, closed on the Reading man like a fan. From the windows above the railroad men popped with their pistols; they might as well have thrown fire-crackers. McTerza, with a cattish spring, leaped through a rain of brickbats for Rucker.

The club in the striker's hands came around with sweep enough to drop a steer. Quick as a sounder key McTerza's head bobbed, and he went in and under on Rucker's jaw with his left hand. The man's head twisted with the terrific impact like a Chinese doll's. Down he went, McTerza, hungry, at his throat; and on top of McTerza the Polacks, with knives and hatchets and Cossack barks, and they closed over him like water over a stone.

Nobody ever looked to see him pull out, yet he wormed his way through them corkscrew fashion, even while they hacked at one another, and sprang out behind his assailants with Rucker's club. In his hands it cut through guards and arms and knives like toothpicks. Rucker was smothering under toppling Polacks. But others ran in like rats. They fought McTerza from side to side of the platform. They charged him and flanked him—once they surrounded him—but his stanchion swung every way at once. Swarm as they would, they could not get a

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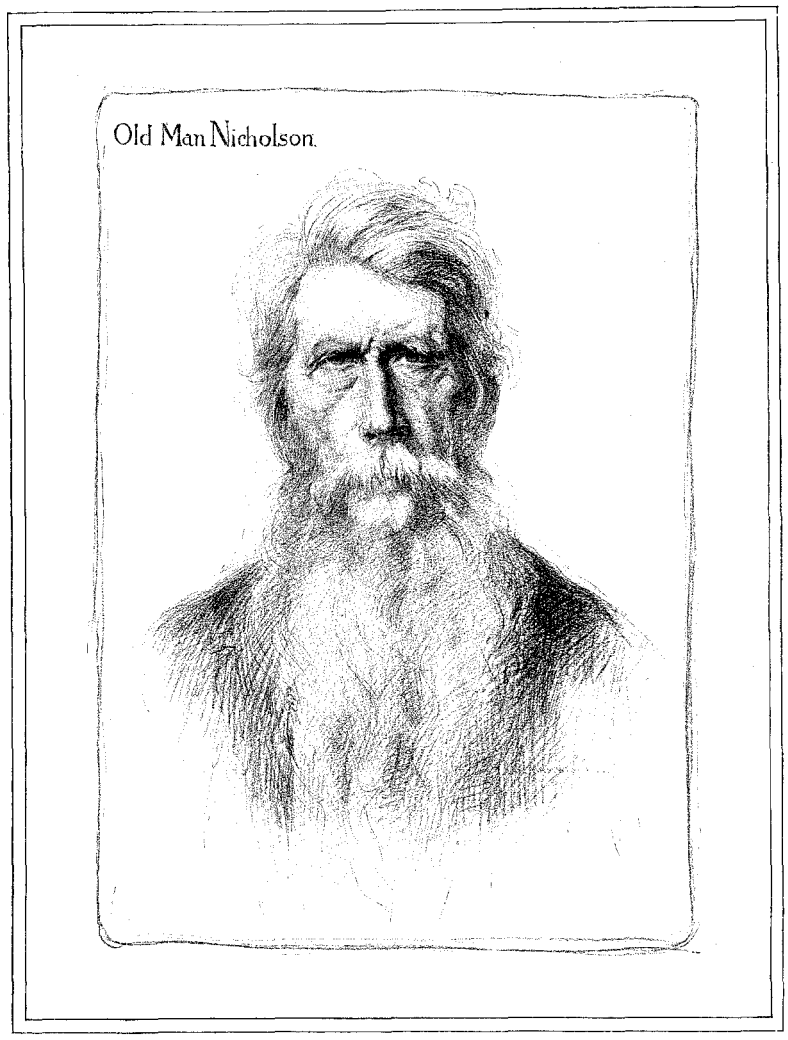
knife or a pick into him, and it looked as if he would clear the whole platform, when his dancing eye caught a rioter at the baggage-room door mercilessly clubbing poor little Sinkers. The boy lay in a pitiful heap no better than a dying mouse. McTerza, cutting ging the insensible boy, they cursed and chased and struck him like a hunted dog.

At the upper end of the depot stands a huge ice-box. McTerza, dodging in the hail that followed him, wheeling to strike with a single arm when the savages closed too



his way through the circle about him, made a swath straight for the kid, and before the brute over him could run he brought the truck stake with a full-arm sweep flat across his back. The man's spine doubled like a jack-knife, and he sunk wriggling. McTerza made but the one pass at him; he never got up again. Catching Sinkers on his free arm, the Reading man ran along the depot front, pulling him at his side and pounding at the doors. But every door was barred, and none dared open. He was clean outside the breast-works, and as he trotted warily along, drag- thick, reached the recess, and throwing Sinkers in behind, turned at bay on his enemies.

With his clothes torn nearly off, his shirt streaming ribbons from his arms, daubed with dirt and blood, the scab held the recess like a giant, and beat down the Polacks till the platform looked a slaughter pen. While his club still swung, old John Boxer's cannon boomed across the yard. Neighbor had run it out between his parallels, and turned it on the depot mob. It was the noise more than the execution that dismayed them. McTerza's fight had shaken the leaders, and

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as the blacksmiths dragged their gun up again, shotted with nothing more than an Indian yell, McTerza's assailants gave way. In that instant he disappeared through the narrow passage at his back, and under the shadow behind the depot made his way along the big building and up Main Street to the short order house. Almost unobserved he got to the side door, when Rucker's crowd, with Rucker again on his feet, spied him dragging Sinkers inside. They made a yell and a dash, but McTerza got the boy in and the door barred before they could reach it. They ran to the front, baffled. The house was dark and the curtains drawn. Their clamor and their threats brought Mrs. Mullenix, half dead with fright, to the door. She recognized Nicholson and Rucker, and appealed to them.

"Pray God, do you want to mob *me*, Ben Nicholson?" she sobbed, putting her head out fearfully.

"We want the scab that sneaked into the side door, Mrs. Mary!" roared Ben Nicholson. "Fire him out here."

"Sure there's no one here you want."

"We know all about that," cried Rucker breaking in. "We want the scab." He pushed her back and crowded into the door after her.

The room was dark, but the fright was too great for Mrs. Mullenix, and she cried to McTerza to leave her house for the love of God. At that moment some one tore down the curtains; the glow of the burning yards lit the room, and out of the gloom, behind the lunch counter, almost at her elbow—a desperate sight, they told me—panting, blood-stained, and torn, rose McTerza. His fingers closed over the grip of the bread-knife on the shelf beside him.

"Who wants me?" he cried, leaning over his breastwork.

"Leave my house! For the love of God, leave it!" screamed Mrs. Mullenix, wringing her hands. The scab leaped across the counter, knife in hand. Nicholson and Rucker bumped into each other at the suddenness of it, but before McTerza could spring again there was a cry behind.

"He shan't leave this house!" And Kate Mullenix, her face ablaze, strode sharply forward. "He shan't leave this house!" she cried again, turning on her mother. "Leave this house, after he's just pulled your boy from under their cowardly clubs! Leave it for who? He shan't go out. Burn it over our heads!" she cried passionately, wheeling on the rioters. "When he goes we'll go with him. It's you that want him, Curtis Rucker, is it? Come, get him, you coward! There he stands. Take him!"

Her voice rang like a fire-bell. Rucker, burnt by her words, would have thrown himself on McTerza, but Nicholson held him back. There never would have been but one issue if they had met then.

"Come away!" called the older man hoarsely. "It's not women we're after. She's an engineer's wife, Curt; this is her shanty. Come away, I say," and saying, he pushed Rucker and their coyote following out of the door ahead of him. Mrs. Mullenix and Kate sprang forward to lock the door. As they ran back, McTerza, spent with blood, dropped between them. So far as I can learn that is where the courtship began, right then and there—and as McTerza says, all along of Sinkers, for Sinkers was always Kate's favorite brother, as he is McTerza's now.

Sinkers had a time pulling through after the clubbing. Polacks hit hard. There was brain fever and no end of trouble before he came out of it, but sinkers are tough, and he pulled through, only to think more of McTerza than of the whole executive staff.

At least that is the beginning of the courtship as I got it. There was never any more trouble about serving the new men at the short order house that I ever heard; and after part of us got back to work we ate there side by side with them. McTerza got his coffee out of the hot tank, too, though he always insisted on paying twenty-five cents a cup for it, even after he married Kate and had a kind of an interest in the business.

It was not until then that he made good his early threat. Sinkers being promoted for the toughness of his skull, thought he could hold up one end of the family himself, and McTerza expressed confidence in his ability to take care of the other; so, finally, and through his persuasions, the short order house was closed forever. Its coffee to-day is like the McCloud riots—only a stirring memory.

As for McTerza, it is queer, but he never stuttered after that night, not even at the marriage service; he claims the impediment was scared clean out of him. But that night made the reputation of McTerza a classic among the good men of McCloud. McCloud has, in truth, many good men, but the head of the push is generally conceded to be the husband of royal Kate Mullenix—Jimmie McTerza.

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HARE·AND·TORTOISE OR THE·BLISS·OF·IGNORANCE

BY
GEORGE·MADDEN·MARTIN

Author of "The Right Promethean Fire," etc.

THERE was head and foot in the Second Reader. Emmy Lou heard it whispered the day of her entrance into the Second Reader room.

Once, head and foot had meant Aunt Cordelia above the coffee tray and Uncle Charlie below the carving-knife. But at school head and foot meant little girls bobbing up and down, descending and ascending the scale of excellency.

There were no little boys. At the Second Reader the currents of the sexes divided, and little boys were swept out of sight. One mentioned little boys now in undertones.

But head and foot meant something beside little girls bobbing out of their places on the bench to take a neighbor's place. Head and foot meant tears—that is, when the bobbing was downward and not up. However, if one bobbed down to-day there was the chance of bobbing up to-morrow—that is, with all but Emmy Lou and a little girl answering to the call of "Kitty McKoeghany."

Step by step Kitty went up, and having reached the top, Kitty stayed there.

And step by step, Emmy Lou, from her original alphabetically-determined position beside Kitty, went down, and then, only because further descent was impossible, Emmy Lou stayed there. But since the foot was nearest the platform Emmy Lou took that comfort out of the situation, for the Teacher sat on the platform, and Emmy Lou loved the Teacher.

The Second Reader Teacher was the lady, the nice lady, the pretty lady with white hair, who patted little girls on the cheek as she passed them in the hall. On the first day of school, the name of "Emma Louise MacLaurin" had been called. Emmy Lou stood up. She looked at the Teacher. She wondered if the Teacher remembered. Emmy Lou was chubby and round and much in earnest. And the lady, the pretty lady, looking down at her, smiled. Then Emmy Lou knew that the lady had not forgotten. And Emmy Lou sat down. And she loved the Teacher and she loved the Second Reader. Emmy Lou had not heard the Teacher's name. But could her grateful little heart have resolved its feelings into words, "Dear Teacher" must ever after have been the lady's name. And so, as if impelled by her own chubby weight and some head-and-foot force of gravity, though Emmy Lou descended steadily to the foot of the Second Reader class, there were compensations. The foot was in the shadow of the platform and within the range of Dear Teacher's smile.

Besides, there was Hattie.

Emmy Lou sat with Hattie. They sat at a front desk. Hattie had plaits; small affairs, perhaps, but tied with ribbons behind each ear. And the part bisecting Hattie's little head from nape to crown was exact and true. Emmy Lou admired plaits. And she admired the little pink sprigs on Hattie's dress.

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After Hattie and Emmy Lou had sat together a whole day, Hattie took Emmy Lou aside as they were going home, and whispered to her.

"Who's your mos' nintimate friend?" was what Emmy Lou understood her to whisper.

Emmy Lou had no idea what a nintimate friend might be. She did not know what to do.

"Haven't you got one?" demanded Hattie.

Emmy Lou shook her head.

"'*Let's us be nintimate friends.*'"

Hattie put her lips close to Emmy Lou's ear.

"Let's us be nintimate friends," said Hattie.

Though small in knowledge, Emmy Lou was large in faith. She confessed herself as glad to be a nintimate friend.

When Emmy Lou found that to be a nintimate friend meant to walk about the yard with Hattie's arm about her, she was glad indeed to be one. Hitherto, at recess, Emmy Lou had known the bitterness of the outcast and the pariah. Emmy Lou had stood around, principally in corners, to avoid being swept off her little feet by the big girls at play, and had gazed upon a paired-off and sufficient-unto-itself world.

Hattie seemed to know everything. In all the glory of its newness Emmy Lou brought her Second Reader to school. Hattie was scandalized. She showed her Reader soberly encased in a calico cover.

Emmy Lou grew hot. She hid her Reader hastily. Somehow she felt that she had been immodest. The next day Emmy Lou's Reader came to school discreetly swathed in calico.

Hardly had the Second Reader begun, when one Friday the music man came. And after that he came every Friday and stayed an hour.

He was a tall, thin man, and he had a point of beard on his chin that made him look taller. He wore a blue cape, which he tossed on a chair. And he carried a violin. His name was Mr. Cato. He drew five lines on the blackboard, and made eight dots that looked as though they were going upstairs on the lines. Then he rapped on his violin with his bow, and the class sat up straight.

"This," said Mr. Cato, "is A," and he pointed to a dot. Then he looked at Emmy Lou. Unfortunately Emmy Lou sat at a front desk.

"Now, what is it?" said Mr. Cato.

"A," said Emmy Lou obediently. She wondered. But she had met A in so many guises of print and script that she accepted any statement concerning A. And now a dot was A.

"And this," said Mr. Cato, "is B, and this is C, and this D, and E, F, G, which brings us naturally to A again," and Mr. Cato with his bow went up the stairway punctuated with dots.

Emmy Lou wondered why G brought one naturally to A again.

But Mr. Cato was tapping up the dotted stairway with his bow. "Now what are they?" asked Mr. Cato.

"Dots," said Emmy Lou, forgetting.

Mr. Cato got red in the face and rapped angrily.

"A," said Emmy Lou hastily, "B, C, D, E, F, G, H," and was going hurriedly on, when Hattie, with a surreptitious jerk, stopped her.

"That is better," said Mr. Cato, "A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A—exactly—but we are not going to call them A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A—" Mr. Cato paused impressively, his bow poised, and looked at Emmy Lou—"we are going to call them"—and Mr. Cato touched a dot—"do"—his bow went up the punctuated

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"Hattie."

stairway—"re, mi, fa, sol, la, si. Now what is this?" The bow pointed itself to Emmy Lou, then described a curve, bringing it again to a dot.

"A," said Emmy Lou. The bow rapped angrily on the board, and Mr. Cato glared.

"Do," said Mr. Cato, "do—always do—not A, nor B, nor C, never A, nor B, nor C again—do, do," the bow rapping angrily the while.

"Dough," said Emmy Lou, swallowing miserably.

Mr. Cato was mollified. "Forget now it was ever A; A is do here. Always in the future remember the first letter in the scale is do. Whenever you meet it placed like this, A is do, A is do."

Emmy Lou resolved she would never forget. A is dough. How or why or wherefore did not matter. The point was, A is dough. But Emmy Lou was glad when the music man went. And then came spelling, when there was always much bobbing up and down and changing places and tears. This time the rest might forget, but Emmy Lou would not. It came her turn.

She stood up. Her word was Adam. And A was dough. Emmy Lou went slowly to get it right. "Dough-d-dough-m, Adam," said Emmy Lou.

They laughed. But Dear Teacher did not laugh. The recess-bell rang. And Dear Teacher, holding Emmy Lou's hand, sent them all out. Every one must go. Desks and slates to be scrubbed, mattered not. Every one must go. Then Dear Teacher lifted Emmy Lou to her lap. And when she was sure they were every one gone, Emmy Lou cried. And after a while Dear Teacher explained about A and do, so that Emmy Lou understood. And then Dear Teacher said, "You may come in." And the crack of the door widened, and in came Hattie. Emmy Lou was glad she was a nintimate friend. Hattie had not laughed.

But that day the carriage which took Dear Teacher to and from her home outside of town—the carriage with the white, woolly dog on the seat by the little colored-boy driver and the spotted dog running behind—stopped at Emmy Lou's gate. And Dear Teacher, smiling at Emmy Lou just arriving with her school-bag, went in, too, and rang the bell.

Then Dear Teacher and Aunt Cordelia and

"Dear Teacher, smiling at Emmy Lou just arriving with her school-bag, went in, too."

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Aunt Katie and Aunt Louise sat in the parlor and talked.

And when Dear Teacher left, all the aunties went out to the gate with her, and Uncle Charlie, just leaving, put her in the carriage, and stood with his hat lifted until she was quite gone.

"At her age—" said Aunt Cordelia.

"It was Emmy Lou's joy to gather her doll children in line, and giving out past lessons, recite them . . . for her children."

"To have to teach—" said Aunt Katie.

"How beautiful she must have been—" said Aunt Louise.

"Is—" said Uncle Charlie.

"But she has the little grandchild," said Aunt Cordelia; "she is keeping the home for him. She is happy." And Aunt Cordelia took Emmy Lou's hand.

That very afternoon Aunt Louise began to help Emmy Lou with her lessons. And Aunt Cordelia went around and asked Hattie's mother to let Hattie come and get her lessons with Emmy Lou.

And at school Dear Teacher, walking up and down the aisles, would stop, and her fingers would close over and guide the laboring digits of Emmy Lou, striving to copy within certain ruled lines upon her slate the writing on the blackboard:

The pen is the tongue of the mind.

Emmy Lou began to learn. As weeks went by, now and then Emmy Lou bobbed up a place, although, sooner or later, she slipped back. She was not always at the foot.

But no one, not even Dear Teacher, who understood so much, realized one thing. The day after a lesson, Emmy Lou knew it. On the day it was recited, Emmy Lou had lacked sufficient time to grasp it.

With ten words in the spelling lesson, Emmy Lou listened, letter by letter, to those ten droned out five times down the line, then twice again around the class of fifty. Then Emmy Lou, having already labored faithfully over it, knew her spelling lesson.

And at home, it was Emmy Lou's joy to gather her doll children in line, and giving out past lessons, recite them in turn for her children. And so did Emmy Lou know by heart her Second Reader; as far as she had gone she often gave the lesson with her book upside down. And an old and battered doll, dearest to Emmy Lou's heart, was always head, and Hattie, the newest doll, was next. Even Emmy Lous must square with Fate somehow.

Along in the year a new feature was introduced in the Second Reader. The Second Reader was to have a Medal. Dear Teacher did not seem enthusiastic. She seemed to dread tears. But it was decreed that the school was to use medals.

At recess Emmy Lou asked Hattie what a medal was. The big Fourth and Fifth Reader

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girls were playing games from which the little girls were excluded; for the school was large and the yard was small. At one time it had seemed to Emmy Lou that the odium, the obloquy, the reproach of being a little girl was more than she could bear. But she would not change places with any one, now she was a nintimate friend.

Emmy Lou asked Hattie what it was—this medal.

Hattie explained. Hattie knew everything. A medal was—well—a medal. It hung on a blue ribbon. Each little girl brought her own blue ribbon. You wore it for a week—this medal.

That afternoon Emmy Lou went round the corner to Mrs. Heinz's little fancy store. Her chin just came to Mrs. Heinz's counter. But she knew what she wanted—a yard of blue ribbon.

She showed it to Hattie the next day, folded in its paper, and slipped it for safety beneath the long criss-cross stitches which held the calico cover of her Second Reader.

Then Hattie explained. One had to stay head a whole week to get the medal.

Emmy Lou's heart was heavy—the more that she had now seen the medal. It was a silver medal that said "Merit." It was around Kitty McKoeghany's neck.

And Kitty tossed her head. And when, at recess, she ran, the medal swung to and fro on its ribbon. And the big girls all stopped Kitty to look at the medal.

There was a condition attached to the gaining of the medal. Upon receiving it one had to go foot. But that mattered little to Kitty McKoeghany. Kitty climbed right up again.

And Emmy Lou peeped surreptitiously at the blue ribbon in her Second Reader. And at home she placed her dolls in line and spelt the back lessons faithfully, with comfort in her knowledge of them. And the old battered doll, dear to her heart, wore oftenest a medal of shining tinfoil. For even Hattie, in one of Kitty's off weeks, had won the medal.

It was late in the year when a rumor ran around the Second Reader room. The trustees were coming that day to visit the school.

Emmy Lou wondered what trustees were. She asked Hattie. Hattie explained. "They are men, in black clothes. You daren't move in your seat. They're something like ministers." Hattie knew everything.

"Will they come here, in our room?" asked Emmy Lou. It was terrible to be at the front desk. Emmy Lou remembered the music man. He still pointed his bow at her on Fridays.

"Of course," said Hattie; "comp'ny always comes to our room."

Which was true, for Dear Teacher's room was different. Dear Teacher's room seemed always ready, and the Principal brought company to it accordingly.

It was after recess they came—the Principal, the Trustee (there was just one Trustee), and a visiting gentleman.

There was a hush as they filed in. Hattie was right. It was like ministers. The Principal was in black, with a white tie. He always was. And the Trustee was in black. He rubbed his hands and bowed to the Second Reader class, sitting very straight and awed. And the visiting gentleman was in black, with a shiny black hat.

The Trustee was a big man, and his face was red, and when urged by the Principal to address the Second Reader class, his face grew redder.

The Trustee waved his hand towards the visiting gentleman. "Mr. Hammel, children, the Hon. Samuel S. Hammel, a citizen with whose name you are all, I am sure, familiar." And then the Trustee, mopping his face, got behind the visiting gentleman and the Principal.

The visiting gentleman stood forth. He was a short, little man—a little, round man, whose feet were so far back beneath a preponderating circumference of waist line, that he looked like nothing so much as one of Uncle Charlie's pouter pigeons.

He was a smiling-and-bowing little man, and he held out his fat hand playfully, and in it a shining white box.

Dear Teacher seemed taller and very far off. She looked as she did the day she told the class they were to have a medal. Emmy Lou watched Dear Teacher anxiously. Something told her Dear Teacher was troubled.

The visiting gentleman began to speak. He called the Second Reader class "dear children," and "mothers of a coming generation," and "molders of the future welfare."

The Second Reader class sat very still. There seemed to be something paralyzing to their infant faculties, mental and physical, in learning they were "mothers" and "molders." But Emmy Lou breathed freer to have it applied impartially and not to the front seat.

Their "country, the pillars of state, everything," it seemed, depended on the

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way in which these mothers learned their Second Readers. "As mothers and molders, they must learn now in youth to read, to number, to spell—exactly—to spell!" And the visiting gentleman nodded meaningly, tapped the white box, and looked smilingly about. The mothers moved uneasily. The smile they avoided, but they wondered what was in the box.

The visiting gentleman lifted the lid, and displayed a glittering, shining something on a bed of pink cotton.

The visiting gentleman, as if struck by a happy thought, turned to the blackboard. He looked about for chalk. The Principal supplied him. Fashioned by his fat, white hand, these words sprawled themselves upon the blackboard:

The best speller in this room is to recieve this medal.

There was silence. Then the Second Reader class moved. It breathed a long breath.

A whisper went around the room while Dear Teacher and the gentleman were conferring. Rumor said Kitty McKoeghany started it. Certainly Kitty, in her desk across the aisle from Hattie, in the sight of all, tossed her black head knowingly.

The whisper concerned the visiting gentleman. "He is running for Trustee," said the whisper.

Emmy Lou wondered. Hattie seemed to understand. "He puts his name up on tree-boxes and fences," she whispered to Emmy Lou, "and that's running for trustee."

The rumor was succeeded by another. "He's running against the Trustee that's not here to-day."

No wonder Kitty McKoeghany was head. The extent of Kitty's knowledge was boundless.

The third confidence was freighted with strange import. It came straight from Kitty to Hattie, who told it to Emmy Lou.

"When he's trustee, he means the School Board shall take his pork house for the new school."

Even Emmy Lou knew the pork house which had built itself unpleasantly near the neighborhood.

Just then the Second Reader class was summoned to the bench. As the line took its place a hush fell. Emmy Lou, at its foot, looked up its length and wondered how it would seem to be Kitty McKoeghany at the head.

The three gentlemen were looking at Kitty, too. Kitty tossed her head. Kitty was used to being looked at because of being head.

The low words of the gentleman reached the foot of the line. "The head one, that's McKoeghany's little girl." It was the Trustee telling the visiting gentleman. Emmy Lou did not wonder that Kitty was being pointed out. Kitty was head. But Emmy Lou did not know that it was because Kitty was Mr. Michael McKoeghany's little girl that she was being pointed out as well as because she was head. For Mr. Michael McKoeghany was the political boss of a district known as Limerick. And by the vote of Limerick a man running for office could stand or fall.

Now there were many things unknown to Emmy Lou, about which Kitty, being the little girl of Mr. Michael McKoeghany, could have enlightened her.

Kitty could have told her that the yard of the absent Trustee ran back to the pork house. Also that the Trustee present was part owner of that offending building. And further that Emmy Lou's Uncle Charlie, leading an irate neighborhood to battle, had compelled the withdrawal of the obnoxious business.

But to Emmy Lou only one thing was clear. Kitty was being pointed out by the Principal and the Trustee to the visiting gentleman because Kitty was head.

Dear Teacher took the book. She stood on the platform apart from the gentlemen, and gave out the words distinctly but very quietly.

Emmy Lou felt that Dear Teacher was troubled. Emmy Lou thought it was because Dear Teacher was afraid the poor spellers were going to miss. She made up her mind that she would not miss.

Dear Teacher began with the words on the first page and went forward. Emmy Lou could tell the next word to come each time, for she knew her Second Reader by heart as far as the class had gone.

Emmy Lou stood up when her time came and spelled her word. Her word was wrong. Emmy Lou spelled it right.

Dear Teacher looked pleased. There was a time when Emmy Lou had been given to leaving off the introductory "w" as superfluous.

On the next round a little girl above Emmy Lou missed on "enough." To her phonetic understanding, a *u* and two *f*'s were equivalent to an *ough*.

Emmy Lou spelled it right and went up one. The little girl went to her seat. She was no longer in the race. She was in tears.

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Presently a little girl far up the line arose to spell.

"Right, to do right," said Dear Teacher.

"W-r-i-t-e, right," said the little girl promptly.

"R-i-t-e, right," said the next little girl.

The third stood up with triumph preassured. In spelling, the complicated is the surest, reasoned this little girl.

"W-r-i-g-h-t, right," spelled the certain little girl; then burst into tears.

The mothers of the future grew demoralized. The "pillars of state" of English orthography at least seemed destined to totter. The spelling grew wild.

"R-i-t, right."

"W-r-i-t, right."

Then in the desperation of sheer hopelessness came "w-r-i-t-e, right," again.

There were tears all along the line. At their wits' end, the mothers, dissolving as they rose in turn, shook their heads hopelessly.

Emmy Lou stood up. She knew just where the word was in a column of three on page 14. She could see it. She looked up at Dear Teacher, quiet and pale, on the platform.

"R," said Emmy Lou, steadily, "i-g-h-t, right."

A long line of weeping mothers went to their seats, and Emmy Lou moved up past the middle of the bench.

The words were now more complicated. The nerves of the mothers had been shaken by this last strain. Little girls dropped out rapidly. The foot moved on up towards the head, until there came a pink spot on Dear Teacher's either cheek. For some reason Dear Teacher's head began to hold itself finely erect again.

"Beaux," said Dear Teacher.

The little girl next the head stood up. She missed. She burst into audible weeping. Nerves were giving out along the line. It went wildly down. Emmy Lou was the last. Emmy Lou stood up. It was the first word of a column on page 22. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked at Dear Teacher.

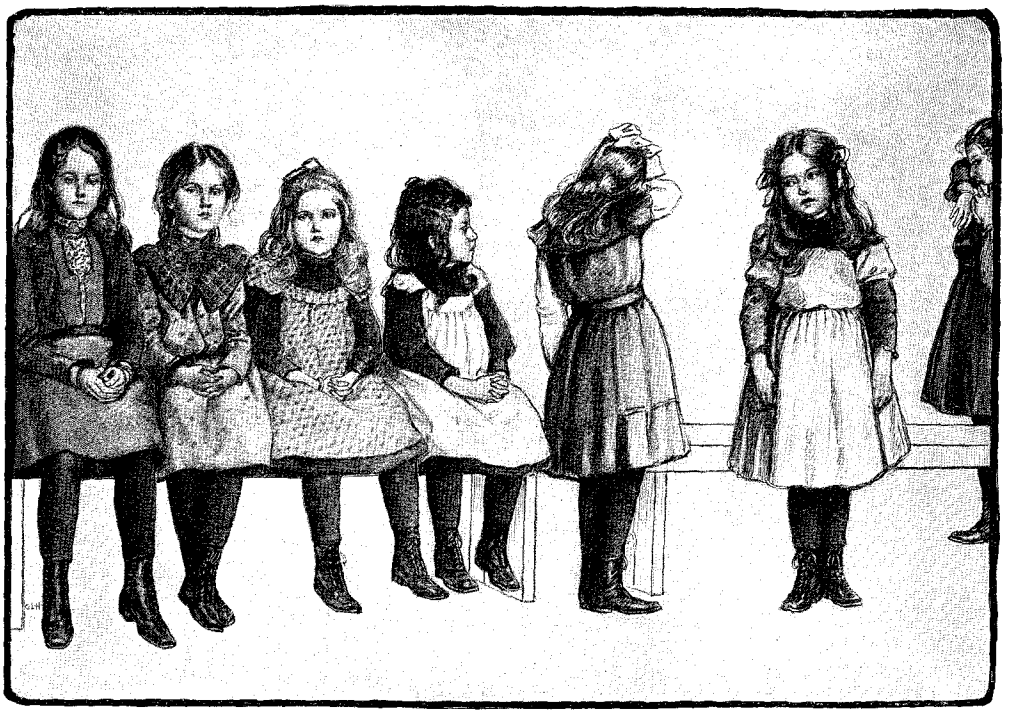
"B," said Emmy Lou, "e-a-u-x, beaux."

The intervening mothers had gone to their seats, and Kitty and Emmy Lou were left.

Kitty spelled triumphantly. Emmy Lou spelled steadily. Even Dear Teacher's voice showed a touch of the strain.

She gave out half a dozen words. Then "receive," said Dear Teacher.

It was Kitty's turn. Kitty stood up. Dear Teacher's back was to the blackboard. The Trustee and the visiting gentleman were also



"Emmy Lou spelled steadily."

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facing the class. Kitty's eyes, as she stood up, were on the board.

"*The best speller in this room is to recieve this medal,*"

was the assurance on the board.

Kitty tossed her little head. "R-e, re, c-i-e-v-e, ceive, receive," spelled Kitty, her eyes on the blackboard.

"Wrong."

Emmy Lou stood up. It was the second word in a column on a picture page. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked at Dear Teacher.

"R-e, re, c-e-i-v-e, ceive, receive," said Emmy Lou.

One person beside Kitty had noted the blackboard. Already the Principal was passing an eraser across the words of the visiting gentleman.

Dear Teacher's cheeks were pink as Emmy Lou's as she led Emmy Lou to receive the medal. And her head was finely erect. She held Emmy Lou's hand through it all.

The visiting gentleman's manner was a little stony. It had quite lost its playfulness. He looked almost gloomily on the mother who had upheld the "pillars of state" and the future generally.

It was a beautiful medal. It was a five-pointed star. It said "Reward of Merit."

The visiting gentleman lifted it from its bed of pink cotton.

"You must get a ribbon for it," said Dear Teacher.

Emmy Lou slipped her hand from Dear Teacher's. She went to the front desk. She got her Second Reader, and brought forth a folded packet from behind the criss-cross stitches holding the cover.

Then she came back. She put the paper in Dear Teacher's hand.

"There's a ribbon," said Emmy Lou.

They were at dinner when Emmy Lou got home. On a blue ribbon around her neck dangled a new medal. In her hand she carried a shiny box.

Even Uncle Charlie felt there must be some mistake.

Aunt Louise got her hat to hurry Emmy Lou right back to school.

At the gate they met Dear Teacher's carriage, taking Dear Teacher home. She stopped.

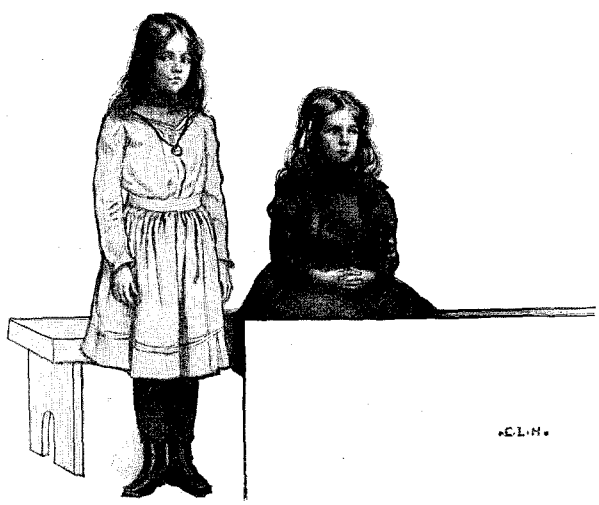
Aunt Cordelia came out, and Aunt Katie. Uncle Charlie, just going, stopped to hear.

"Spelling match!" said Aunt Louise.

"Not our Emmy Lou?" said Aunt Katie.

"The precious baby," said Aunt Cordelia.

"Hammel," said Uncle Charlie, "McKoeghany," and Uncle Charlie smote his thigh.



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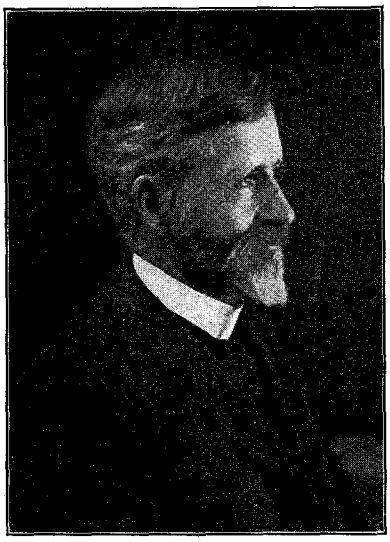
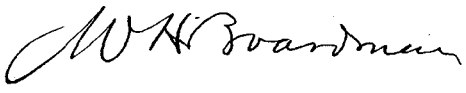
NOTABLE BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OUR NEW BOOKS.

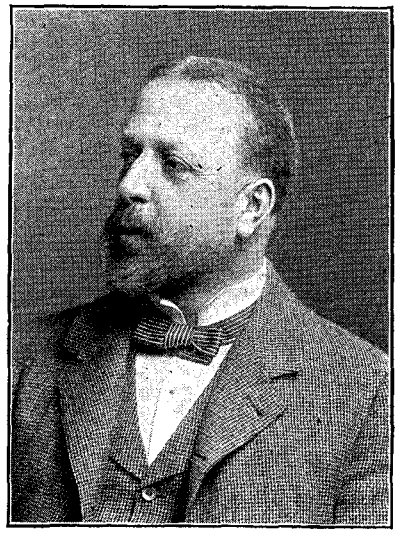


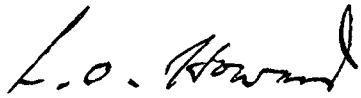


MR. W. H. BOARDMAN, the author of "Lovers of the Woods," which we have just published, has demonstrated in the most delightful way that it is not so far a cry as it seems from the study of the treasures of the forest to the active and absorbing duties of president and treasurer of a big corporation. Perhaps Mr. Boardman's early life bred in him what some one calls "the natural love of nature." He was born in Northern Illinois in 1846; he took the degree of civil engineer at the University of Michigan, and for a few years practised his profession. Later he came to New York, and for many years now he has been connected with the big concern which issues the "Railroad Gazette" and other technical publications.

It was overwork in his profession that sent him to the woods. For many years he has lived during the summer months in a cabin in one of the most inaccessible parts of the Adirondacks, and until recently he has been the president of the Adirondack League Club. Mr. Boardman says that he has been so strongly impressed in the woods with the idle and misdirected efforts of tourists at amusing themselves, that he felt it his duty to write a book which would indicate how a study of trees, animals, fishing, camping, and cooking could be made enjoyable, and at the same time yield a good physical, mental, and moral result. It is beyond question that he has done this in his sympathetic and authoritative book on wood lore and camp life.

For many years Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, has been making a specialty of the mosquito. For a decade or more he has been turning his knowledge to





the most practical purpose; that is, teaching mosquito-ridden communities how they might do away with the pest. When Dr. Howard began the work, the fact that it is a certain genus of mosquito that carries malaria had not been established. The demonstration of this fact has increased immeasurably Dr. Howard's knowledge of the insect and the proper devices for getting rid of it, and has led him to prepare a popular treatise, putting within everybody's reach the results of his own research and invention. This book McClure, Phillips & Co. have just published.

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The work meets the needs of three classes of people: (1) Those who live in localities where mosquitoes are numerous, and who are interested in the practical methods of exterminating them; (2) Physicians who are interested in the subject of malaria and yellow fever, and who wish to know everything about the insects which carry these diseases; (3) Persons who wish to be able to distinguish the different kinds of mosquitoes, and who are interested in nature study.

The United States Government has just placed an order with the publishers for a large number of copies of Dr. L. O. Howard's "Mosquitoes," for the use of the army.

A correspondent of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE recently wrote us that Josiah Flynt's articles had done more for the improvement of municipal government than has been done by any or perhaps all other movements in that direction. It was with the hope of contributing something to the solving of the serious municipal problems which this country has on its hands that we first undertook

Josiah Flynt

this series of articles, and it is because we believe that these articles and others of similar nature which Mr. Flynt has prepared will be useful, that we have collected them into a volume called "The World of Graft." This book ought to be in the hands of every man interested in the honest administration of his town or city, for they are absolutely true pictures of conditions which prevail throughout this country, drawn by a man who has learned of what he writes by living among those of whom he writes.

Very faithfully Edith Wyatt

Miss Edith Wyatt's "Every One His Own Way" is meeting with the same hearty recognition from critics which the readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE gave to her stories during the last year. "Delightfully fresh, and abounding with the most good-humored satire—dramatic little pictures of commonplace life and commonplace people, that are more vivid than any more elaborate description could make them," is what the *New York Times* says of her work. Miss Wyatt is a very young woman to have accomplished so fresh and so genuinely distinguished a piece of work. She is a Westerner, born in Wisconsin twenty-seven years ago. Most of her life has been spent in Chicago, which is still her home. Her school training she received in the Girls' Collegiate School of Chicago, and at Bryn Mawr. For four years after she left college Miss Wyatt taught elementary Greek, but for the last three years she has devoted herself entirely to writing.

Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," which has almost reached its sixtieth thousand in this country, has just been brought out in England by John Murray. The "Library Journal" places "Monsieur Beaucaire" twelfth on a list of *fifty* best books for a village library.

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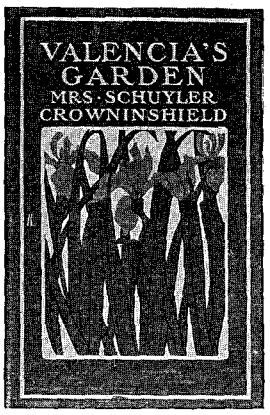
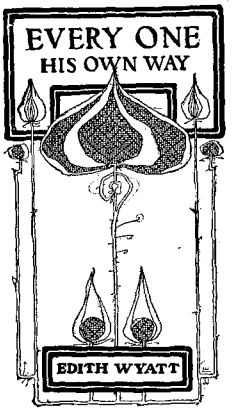
The popular "Archbishop and the Lady," by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, which we published last year, has been recently issued in England by Smith, Elder & Co. Mrs. Crowninshield is winning a big audience of her own. Her vivacity and picturesqueness, combined with her knowledge of social life all over the world, give her quick-moving stories a flavor not to be had elsewhere.

What the book department of McClure, Phillips & Co. wishes to emphasize, is its ambition and purpose to make beautiful books. This ambition has already, to a certain extent, been realized, particularly in the acting versions of "Hamlet" and "Henry V."—Mr. Sothern's and Mr. Mansfield's respectively—which were issued during the last season. Such books as these,





"Valencia's Garden," which we published as a spring book, is the best thing, her readers agree, which she has yet done. It gives us glimpses of some of our old friends in "The Archbishop and the Lady," but Valencia, the girl-wife, half-American, half-cosmopolite, convent-bred, is so captivating that one thinks only of her. A more delicious heroine has not been created in many a day.

The *New York Times*, in a review of Mr. Jack London's "The God of his Fathers," says:

"Reading these decidedly striking stories one is impressed by the certainty that more than one reader must have called their author 'the Kipling of the Klondike,' and found much in common between his undoubted talent and the genius of the Jungle Books. . . . Putting comparisons aside, Mr. London's work commands interest. Most of it shows the impulse of intense conviction—conviction that primitive surroundings, hardships, and physical labor bring out the essential and important qualities of human nature, and that cultivation counts for nothing in the sum of what is worth while. The author is doing for the Yukon mining camps what Bret Harte did for the California camps, and is doing it better."

The *New York Sun* says of Mr. T. Jenkins Hains' "The Cruise of the Petrel": "It is not a story to be read with cool and evenly flowing blood, but a real sea story of the sort that human nature craves."

with their long, narrow, graceful format, beautiful and clear black type, warmly toned paper and harmonious decorations, have seldom been seen in this country, and never at such a price. The line of captivating volumes begun so auspiciously with Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," which has at least twice received the extreme flattery of imitation, is, it is hoped, destined to be a long one. A distinct progress over even "Beaucaire" has been made in Edith Wyatt's "Every One His Own Way," in which the deliciously whimsical flower decorations, whose texture was predominantly the needlework of old samplers, consorted so well with the piquant manner of Miss Wyatt's delicately effective art. Even in those books where special decorations and ornate typography are not sought for, it is the ambition of the book department to achieve individual distinction, which may be realized along the line of fitness. To each book its own particular grace. This is what is constantly strived after in every work of fiction, in every volume of short stories, in every work of a more serious nature, even if this particular grace is merely the quiet harmony between the matter and the arrangement through which it is presented.

The *Cleveland World* says of Miss Wyatt's "Every One His Own Way": "The humor of it is undeniable and captivating."

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It is rare indeed that the publication of a book excites so great an interest in the press as did the announcement that "Dreyfus' Own Story" would be issued by our house, in May last. From all parts of the country we received letters and telegrams from editors asking for advance copies and permission to reproduce such fragments as they might think best. The first question to which an answer seems to have been sought in this book was, "Does Dreyfus' story go to prove his innocence?" The answer has been overwhelmingly in the affirmative. We give below a few opinions on the work from leading periodicals:

"It is impossible to read this diary and these letters and believe them the work of a guilty hand."—*Boston Transcript.*

"It is a very simple narrative, marked by soldierly directness and precision of statement, and reveals to us a man of integrity of character and professional pride."—New York *Sun.*

"It is a book that will live, and will be read as a human document so long as suffering begets sympathy."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"The written communications between Alfred Dreyfus and Lucie, his wife, are so great and moving in character that they are placed above all published letters of love, and stand as definite contributions to the life and story of our upward struggling race."—New York *Mail and Express.*

"It will be read as easily as a romance and will remain one of the monumental works of autobiographical history."—*New York Herald.*

"The book is a 'human document' of a very remarkable character, and is throughout of absorbing interest."—*Westminster Gazette* (London).

"The book is a record of heroism that has never been surpassed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Mr. Dreyfus's efforts toward vindication are righteous, and anything which can keep so phenomenal a case fresh in memory may be regarded as a public service."—New York *Evening Post.*

TO THE READERS OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

THE subscription policy that we have indicated in another part of this number deserves the attention of our readers. Henceforth McCLURE'S MAGAZINE will not be offered in combination with other publications or as a premium for the sale of merchandise. It will be sold for cash only, either from month to month at 10 cents a copy, or by subscription at $1.00 a year. This is not a radical change. It simply extends to the subscription department a policy that has for some time governed our dealings with advertisers and with newsdealers. The principle involved is steadily gaining acceptance in other branches of the publishing business and with manufacturers of certain standard articles. The principle is that of simple justice. It demands that there shall be but one price for all customers, and that there shall be equal opportunities for all who supply the customers. In applying this principle to the subscription business, we insure fair and equal treatment to the readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, to those who sell the Magazine from month to month, and to those who work for yearly subscriptions.

We know that our Magazine is fully worth the amount that is charged for it. Our readers have for a long time acknowledged that they receive many times the value they give. The best evidence of the value of the Magazine is not only its large circulation (averaging 385,000 a month since last autumn), but its uniform and steady increase from year to year. For instance, during the last nine months we have printed an average of over 22,000 copies a month more than for the corresponding months of the previous year. In six of the last seven months, we have had to send large additional supplies to the news stands, although we had in the first place supplied them liberally in accordance with the most exact calculations that experience and care could make. So great has been this additional demand that, in every month of this year except one, we have not been able to supply the subscriptions that came to us only a few days after date of publication.

Such facts suggest that this is a fitting time for still further improvement and expansion. We have already put a great deal of time, work, and money into our preparation for next year, and can promise the *best magazine* we have ever produced. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is sure to have a much greater increase in circulation during the next season than it had during the last. Such increase means more liberal returns to those who handle the Magazine. The readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE who undertake the work suggested on page 3 of the advertising department of this issue are sure to find it highly profitable.

Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. announce that they have been unable this month to award the prizes in the Children's Contest advertised in the March number of this Magazine. The announcement of the names of the winners will be made in August.

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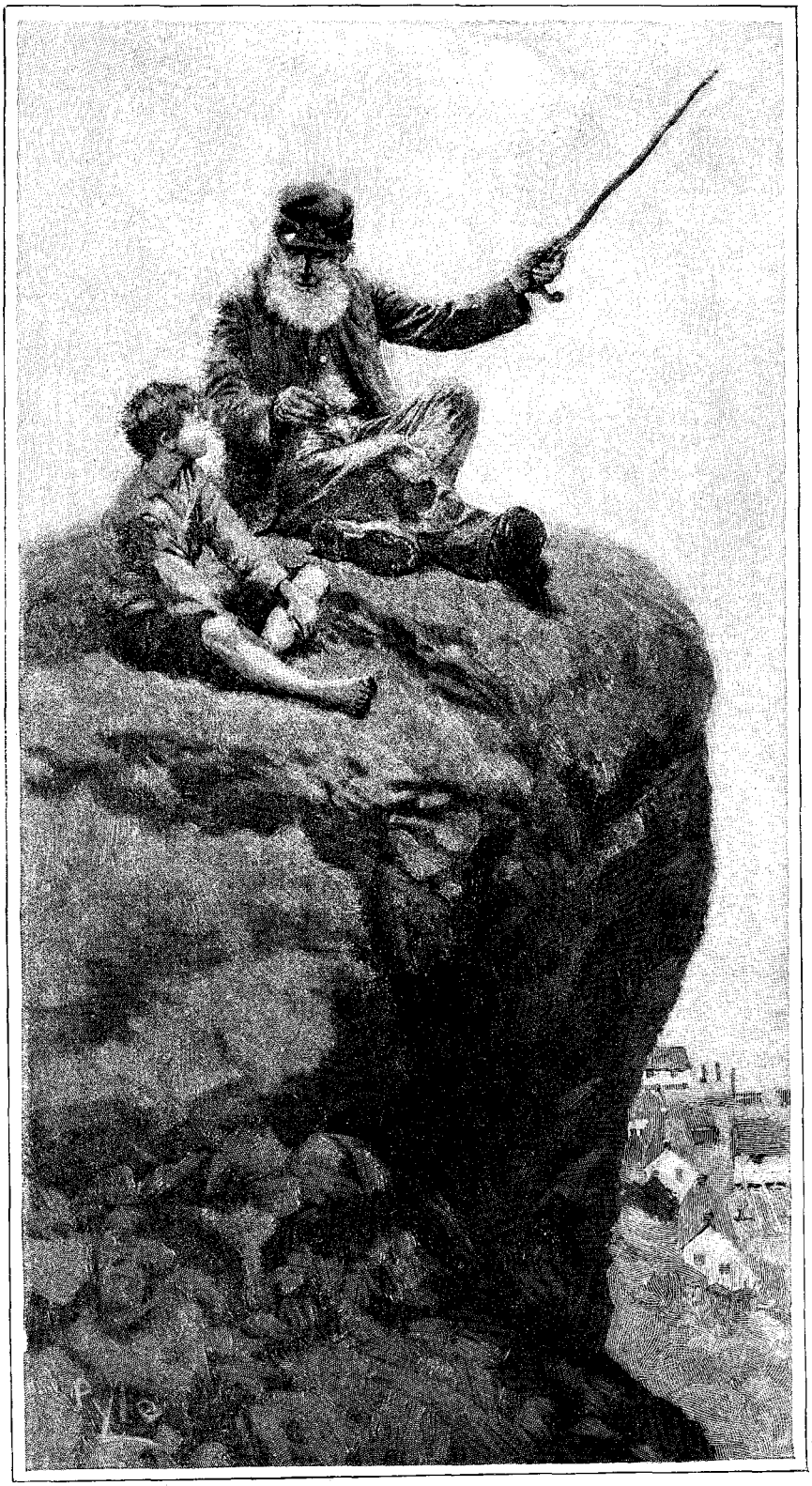

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

UNCLE SAMMY AND JO.

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